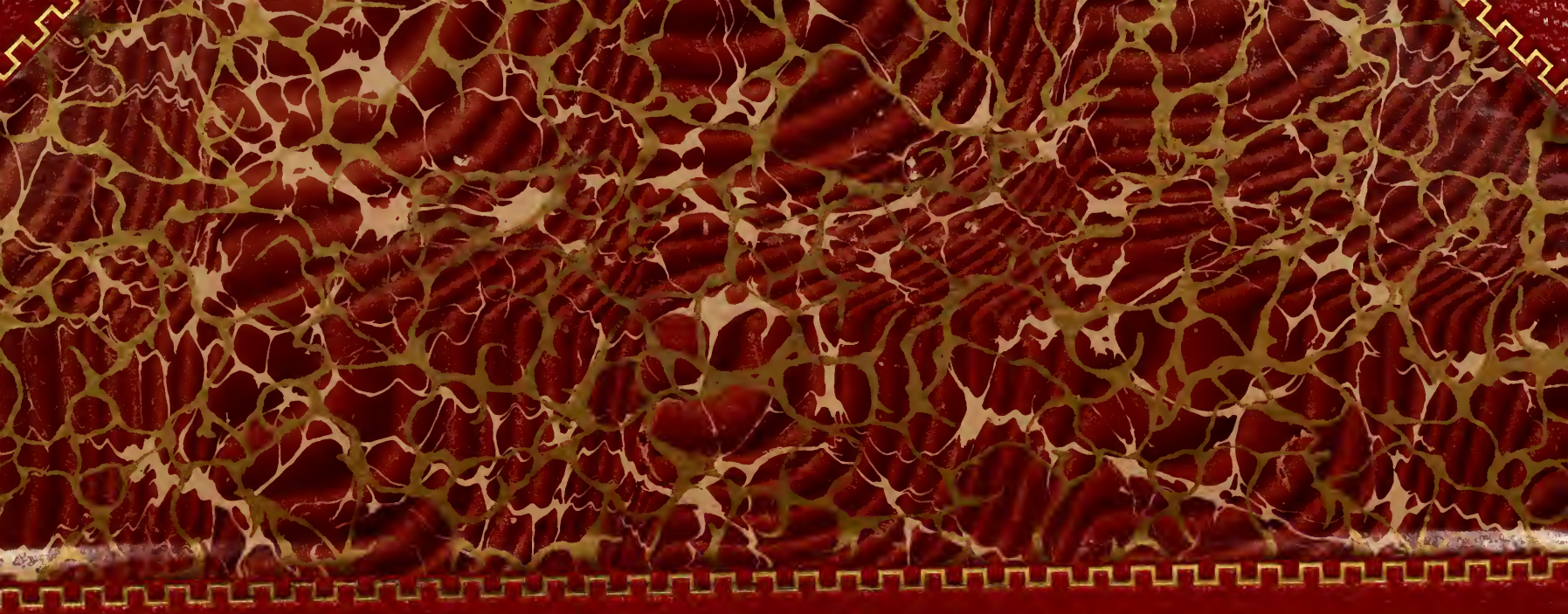

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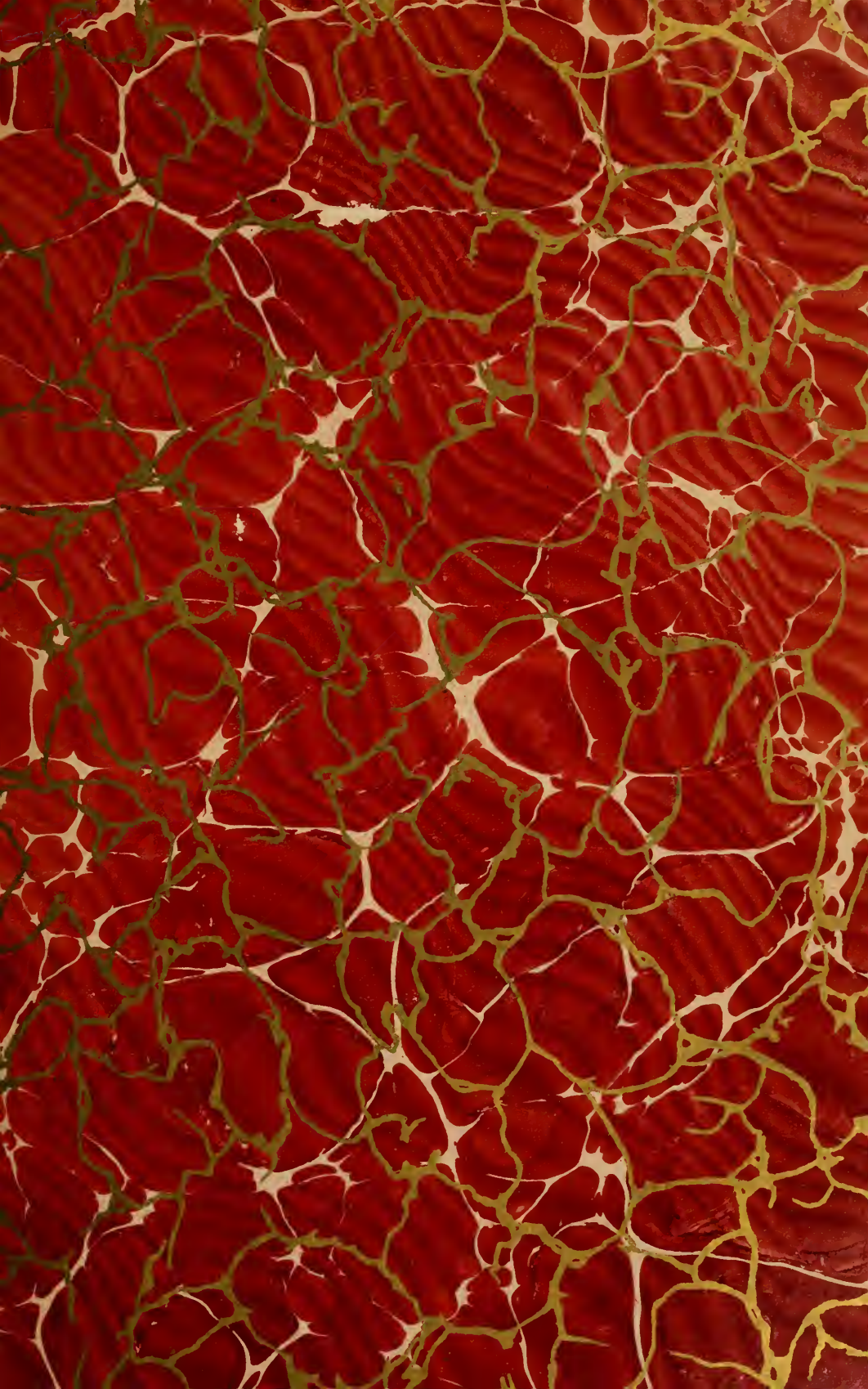

THE UNIVERSAL ANTHOLOGY

WITH BIBLIOGRAPHIC ESSAYS

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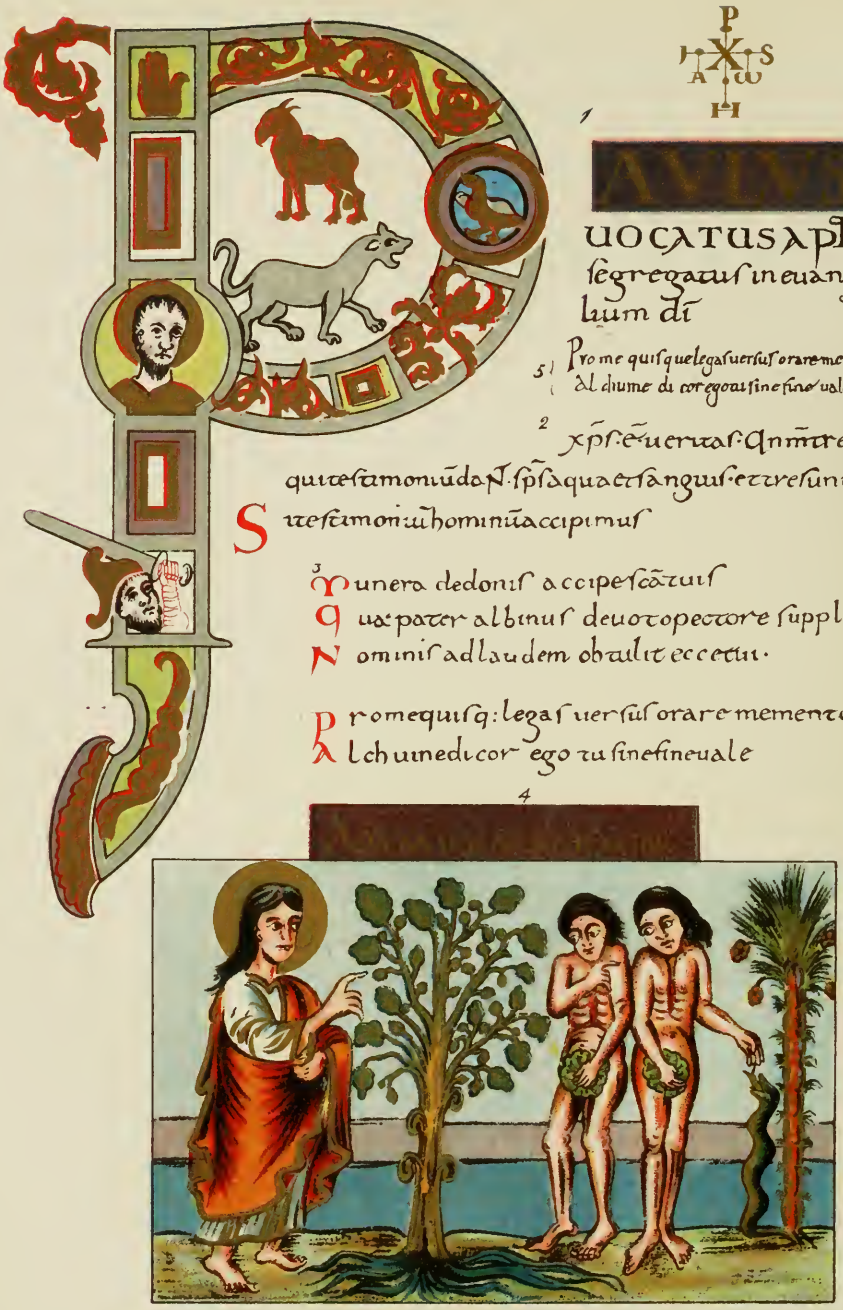

THE ALCHUINE BIBLE, now found in the British Museum.
(Anglo-Saxon, Ninth Century.)

During the dark period which elapsed between the date of St. Jerome's Vulgate revision of the Scriptures and the close of the eighth century, the text of the Sacred Volume had become so corrupted by the carelessness of transcribers, that a fresh revision became necessary, and was undertaken by the great Anglo-Saxon scholar Alchuine, at the direction of his patron Charlemagne, and completed in the year 800.

The Alchuine Bible in the British Museum

(Ninth Century)

During the dark period which elapsed between the date of St. Jerome's Vulgate revision of the Scriptures and the close of the eighth century, the text of the Sacred Volume had become so corrupted by the carelessness and willfulness of transcribers that a fresh revision became necessary, and was undertaken by the great Anglo-Saxon scholar, Alchuine, at the direction of his patron, Charlemagne, and was completed during the year 800. The volume (which is now numbered MS. Add., 10,546) consists of 449 leaves of fine vellum, measuring 20 inches by 14¾, written in double columns of small Caroline minuscule characters, with fifty or fifty-two lines on a full page.

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THE

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A Collection of the Best Literature, Ancient, Mediæval and Modern, with Biographical and Explanatory Notes

EDITED BY

RICHARD GARNETT

KEEPER OF PRINTED BOOKS AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON, 1851 TO 1899

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PROFESSOR OF LITERATURE IN THE IMPERIAL UNIVERSITY OF BERLIN

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Sir Walter Besant

NOVELS WHICH HAVE MADE HISTORY

By Sir Walter Besant

History is "made" by the novelist in two ways. The first is by the presentation of the ideas, laws, manners, customs, religion, prejudices, and fashions of the time so faithfully that the historian of the future can by his help understand the period, and reconstruct the life of that generation. I would instance, as the leading representatives of this kind of novelist, Defoe, Fielding, and Dickens. It would be quite possible, I doubt not, to reconstruct a great part of the early eighteenth century without the help of Defoe: but not the whole. The essayists give us the manners and the humours of the coffee-house; they also give us an insight into the mind of scholar, critic, and divine of the period. Swift's Letters disclose the current talk of politicians. That mine of contemporary manners, *The Athenian Oracle*, introduces us to the governing ideas on religion and morality among the bourgeois class. The two worthies, Tom Brown and Ned Ward, leave nothing, apparently, untold as regards the taverns, night-houses, bagnios, and the coarse profligacy of their time. To go no farther, here is a great mass of information out of which the historian can make a catalogue if not a picture—it is too often the catalogue that appears. But it is by a picture and not by a catalogue that the world is enabled to understand and to realise events and modes of thought, past or present, of which it has itself formed no part. To make a picture one must select, and arrange, and find characters, and group them, either for one situation or for many. In other words, the picture may be a painting—which is one way

of presenting the past, subject to the disadvantage of being no more than one set scene: or it may be a novel, that is to say, a succession of "animated photographs."

We are saved the trouble of constructing this succession of animated photographs in the case of Defoe. In that wonderful series of novels which he began at an age when most men are thinking of rest, he has photographed and fixed for ever the city life which rolled on around him. We are led through the streets of London; we see the poor little waifs and strays, the pick-pockets, the motherless girls, the wretched women, the soldiers; the apprentices, the tradesmen, the merchants,—all that the city of London contained at that time. Especially, he enables us to understand, as no other writer of the time can do—certainly not Addison or Swift, neither of whom knew the city—that strange revival of enterprise and adventure which possessed our people at that time. We are so much accustomed to think of the scholarly calm of Addison and his friends; of the slow and dignified carriage which would not admit of haste; of the round smooth face on which leisure seems stamped; of the full wig which must not be disarranged by eager gesture;—that we do not realise the animation of change; the busy crowds of the port; the merchants preparing their next venture into unknown seas to unknown nations; the arrival of the weather-beaten captain after a brush with the Moorish pirates. These things we find in Defoe and in Defoe alone.

So also with Fielding. The life which he drew is not that of the City; it is that of the country and the West-End. The country gentleman, the adventurer, the debtor's prison, the fine Court lady, the bully, the valet, the broken captain, the coffee-house, the tavern, the gaming table—are they not all in Fielding?

Or, to take Dickens. Is he not the chief exponent, the chief authority, for the very life of that vast section of the people called sometimes the "lower middle class"—the class which stands between the professional and the working man? How the people talked fifty years ago; what were their manners, their amusements

their follies, their absurdities, their virtues, their conventions?—who has ever done this for the people of his time so well as Dickens? The manners which he drew are changing fast; the young people do not recognise them; part of the old delight—that of one's own knowledge and recognition of the type—is gone. Yet Dickens will remain as the chief and leading exponent of contemporary manners—not of the Court of the Aristocracy; not of clergy and lawyers and scholars, but the folk around. Like François Villon, like Piers Plowman, he draws what he sees.

I should like, if I had time, to reconstruct the social history of any one period by the work of one novelist. I would take Defoe and the city of London. I would present that life, which is not the life found in the *Spectator* and the *Tatler*, as it is depicted in his pages. The result would be, if I were equal to the task, a reconstruction of the trading side of England at that time which has never yet been done.

Let us pass to the second kind of "history making" novel. If the first is the treasure-house for the future, the second is the treasure-house for the present. The novelist who "makes history" in this sense inspires the ideas, the convictions, the enthusiasms, which causes great events and underlie great social movements.

In every age there may always be found, among the people, a floating mass of perceptions only half understood; of uneasy discoveries only half unearthed; of recognitions only dimly seen; of an accusing conscience heard as from afar; of approaching figures seen as through a mist. This is only saying that humanity is never satisfied, never at rest; there is always, even in the most crystallised ages, a feeling that the existing conditions are not perfect. When the Church had laid her iron hand on everything—apparently for ever—then John Wyclyf arises and with him Piers Plowman. Then questions begin to fly around, and rhymes are made and songs are sung, and the uneasy inarticulate murmurs of doubt are for the first time clothed in words. Without words there can be no action: without definition the vague aspirations, the twilight perceptions, the nascent hopes rise before the brain

and pass away and vanish like the mist in the morning, leaving not a trace behind.

But the Interpreter arrives. One thing is essential, that he comes at the right moment—to use the common phrase, the psychical moment. It must be when the time is ripe for him; when the people have thus been whispering and murmuring; when dreams of doubt have thus arisen to vex the sleeper; when the soul asks for words to interpret its own uneasiness. At such a moment came Peter the Hermit, when Western Europe was filled with a blind and unquestioning faith; when the stories brought home by pilgrims stirred all hearts in every village to their depths, and when there wanted but a match to fill all the land with flames. So, too, Francis of Assisi came at the moment when he was most desired, yet unconsciously desired.

There has been the Interpreter as Preacher: there has been the Interpreter as Poet: there has been the Interpreter as Dramatist. Let us be careful not to confuse the Interpreter with the teacher. The former brings new light into the world: the latter spreads the knowledge of the old. Or, we may say that the Interpreter gives utterances in words to feelings, passions, and protests which lie unspoken in men's minds: and that the Teacher takes them over. Without an Interpreter doubt may become rage, and rage may become revolt and madness. For want of an Interpreter the French people—the people, not their scholars—went mad a hundred years ago.

As Preacher, we have had no Interpreter since John Wesley. As Dramatist, we have had none for nearly three hundred years, since the last of the Elizabethans died. The Dramatic Interpreter, will return, and that, I believe, soon. For the Interpreter, as Poet, we have been blessed above all other nations with Wordsworth, Shelley, Tennyson, Browning for the nobler minds, and with such a body of lyric verse, stirring, inspiring, strengthening, ennobling, as no other language can show.

I have, however, to speak of the Interpreter in Fiction; in that kind of Fiction which inspires the soul and becomes the mainspring of action.

Every novel which is a true picture of any part, however humble, of humanity, should be suggestive and inspiring. "Tell me a story," says the child, and listens rapt in attention, unconscious that while the story-teller carries on the tale, his own mind is being widened by new thoughts and charged with new ideas. We are all children when we sit with the open novel and go off into the Land of the Other Folk. We come back, when we close the book, with a wider experience of humanity, with new friends, new loves, and new enemies. I think that the strongest defence of fiction should be the fact that the true presentation of humanity from any point of view must tend to the increase of certain virtues—sympathy, pity, and an ardour inextinguishable, when once it has seized the soul, for justice. This is a great claim for fiction: yet I advance it in favour not only of the great works which move a whole nation, but of the humble stories whose only merit is their plain unvarnished truth. What made *The Vicar of Wakefield* popular? What preserves it? It is not a great work; it deals not with ambitions and great passions; it treats simply of a single family, undistinguished, one of the crowd, yet so truthfully and naturally that we cannot suffer it to be forgotten.

In these days the most important teacher—the most widespread, the most eagerly heard—whether for good or evil, is the novelist. Between Russia in the East, and California in the West, it is the novelist who teaches. He is the fount of inspiration; he gives the world ideas; he makes them intelligible; sometimes, in rare cases, he so touches the very depths of a people that his words reverberate and echo as from rock to rock and from valley to valley far beyond the ear of him who listens. In these cases he makes history, because he causes history to be made.

Let me illustrate my meaning by one or two cases. I might, for instance, adduce Rabelais, who put into living figures and action the revolt of the populace against the Church. He did not speak for the scholars—Étienne Dolet did that—yet he loaded his page with allusions not intelligible except to scholars: he spoke the language of the people and presented them, as at a puppet show,

with figures which embodied their beliefs and their hatreds. It was Rabelais who made the attempt at a French Reformation possible; it was Calvin who turned away the heart of the people by his austerities and his narrowness and made it impossible. This illustration is not, I fear, intelligible to many readers, because Rabelais is only read by scholars. Take, however, the work of Voltaire and especially his tales. There was plenty of a coarse kind of atheism, before these tales were passed from hand to hand, among the aristocracy of France. There was plenty of epigram against the *régime;* Voltaire gave to all, noble and bourgeois alike, new weapons of ridicule, scorn, and contempt; he offered all upon the altar of doubt; he it was who stripped the French Revolution of religion, of any belief in anything except the one great virtue of the French people—their patriotism. And he spoke at the critical moment; at the moment when all minds were prepared for him, as the fields in spring are prepared for the showers of April.

In Charles Reade, the language possesses a writer whose whole soul was filled with a yearning for justice and a pity for the helpless. I think that the world has not yet done justice to the great heart of Charles Reade. He wrote many books. Among them there were two which are still widely read and deservedly popular. One of them is written with a purpose: I do not know if the result satisfied him at the time; one thing is certain that the position of the man who has fallen into crime has at least gained enormously by this book. There is sympathy for the poor man; light is thrown upon the prison where he sits; he is followed when he comes out. One can never wipe away the prison taint, but one can treat him as one who has expiated his crime and may be received again, albeit in a lower place.

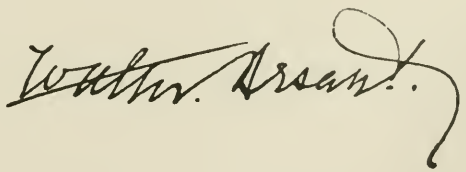
Again, can one ever forget the effect of Harriet Beecher Stowe's great work? I am old enough to remember when that book ran through the length and breadth of this country in editions numberless—I believe they were mostly pirated. The long and wearisome agitation against slavery had died out with the emancipation of the West Indian slaves. The younger people remembered nothing about it; then suddenly appeared this book, and we were

reminded once more what slavery might be, if not what slavery was. No book was ever more widely read; no book ever produced such response of sympathy with the Abolitionists. When the Civil War broke out it seemed to many—it still seems to many—in America that the sympathies of all the English people were with the South. Not all—and remember, if you please, that the sympathies of England were never with the "Institution."

Perhaps I may be permitted one illustration of the power of a novel in the case of a living writer. I mean the case of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's *Robert Elsmere*. This book has been, I believe, read as widely in America as in England.

It is too early to judge of the lasting effect of the book on the religious thought of either country. It is, however, certain that it was read and pondered by many thousands on account of its faithful presentation of the religious difficulties and anxieties which perplex the minds of men and women in these days. Of course, I express no opinion as to these difficulties. The explanation of that book's success, to my mind, is chiefly in the fact that it appeared, like *Candide* or *Pantagruel*, at a moment especially fitted to receive its ideas and its teaching.

It is not every novel, I repeat, that has the chance of such a success, that can hope for the honour of expressing the thought of the day, or of advancing any cause of the future; but every novel that is true, every scene that is really natural, every character who is a true man or a true woman, should secure for that work the greatest prize that can be offered to a poet or a novelist—first, the advance of human sympathy, and next, the conversion of dreams into realities.



LIFE AND DEATH OF ST. GEORGE.

(From "The Famous History of the Seven Champions of Christendom," published in 1596.)

After the angry Greeks had ruined the chief city of Phrygia, and turned King Priam's glorious buildings to a vast and desolate wilderness, Duke Æneas, exempted from his native habitation with many of his distressed countrymen (like pilgrims), wandered the world to find some happy region where they might erect the image of their subverted Troy. But, before that labor could be accomplished, Æneas ended his days in the confines of Italy, and left his son Askanius to govern in his stead. Askanius, dying, left Silvius to rule; Silvius, deceasing, left the noble and adventurous Brutus, which Bruce, being the fourth descent from Æneas, first made conquest of this land of Britain, then inhabited with monsters, giants, and a kind of wild people without government; but, by policy, he overcame them, and established good laws; when he found the first foundations of a new Troy, and named it Troynovant, but since by process of time called London. Thus began the isle of Britain to flourish, not only with sumptuous buildings, but also with valiant and courageous knights, whose adventures and bold attempts in chivalry fame shall describe what oblivion buried in obscurity. After this the land was replenished with cities, and divided into shires and countries, dukedoms, earldoms, and lordships, the patrimony of high and noble minds, wherein they lived not like cowards in their mothers' bosoms, but merited renown in martial discipline. For the famous city of Coventry was the place wherein the first Christian of England was born, and the first that ever sought for foreign adventures, whose name to this day all Europe highly hath in regard; and, for his bold and magnanimous deeds at arms, gave him this title,

the valiant Knight St. George of England, whose golden garter is not only worn by nobles, but by kings, and in memory of his victories the kings of England fight under his banner.

Upon his breast nature had planted the lively form of a dragon; upon his right hand a blood-red cross, and on his left leg a golden garter. They named him George, and provided him three nurses, — one to give him suck, another to keep him asleep, and the third to provide him food. Not many days after his nativity, the fell enchantress Kalyb, being the utter enemy to true nobility, by charms and witchcrafts stole this infant from the careless nurses.

Twice seven years Kalyb had in keeping the noble St. George of England, whose mind many times thirsted after honorable adventures, and often attempted to set himself at liberty; but the fell enchantress, tending him as the apple of her eye, appointed twelve sturdy satyrs to attend his person, so that neither force nor policy could further his intent.

"Thou art by birth," said she, "son to the Lord Albert, high steward of England, and from thy birth to this day have I kept thee as my child, within these solitary woods." So, taking him by the hand, she led him into a brazen castle, wherein remained as prisoners six of the bravest knights of the world.

"These are," said she, "six worthy champions of Christendom. The first is St. Dennis of France; the second, St. James of Spain; the third, St. Anthony of Italy; the fourth, St. Andrew of Scotland; the fifth, St. Patrick of Ireland; the sixth, St. David of Wales; and thou art born to be the seventh, thy name being St. George of England, for so thou shalt be termed in time to come."

Then leading him a little farther, she brought him into a large, fair room where stood seven of the goodliest steeds that ever eye beheld.

"Six of these," said she, "belong to the six champions, and the seventh will I bestow upon thee."

Likewise she led him to another room, where hung the richest armor in the world. So choosing out the strongest corslet from her armory, she, with her own hands, buckled it about his breast, laced on his helmet, and attired him with a rich caparison. Then, fetching forth a mighty falchion, she put it likewise in his hand.

"Now," said she, "thy steed is of such force and invincible power that whilst thou art mounted on his back there can be

no knight in all the world so hardy as to conquer thee. Thy armor is of the purest steel, that neither weapon can pierce nor battle-ax bruise. Thy sword, which is called Ascalon, will separate and cut the hardest flint, and hew in sunder the strongest steel; for in the pummel lies such precious virtue that neither treason, witchcraft, nor any other violence can be offered thee, so long as thou wearest it."

Thus the lustful Kalyb not only bestowed the riches of her cave upon him, but gave him power and authority through a silver wand which she put in his hand, to work her own destruction. For, coming by a huge, great rock of stone, this valiant knight struck his charming-rod thereon, whereupon it opened. The Lady of the Woods boldly stepping in before, was deceived in her own practices, for no sooner entered she the rock, but he struck his silver wand thereon, and immediately it closed, when she bellowed forth exclamations to the senseless stones, without all hope of delivery. Thus this noble knight deceived the wicked Kalyb, and set the other six champions likewise at liberty, who rendered him all knightly courtesy, and gave him thanks for their late delivery.

After the seven champions departed from the enchanted cave of Kalyb, they made their abode in the city of Coventry for the space of nine months, and when the spring had overspread the earth with the mantles of Flora, they armed themselves like wandering knights, and took their journey to seek foreign adventures. So traveling for the space of thirty days they came to a broad plain, whereon stood a brazen pillar, where seven several ways met, which caused the seven knights to forsake each other's company, and to take every one a contrary way. Our worthy English knight happily arrived within the territories of Egypt, but before he had journeyed fully within the distance of a mile the silent night approached, and solitary stillness took possession of all living things. At last he espied an old, poor hermitage, wherein he purposed to rest his horse and to take some repast after his weary journey, till the sun had renewed his morning light, that he might fall to his travel again. But entering the cottage, he found an aged hermit overworn with years and almost consumed with grief, with whom in this manner he began to confer.

"Father," said he, "for so you seem by your gravity, may a traveler for this night crave entertainment within your cottage, not only for himself, but his horse; or is there some

city near at hand, whereto I may take my journey without danger?"

The old man, starting at the sudden approach of St. George, replied unto him in this order.

"Sir knight," quoth he, "I sorrow for thy hard fortune, that it is thy destiny to arrive in this our country of Egypt, wherein is not left sufficient alive to bury the dead. Such is the distress of this land, through a dangerous and terrible dragon, which if he be not every day appeased with the body of a true virgin, which he devoureth down his venomous bowels, will breathe a stench from his nostrils, whereof grows a most grievous plague and mortality of all things, which he hath observed for this four and twenty years. And now there is not left one true virgin but the king's daughter throughout Egypt, which damosel to-morrow must be offered up in sacrifice to the dragon. Therefore the king hath made proclamation that, if any knight dare prove so adventurous as to combat with the dragon, and preserve his daughter's life, he shall in reward have her to his wife, and the crown of Egypt after his decease."

This large proffer so encouraged the English knight that he vowed either to redeem the king's daughter, or else to lose his life in that honorable enterprise. So he took his repose and nightly rest in the old man's hermitage, till the cheerful cock gave him warning of the sun's uprise, which caused him to buckle on his armor, and to furnish his steed with habiliments of war. The which being done, he took his journey to the valley where the king's daughter should be offered up in sacrifice. But when he approached the valley, he espied afar off a most fair and beautiful damosel, attired in pure Arabian silk, guarded to the place only by sage and modest patrons; which woeful sight encouraged the English knight to such a forwardness that he thought every minute a day, till he had redeemed the damosel from the dragon's tyranny. So, approaching the lady, he gave her comfort of delivery, and returned her back to her father's palace.

After this, the noble knight entered the valley, where the dragon had his residence, who no sooner had a sight of him, but he gave such a terrible yell, as though it had thundered in the elements. The bigness of the dragon was fearful to behold; for, betwixt his shoulders and his tail were fifty feet in distance; his scales glistering as bright as silver, but far more

harder than brass; his belly of the color of gold, but more bigger than a tun. Thus weltered he from his hideous den, and so fiercely assailed the sturdy champion with his burning wings, that at the first encounter he had almost felled him to the ground. But the knight, nimbly recovering himself, gave the dragon such a thrust with his spear that it shivered in a thousand pieces. Whereat the dragon so fiercely smote him with his venomous tail that down fell man and horse, in which fall two of St. George's ribs were sore bruised. But yet, stepping backward, it was his chance to leap under an orange tree, which tree had such precious virtue that no venomous worm durst come within the compass of the branches, nor within seven feet thereof. There this valiant knight rested himself until he had recovered his former strength. No sooner feeling his spirits revived, but with an eager courage he smote the burning dragon under his yellow, burnished belly with his trusty sword Ascalon, whereout came such abundance of ugly venom that it sprinkled upon the armor, whereby immediately the armor burst in twain, and the good knight fell into so grievous a swoon that for a time he lay breathless, yet having that good memory remaining that he tumbled under the branches of the orange tree, in which place the dragon could proffer him no further violence. So it was the noble champion's happy fortune to espy an orange which a little before had dropped down, wherewith he so refreshed himself that he was in short time as sound as when he began the encounter. Then kneeled he down and made his divine supplication to Heaven that God would send him such strength and agility of body, as to slay the terrible monster. With a courageous heart he smote the dragon under the wing, where it was tender, without scale, whereby his good sword Ascalon went to the very hilt through the dragon's heart, liver, bone, and blood, whereout issued such abundance of purple gore that it turned the grass into crimson color. The ground, which was before parched, through the burning stench of the dragon, was now drenched with overmuch moisture proceeding from his venomous bowels. At last, through want of blood and long continuance in fight, the dragon yielded his vital spirits to the force of the conquering champion. The which being happily performed, the noble knight, St. George of England, first yielding due honor to Almighty God for the victory, with his good sword cut off the dragon's head, and pitched it upon the truncheon of a spear,

which at the beginning of the battle he had shivered against the dragon's scaly back.

* * * * * * *

Ptolemy immediately commanded every street of the city to be hung with rich arras and embroidered tapestry, and likewise provided a sumptuous chariot of gold, the wheels and other timber work of the purest ebony, the covering thereof of pure silk, crossbarred with pure staves of gold. Likewise an hundred of the noblest peers of Egypt, attired in crimson velvet, mounted on milk-white coursers, with rich caparisons, attended the coming of St. George. When he first entered the gates of the city, he heard such a melodious harmony of heavenly sounding music that it seemed in his conceit to surpass the sweetness of all that ever he had heard before. Then they most royally presented him with a sumptuous and costly ball of gold, and after invested him in that ebony chariot, wherein he was conducted to the palace of King Ptolemy, where this noble and princely minded champion surrendered up his conquest and victory to the beauteous Sabra, the king's daughter. She, with like courtesy and much humility, required his bounty. For, at the first sight of the English knight, she was so ravished with his princely countenance that for a time she was not able to speak. Yet, at last taking him by the hand, she led him to a rich pavilion, where she unarmed him, and with most precious salves embalmed his wounds and with her tears washed away the blood: which being done, she furnished a table with all manner of delicacies for his repast, where her father was present, who inquired of his country, parentage, and name.

After the banquet was ended, he installed him with the honor of knighthood, and put upon his feet a pair of golden spurs. But Sabra, who fed upon the banquet of his love, conducted him to his night's repose, where she sat upon his bed, and warbled forth most heavenly melody upon her lute, till his senses were overcome with a sweet and silent sleep, where she left him for that night, after his late dangerous battle.

Many a day remained St. George in the Egyptian town, sometimes reveling among gentlemen, dancing and sporting with ladies, other times in tilts and tournaments with other honorable exercises.

* * * * * * *

After St. George, with the other six champions of Christendom (by invincible conquests), had brought into subjection all

the Eastern parts, and by dint of bloody wars poked the stubborn infidels even to the farthest bounds of India, where the golden sun beginneth to arise, they returned to the rich and plentiful country of England, where, in the famous city of London, they many a day sojourned.

But at last St. George's three sons, Guy, Alexander and David, being all born at one birth in the wilderness, and sent into three several kingdoms by their careful father to be trained up, being grown to some ripeness of age, and agility of strength, desired much to visit their parent, whom they had not seen from their infancies, and to crave at his hands the honor of true knighthood. This earnest and princely request so highly pleased their tutors that they furnished them with a stately train of knights, and sent them honorably into England, where they arrived all three at one time in the famous city of London, where their entertainments were most princely.

But no sooner appeared the morning sun upon the mountain tops but St. George commanded a solemn hunting for the welcome of his sons. Then began his knights to arm themselves in troops and to mount upon their jennets. But St. George with his sons clad in green vestments like Adonis, with silver horns hanging at their backs in scarfs of colored silk, were still the foremost in this exercise.

Likewise Sabra (intending to see her sons' valors displayed in the field, whether they were in courage like their father or no), caused a gentle palfrey to be provided, whereon she mounted her princely person to be witness of their sylvan sports.

Thus in this gallant manner rode forth these hunters to their princely pastimes, entered the forest, wherein they had not passed the compass of half a mile, but they started a wild, swift stag, at whom they uncoupled their hounds, and gave bridle to their horses, and followed the same more swifter than pirates pursue the merchants' ships upon the seas. But now behold how frowning fortune changed their pleasant pastime to a sad and bloody tragedy. For Sabra, proffering to keep pace with them, delighted to behold the valiant encounters of her sons, and being careless of herself, through the overswiftness of her steed, she slipped beside her saddle, and so fell directly upon a thorny brake of brambles, the pricks whereof entered to every part of her delicate body. Some pierced the lovely closets of her eyes, whereby there issued drops of purest blood. Her

face was changed into a crimson red. Her milk-white hands did seem to wear a bloody scarlet glove. "Dear lord," said she, "mourn not you, nor you, my sons, nor you, brave Christian knights, but let your warlike drums convey me royally to my tomb. Dear lord, farewell; sweet sons, you famous followers of my George, and all true Christian knights, adieu."

These words were not sooner ended, but with a heavy sigh she yielded up the ghost.

When black night began to approach, and with her sable mantle to overspread the crystal firmament, they retired with her dead body back to the city of London. St. George, with his sons and the other champions; interred her body very honorably, and erected over the same a rich and costly monument, for thereon was portrayed the Queen of Chastity with her maidens, bathing themselves in a crystal fountain.

Thus, after the tomb was erected, and the epitaph engraved on a silver table, and all things performed according to St. George's discretion, in company of the other six champions, he took his journey towards Jerusalem.

* * * * * * *

Now droops my weary muse, for she is come unto her latest tragedy. St. George is summoned to the bar of Death, where magnificent honor stands ready to give his name a noble renown to all ensuing ages.

This illustrious champion, when he was left alone in the company of his three sons Guy, Alexander, and David, strange imaginations day by day possessed his mind, so that he could not rest nor sleep. So, furnishing them all four in habiliments of shining steel, they left Constantinople, as it was guided by fate, until they came into England, whose chalky cliffs St. George had not seen in twice twelve years.

He gave his three sons thereunto a most joyous welcome, showing them the brave situation of the towns and cities, and the pleasant prospects of the fields as they passed, until they came within sight of the city Coventry, where he was born.

But the inhabitants interrupted his pleasurable delights with a doleful report how upon Dunsmore Heath remained an infectious dragon; and how that fifteen knights of the kingdom had already lost their lives in adventuring to suppress the same. St. George purposed presently to put the adventure in trial, and either to free his country from so great danger, or to finish his days in the attempt. So, taking leave of his sons

Goethe and Frederike

Photogravure from the painting by H. Kaulbach

and the rest there present, he rode forward. His infectious enemy lay couching the ground, who, knowing his death to draw near, made such a yelling noise, as if the element had burst with thunder; and spying the champion, he ran with such fury against him, as if he would have devoured both man and horse. But the champion, being quick and nimble, gave the dragon such way, that he missed him, and with his sting ran full two feet into the earth. Recovering, he turned again with such rage upon St. George that he had almost borne his horse over and over, but, having no stay of his strength, fell with his back downward upon the ground, and his feet upward. Whereat the champion, taking advantage, kept him still down with his horse standing upon him, with his lance goring him through in divers parts of the body. The dragon being no sooner slain but Saint George likewise took his death's wound, by the deep strokes of the dragon's sting, and bled in such abundance that his strength began to enfeeble and grow weak. Yet valiantly returned the victor to the city of Coventry, where his three sons with the whole inhabitants stood without the gates. But what with the abundance of blood that issued from his deep wounds, and the long bleeding without stopping the same, he was forced in his sons' arms to yield up his breath. All the land from king to shepherd mourned for him for the space of a month.

The king of this country ordained forever after to be kept a solemn procession about the king's court upon the 23d day of April, naming it St. George's Day, upon which day he was most solemnly interred in the city where he was born.

GOETHE'S FIRST TASTE OF SHAKESPEARE.

(From the "Autobiography.")

[JOHANN WOLFGANG GOETHE was born August 28, 1749; went to Leipsic University in 1759; shortly after began to write dramas and songs; in 1771 took a doctor's degree at Strasburg and became an advocate at Frankfort; wrote "Götz von Berlichingen" in 1771, as also the "Wanderer" and "The Wanderer's Storm Song"; settled in Wetzlar for law practice in 1772, but had to fly on account of a love intrigue; in 1773 wrote "Prometheus," some farce satires, the comedy "Erwin and Elmira," and began "Faust"; "The Sorrows of Young Werther" and "Clavigo" in 1774; in 1775 settled in Weimar, became a privy councilor to the duke, and most useful public official; studied and made valuable discoveries in natural science; began "Wilhelm Meister's Appren-

ticeship" in 1777; wrote "Iphigenia" in prose 1779, in verse 1786; completed "Egmont" in 1787, and "Tasso" in 1789; was director of the court theater at Weimar, 1791; 1794–1805 was associated with Schiller, and they conducted the literary review *Horen* together; he finished "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship" in 1796, "Hermann and Dorothea," 1797, "Elective Affinities," 1809, "Doctrine of Color," 1810, and his autobiography "Fancy and Truth," 1811. In 1815 he issued the "Divan of East and West," a volume of poems; in 1821 "Wilhelm Meister's Wanderjähre," a *mélange* of various pieces put together by his secretary. In 1831 he finished the second part of "Faust." He died March 22, 1832.]

THUS, on the very borders of France, we had at once got rid and clear of everything French about us. The French way of life we found too defined and genteel, their poetry cold, their criticism annihilating, their philosophy abstruse, and yet insufficient, so that we were on the point of resigning ourselves to rude nature, at least by way of experiment, if another influence had not for a long time prepared us for higher and freer views of the world, and intellectual enjoyments, as true as they were poetical, and swayed us, first moderately and secretly, but afterwards with more and more openness and force.

I need scarcely say that Shakespeare is intended; and having once said this, no more need be added. Shakespeare has been acknowledged by the Germans, more by them than by other nations, perhaps even more than by his own. We have richly bestowed on him all that justice, fairness, and forbearance which we refuse to ourselves. Eminent men have occupied themselves in showing his talents in the most favorable light; and I have always readily subscribed to what has been said to his honor, in his favor, or even by way of excuse for him. The influence of this extraordinary mind upon me has been already shown; an attempt has been made with respect to his works, which has received approbation; and therefore this general statement may suffice for the moment.

At present I will only show more clearly the manner in which I became acquainted with him. It happened pretty soon at Leipzig, through Dodd's "Beauties of Shakespeare." Whatever may be said against such collections, which give authors in a fragmentary form, they nevertheless produce many good effects. We are not always so collected and so ready that we can take in a whole work according to its merits. Do we not, in a book, mark passages which have an immediate reference to ourselves? Young people especially, who are wanting in a thorough cultivation, are laudably excited by

brilliant passages; and thus I myself remem' er, as one of the most beautiful epochs of my life, that which is characterized by the above-mentioned work. Those noble peculiarities, those great sayings, those happy descriptions, those humorous traits — all struck me singly and powerfully.

Wieland's translation now made its appearance. It was devoured, communicated and recommended to friends and acquaintances. We Germans had the advantage that many important works of foreign nations were first brought over to us in an easy and cheerful fashion. Shakespeare, translated in prose, first by Wieland, afterwards by Eschenburg, was able, as a kind of reading universally intelligible, and suitable to any reader, to diffuse itself speedily, and to produce a great effect. I revere the rhythm as well as the rhyme, by which poetry first becomes poetry; but that which is really, deeply, and fundamentally effective — that which is really permanent and furthering, is that which remains of the poet after he is translated into prose. Then remains the pure, perfect substance, of which, when absent, a dazzling exterior often contrives to make a false show, and which, when present, such an exterior contrives to conceal. I therefore consider prose translations more advantageous than poetical, for the beginning of youthful culture. . . .

And thus in our Strasburg society did Shakespeare, translated and in the original, by fragments and as a whole, by passages and by extracts, influence us in such a manner, that as there are Bible-firm (*Bibelfest*) men, so did we gradually make ourselves firm in Shakespeare, imitated in our conversations those virtues and defects of his time with which he had made us so well acquainted, took the greatest delight in his "quibbles," and by translating them, nay, with original recklessness, sought to emulate him. To this, the fact that I had seized upon him above all, with great enthusiasm, did not a little contribute. A happy confession that something higher waved over me was infectious for my friends, who all resigned themselves to this mode of thought. We did not deny the possibility of knowing such merits more closely, of comprehending them, of judging them with penetration, but this we reserved for later epochs. At present we only wished to sympathize gladly, and to imitate with spirit; and while we had so much enjoyment, we did not wish to inquire and haggle about the man who afforded it, but unconditionally to revere him.

EPITHALAMION.

By EDMUND SPENSER.

(Written for his Own Wedding.)

[Edmund Spenser, English poet, was born in London about 1552, and attended Pembroke Hall, Cambridge. He became intimate with Sir Philip Sidney and the Earl of Leicester, and through the latter's influence procured (1580) the post of private secretary to Lord Grey de Wilton, the queen's deputy in Ireland. For his services in suppressing Desmond's rebellion, he obtained 3000 acres of the forfeited Desmond estates, including Kilcolman Castle and manor. At Raleigh's suggestion he went to London in 1589, and the next year brought out the first three books of "The Faerie Queene," which so pleased Elizabeth that she gave him a yearly pension of £50. In 1591 he returned to Kilcolman in poverty, and wrote "Colin Clout's Come Home Again." Seven years later his house was burned by the Irish rebels, and on January, 1599, he died in poverty at Westminster. By his own request he was buried near Chaucer in Westminster Abbey, the funeral expenses being paid by the Earl of Essex. Besides the above works, Spenser wrote: "The Shepherd's Calendar," "Amoretti," "Astrophel," "Four Hymns," etc.]

Ye learnèd sisters, which have oftentimes
Been to me aiding, others to adorn,
Whom ye thought worthy of your graceful rhymes,
That even the greatest did not greatly scorn
To hear their names sung in your simple lays,
But joyèd in their praise:
And when ye list your own mishaps to mourn,
Which death, or love, or fortune's wreck did raise,
Your string could soon to sadder tenor turn,
And teach the woods and waters to lament
Your doleful dreriment:
Now lay those sorrowful complaints aside;
And, having all your heads with garlands crowned,
Help me mine own love's praises to resound;
Ne let the same of any be envíed:
So Orpheus did for his own bride!
So I unto myself alone will sing;
The woods shall to me answer, and my echo ring.

Early, before the world's light-giving lamp
His golden beam upon the hills doth spread,
Having dispersed the night's uncheerful damp,
Do ye awake; and, with fresh lustyhead,
Go to the bow'r of my belovèd love,
My truest turtle dove;

Bid her awake; for Hymen is awake,
And long since ready forth his mask to move,
With his bright tead that flames with many a flake,
And many a bachelor to wait on him,
In their fresh garments trim.
Bid her awake therefore, and soon her dight,
For lo! the wishèd day is come at last,
That shall, for all the pains and sorrows past,
Pay to her usury of long delight:
And whilst she doth her dight,
Do ye to her of joy and solace sing,
That all the wood may answer, and your echo ring.

Bring with you all the nymphs that you can hear
Both of the rivers and the forests green,
And of the sea that neighbours to her near:
All with gay garlands goodly well beseen.
And let them also with them bring in hand
Another gay garland,
For my fair love of lilies and of roses,
Bound truelove wise, with a blue sick riband.
And let them make great store of bridal posies,
And let them eke bring store of other flowers,
To deck the bridal bowers.
And let the ground whereas her foot shall tread,
For fear the stones her tender foot should wrong,
Be strewed with fragrant flowers all along,
And diapered like the discolored mead.
Which done, do at her chamber door await,
For she will waken straight;
The whiles do ye this song unto her sing,
The woods shall to you answer and your echo ring.

Ye nymphs of Mulla, which with careful heed
The silver scaly trouts to tend full well,
The greedy pikes which use therein to feed;
(Those trouts and pikes all others do excel;)
And ye likewise, which keep the rushy lake,
Where none do fishes take;
Bind up the locks, the which hang scattered light,
And in his waters, which your mirror make,
Behold your faces, as the crystal bright,
That when you come whereas my love doth lie,
No blemish she may spy.
And eke, ye lightfoot maids, which keep the door,
That on the hoary mountain used to tower;

And the wild wolves, which seek them to devour,
With your steel darts do chase from coming near;
Be also present here,
To help to deck her, and to help to sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Wake now, my love, awake! for it is time;
The rosy morn long since left Tithon's bed,
All ready to her silver coach to climb;
And Phœbus gins to show his glorious head.
Hark! how the cheerful birds do chant their lays
And carol of Love's praise.
The merry lark her matins sings aloft;
The thrush replies; the mavis descant plays:
The ousel shrills; the ruddock warbles soft;
So goodly all agree, with sweet concent,
To this day merriment.
Ah! my dear love, why do ye sleep thus long,
When meeter were that ye should now awake,
T' await the coming of your joyous make,
And hearken to the bird's love-learnèd song,
The dewy leaves among!
For they of joy and pleasaunce to you sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their echo ring.

My love is now awake out of her dreams,
And her fair eyes, like stars that dimmèd were
With darksome cloud, now show their goodly beams
More bright than Hesperus his head doth rear.
Come now, ye damsels, daughters of delight,
Help quickly her to dight:
But first come ye fair Hours, which were begot
In Jove's sweet paradise of day and night;
Which do the seasons of the year allot,
And all that ever in this world is fair,
Do make and still repair:
And ye three handmaids of the Cyprian Queen,
The which do still adorn her beauty's pride,
Help to adorn my beautifullest bride:
And, as ye her array, still throw between
Some graces to be seen;
And, as ye use to Venus, to her sing,
The whiles the woods shall answer, and your echo ring.

Now is my Love all ready forth to come,
Let all the Virgins therefore well await;

And ye fresh Boys, that tend upon her Groom,
Prepare yourselves; for he is coming straight.
Set all your things in seemly good array,
Fit for so joyful day:
The joyfull'st day that ever Sun did see.
Fair Sun! show forth thy favourable ray,
And let thy life-ful heat not fervent be,
For fear of burning her sunshiny face,
Her beauty to disgrace.
O fairest Phœbus! Father of the Muse!
If ever I did honour thee aright,
Or sing the thing that mote thy mind delight,
Do not thy servant's simple boon refuse;
But let this day, let this one day, be mine;
Let all the rest be thine.
Then I thy sovereign praises loud will sing,
That all the woods shall answer, and their echo ring.

Hark! how the minstrels gin to shrill aloud
Their merry music that resounds from far,
The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling crowd [violin],
That well agree withouten breach or jar.
But, most of all, the Damsels do delight,
When they their timbrels smite,
And thereunto do dance and carol sweet,
That all the senses they do ravish quite;
The whiles the Boys run up and down the street,
Crying aloud with strong confusèd noise,
As if it were one voice,
Hymen, iö Hymen, Hymen, they do shout;
That even to the heavens their shouting shrill
Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill;
To which the people standing all about,
As in approvance, do thereto applaud,
And laud advance her laud;
And evermore they, "Hymen, Hymen," sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their echo ring.

Lo! where she comes along with portly pace,
Like Phœbe, from her chamber of the East,
Arising forth to run her mighty race,
Clad all in white, that 'seems a Virgin best.
So well it her beseems, that he would ween
Some Angel she had been.
Her long loose yellow locks like golden wire,

Sprinkled with pearl, and pearling flow'rs atween,
Do like a golden mantle her attire;
And, being crownèd with a garland green,
Seem like some Maiden Queen.
Her modest eyes, abashèd to behold
So many gazers as on her do stare,
Upon the lowly ground affixèd are;
Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,
But blush to hear her praises sung so loud,
So far from being proud.
Nathless do ye still loud her praises sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Tell me, ye Merchants' daughters, did ye see
So fair a creature in your town [Cork] before?
So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
Adorned with beauty's grace and virtue's store:
Her goodly eyes like sapphires shining bright,
Her forehead ivory white,
Her cheeks like apples which the sun hath rudded,
Her lips like cherries charming men to bite,
Her breast like to a bowl of cream uncrudded,
Her paps like lilies budded,
Her snowy neck like to a marble tow'r;
And all her body like a palace fair,
Ascending up with many a stately stair,
To Honour's seat and Chastity's sweet bow'r.
Why stand ye still, ye Virgins, in amaze,
Upon her so to gaze?
Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
To which the woods did answer, and your echo ring.

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
The inward beauty of her lively spright,
Garnished with heavenly gifts of high degree,
Much more then would ye wonder at that sight,
And stand astonished like to those which read
Medusa's mazeful head.
There dwells sweet Love, and constant Chastity,
Unspotted Faith, and comely Womanhood,
Regard of Honour, and mild Modesty;
There Virtue reigns as Queen in royal throne,
And giveth laws alone,
The which the base affections do obey,
And yield their services unto her will;

Ne thought of things uncomely ever may
Thereto approach to tempt her mind to ill.
Had ye once seen these her celestial treasures,
And unrevealèd pleasures,
Then would ye wonder, and her praises sing,
That all the woods should answer, and your echo ring.

Open the temple gates unto my Love,
Open them wide that she may enter in,
And all the posts adorn as doth behove,
And all the pillars deck with garlands trim,
For to receive this Saint with honour due,
That cometh in to you.
With trembling steps, and humble reverence,
She cometh in before the Almighty's view:
Of her ye Virgins learn obedience,
When so ye come into those holy places,
To humble your proud faces:
Bring her up to th' high altar, that she may
The sacred ceremonies there partake,
The which do endless matrimony make;
And let the roaring organs loudly play
The praises of the Lord in lively notes;
The whiles, with hollow throats,
The choristers the joyous anthem sing,
That all the woods may answer, and their echo ring.

Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks,
And blesseth her with his two happy hands,
How the red roses flush up in her cheeks,
And the pure snow, with goodly vermeil stain,
Like crimson dyed in grain:
That even the Angels, which continually
About the sacred altar do remain,
Forget their service and about her fly,
Oft peeping in her face, that seems more fair,
The more they on it stare.
But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground,
Are governèd with goodly modesty,
That suffers not one look to glance awry,
Which may let in a little thought unsound.
Why blush ye, Love, to give to me your hand,
The pledge of all our band!
Sing, ye sweet Angels, Alleluiah sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Now all is done: bring home the Bride again;
Bring home the triumph of our victory;
Bring home with you the glory of her gain,
With joyance bring her and with jollity.
Never had man more joyful day than this,
Whom heaven would heap with bliss.
Make feast therefore now all this live-long day
This day forever to me holy is.
Pour out the wine without restraint or stay,
Pour not by cups, but by the bellyful,
Pour out to all that wull,
And sprinkle all the posts and walls with wine,
That they may sweat, and drunken be withal.
Crown ye god Bacchus with a coronal,
And Hymen also crown with wreaths of vine;
And let the Graces dance unto the rest,
For they can do it best:
The whiles the maidens do their carol sing,
To which the woods shall answer, and their echo ring.

Ring ye the bells, ye young men of the town,
And leave your wonted labours for this day:
This day is holy; do ye write it down,
That ye for ever it remember may.
This day the Sun is in his chiefest height,
With Barnaby the bright,
From whence declining daily by degrees,
He somewhat loseth of his heat and light,
When once the Crab behind his back he sees.
But for this time it ill ordainèd was,
To choose the longest day in all the year,
And shortest night, when longest fitter were:
Yet never day so long, but late would pass.
Ring ye the bells, to make it wear away,
And bonfires make all day:
And dance about them, and about them sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Ah! when will this long weary day have end,
And lend me leave to come unto my Love?
How slowly do the hours their numbers spend.
How slowly does sad Time his feathers move!
Haste thee, O fairest Planet, to thy home,
Within the Western foam:
Thy tired steeds long since have need of rest.

Long though it be, at last I see it gloom,
And the bright Evening-star with golden crest
Appear out of the East.
Fair child of beauty! glorious lamp of Love!
That all the host of heaven in ranks dost lead,
And guidest lovers through the night's sad dread,
How cheerfully thou lookest from above,
And seem'st to laugh atween thy twinkling light,
As joying in the sight
Of these glad many, which for joy do sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their echo ring.

Now cease, ye Damsels, your delights forepast;
Enough it is that all the day was yours:
Now day is done, and night is nighing fast,
Now bring the Bride into the bridal bow'rs.
The night is come, now soon her disarray,
And in her bed her lay;
Lay her in lilies and in violets,
And silken curtains over her display,
And odoured sheets, and Arras coverlets.
Behold how goodly my fair Love does lie,
In proud humility!
Like unto Maia, when as Jove her took
In Tempe, lying on the flow'ry grass,
Twixt sleep and wake, after she weary was,
With bathing in the Acidalian brook.
Now it is night, ye Damsels may be gone,
And leave my love alone,
And leave likewise your former lay to sing:
The woods no more shall answer, nor your echo ring.

Now welcome, Night! thou night so long expected,
That long day's labour dost at last defray,
And all my cares, which cruel Love collected:
Hast summed in one, and cancellèd for aye,
Spread thy broad wing over my Love and me,
That no man may us see;
And in thy sable mantle us enwrap,
From fear of peril and foul horror free.
Let no false treason seek us to entrap,
Nor any dread disquiet once annoy
The safety of our joy;
But let the night be calm, and quietsome,
Without tempestuous storms of sad affray:
Like as when Jove with fair Alcmena lay,

When he begot the great Tirynthian groom:
Or like as when he with thyself did lie,
And begot Majesty.
And let the maids and young men cease to sing;
Ne let the woods them answer, nor their echo ring.

Let no lamenting cries, nor doleful tears,
Be heard all night within, nor yet without;
Ne let false whispers, breeding hidden fears,
Break gentle sleep with misconceivèd doubt,
Let no deluding dreams, nor dreadful sights,
Make sudden sad affrights;
Ne let house-fires, nor lightnings' helpless harms,
Ne let the pouke [Puck], nor other evil sprights,
Ne let mischievous witches with their charms,
Ne let hob-goblins, names whose sense we see not,
Fray us with things that be not;
Let not the shriek-owl nor the stork be heard;
Nor the night raven, that still deadly yells;
Nor damnèd ghosts, called up with mighty spells;
Nor grisly vultures make us once afeard:
Ne let th' unpleasant quire of frogs still croaking
Make us to wish their choking.
Let none of these their dreary accent sing;
Ne let the woods them answer, nor their echo ring.

But let still Silence true night-watches keep,
That sacred Peace may in assurance reign,
And timely Sleep, when it is time to sleep,
May pour his limbs forth on your pleasant plain;
The whiles an hundred little wingèd Loves,
Like divers feathered doves,
Shall fly and flutter round about the bed,
And in the secret dark, that none reproves,
Their pretty stealths shall work, and snares shall spread
To filch away sweet snatches of delight,
Concealed through covert night.
Ye Sons of Venus, play your sports at will!
For greedy Pleasure, careless of your toys,
Thinks more upon her paradise of joys,
Than what ye do, albe it good or ill.
All night therefore attend your merry play,
For it will soon be day:
Now none doth hinder you, that say or sing;
Ne will the woods now answer, nor your echo ring.

Who is the same, which at my window peeps?
Or whose is that fair face that shines so bright?
Is it not Cynthia, she that never sleeps,
But walks about high heaven all the night?
O! fairest goddess, do thou not envý
My Love with me to spy:
For thou likewise didst love, though now unthought,
And for a fleece of wool, which privily
The Latmian Shepherd once unto thee brought,
His pleasures with thee wrought.
Therefore to us be favourable now;
And sith of women's labours thou hast charge,
And generation goodly dost enlarge,
Incline thy will t' effect our wishful vow,
And the chaste womb inform with timely seed,
That may our comfort breed:
Till which we cease our hopeful hap to sing,
Ne let the woods us answer, nor our echo ring.

And thou great Juno! which with awful might
The laws of wedlock still dost patronise;
And the religion of the faith first plight
With sacred rites has taught to solemnise;
And eke for comfort often callèd art
Of women in their smart;
Eternally bind thou this lovely band,
And all thy blessings unto us impart.
And thou, glad Genius! in whose gentle hand
The bridal bow'r and genial bed remain,
Without blemish of stain;
And the sweet pleasures of their love's delight
With secret aid dost succour and supply,
Till they bring forth the fruitful progeny;
Send us the timely fruit of this same night.
And thou fair Hebe! and thou, Hymen free!
Grant that it may so be.
Till which we cease your further praise to sing;
Ne any woods shall answer, nor your echo ring.

And ye high heavens, the temple of the gods,
In which a thousand torches flaming bright
Do burn, that to us wretchèd earthly clods
In dreadful darkness lend desirèd light;
And all ye powers which in the same remain,
More than we men can feign;

Pour out your blessing on us plenteously,
And happy influence upon us rain,
That we may raise a large posterity,
Which from the earth which they may long possess
With lasting happiness,
Up to your haughty palaces may mount;
And, for the guerdon of their glorious merit,
May heavenly tabernacles there inherit,
O blessed Saints for to increase the count.
So let us rest, sweet Love, in hope of this,
And cease till then our timely joys to sing:
The woods no more us answer, nor our echo ring!

Song! made in lieu of many ornaments,
With which my Love should duly have been decked,
Which cutting off through hasty accidents,
Ye would not stay your due time to expect,
But promised both to recompense;
Be unto her a goodly ornament,
And for short time an endless monument.

THE AFFECTED GULL AND THE BRAGGART.

By BEN JONSON.

(From "Every Man in his Humour.")

[Benjamin Jonson was born at Westminster about 1573, and received his early education at the Westminster School under William Camden. Becoming disgusted with the trade of bricklayer, to which his stepfather had trained him, he left home and served as a soldier in Flanders. Returning, by or before 1597 he became a player and playwright to "The Admiral's Men." "Every Man in his Humour" was successfully produced at the Globe in 1598, Shakespeare himself being in the cast, and Jonson thenceforth ranked with the foremost dramatists of the period. His first success was followed by "Cynthia's Revels," "The Poetaster," "Sejanus," "Volpone, or the Fox," "Epicœne, or the Silent Woman," "The Alchemist," "Catiline," "Bartholomew Fair," and "The Devil is an Ass." He wrote also masques and entertainments for James I. and Charles I., and received pensions from both. Palsy, dropsy, and perhaps Charles's embarrassments, cut off his resources, and he died poor in 1637. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, in the Poets' Corner, where a tablet bears the inscription,

"O rare Ben Jonson."]

Well-bred — What strange piece of silence is this? the sign of the Dumb Man?

Edward Kno'well — Oh, sir, a kinsman of mine, one that may make your music the fuller, an he please; he has his humor, sir.

Well-bred — Oh, what is't, what is't?

E. Kno'well — Nay, I'll neither do your judgment nor his folly that wrong, as to prepare your apprehension: I'll leave him to the mercy o' your search; if you can take him, so!

Well-bred — Well, Captain Bobadill, Master Matthew, 'pray you know this gentleman here; he is a friend of mine, and one that will deserve your affection. [*To* STEPHEN.] I know not your name, sir, but I shall be glad of any occasion to render me more familiar to you.

Stephen — My name is Master Stephen, sir; I am this gentleman's own cousin, sir; his father is mine uncle, sir: I am somewhat melancholy, but you shall command me, sir, in whatsoever is incident to a gentleman.

Bobadill — Sir, I must tell you this, I am no general man; but for Master Well-bred's sake (you may embrace it at what height of favor you please), I do communicate with you, and conceive you to be a gentleman of some parts; I love few words.

E. Kno'well — And I fewer, sir; I have scarce enow to thank you.

Matthew — But are you, indeed, sir, so given to it?

Stephen — Ah, truly, sir, I am mightily given to melancholy.

Matthew — Oh, it's your only fine humor, sir! your true melancholy breeds your perfect fine wit, sir. I am melancholy myself, divers times, sir, and then do I no more but take pen and paper presently, and overflow you half a score or a dozen of sonnets at a sitting.

E. Kno'well [*Aside*] — Sure he utters them then by the gross.

Stephen — Truly, sir, and I love such things, out of measure.

E. Kno'well — I'faith, better than in measure, I'll undertake.

Matthew — Why, I pray you, sir, make use of my study, it's at your service.

Stephen — I thank you, sir, I shall be bold, I warrant you: have you a stool there to be melancholy upon?

Matthew — That I have, sir, and some papers there of mine own doing, at idle hours, that you'll say there's some sparks of wit in 'hem, when you see them.

Well-bred [*Aside*] — Would the sparks would kindle once, and become a fire amongst 'hem! I might see self-love burnt for her heresy.

Stephen — Cousin, is it well? am I melancholy enough?

E. Kno'well — Oh ay, excellent.

Well-bred — Captain Bobadill: why muse you so?

E. Kno'well — He is melancholy too.

Bobadill — Faith, sir, I was thinking of a most honorable piece of service, was performed to-morrow, being St. Mark's day, shall be some ten years now.

E. Kno'well — In what place, captain?

Bobadill — Why at the beleaguering of Strigonium [Gran], where, in less than two hours, seven hundred resolute gentlemen as any were in Europe, lost their lives upon the breach. I'll tell you, gentlemen, it was the first, but the best leaguer that ever I beheld with these eyes, except the taking in of — what do you call it, last year, by the Genoways [Genoese]; but that, of all others, was the most fatal and dangerous exploit that ever I was ranged in, since I first bore arms before the face of the enemy, as I am a gentleman and soldier.

Stephen — 'So! I had as lief as an angel [coin] I could swear as well as that gentleman!

E. Kno'well — Then you were a servitor at both, it seems; at Strigonium? and "What-do-you-call't"?

Bobadill — O Lord, sir! by St. George, I was the first man that entered the breach; and had I not effected it with resolution, I had been slain, if I had had a million of lives.

E. Kno'well — 'Twas pity you had not ten: [*Aside*] a cat's and your own, i'faith. But, was it possible?

Matthew [*Aside to* STEPHEN] — 'Pray you mark this discourse, sir.

Stephen [*To him*] — So I do.

Bobadill — I assure you, upon my reputation, 'tis true, and yourself shall confess.

E. Kno'well [*Aside*] — You must bring me to the rack, first.

Bobadill — Observe me, judicially, sweet sir; they had planted me three demi-culverins just in the mouth of the breach; now, sir, as we were to give on, their master-gunner

(a man of no mean skill and mark, you must think) confronts me with his linstock, ready to give fire ; I, spying his intendment, discharged my petronel in his bosom, and with these single arms, my poor rapier, ran violently upon the Moors that guarded the ordnance, and put 'hem pell-mell to the sword.

Well-bred — To the sword ! to the rapier, captain.

E. Kno'well — Oh, it was a good figure observed, sir : — but did you all this, captain, without hurting your blade ?

Bobadill — Without any impeach o' the earth : you shall perceive, sir. [*Shows his rapier.*] It is the most fortunate weapon that ever rid on poor gentleman's thigh. Shall I tell you, sir ? You talk of Morglay, Excalibur, Durindana or so ; tut ! I lend no credit to that is fabled of 'hem : I know the virtue of mine own, and therefore I dare the boldlier maintain it.

Stephen — I mar'le whether it be a Toledo or no.

Bobadill — A most perfect Toledo, I assure you, sir.

Stephen — I have a countryman of his, here.

Matthew — 'Pray you, let's see, sir; yes, faith, it is.

Bobadill — This a Toledo ! Pish !

Stephen — Why do you pish, captain ?

Bobadill — A Fleming, by Heaven ! I'll buy them for a guilder apiece, an I would have a thousand of them.

E. Kno'well — How say you, cousin ? I told you thus much.

Well-bred — Where bought you it, Master Stephen ?

Stephen — Of a scurvy rogue soldier — a hundred of lice go with him — he swore it was a Toledo.

Bobadill — A poor provant rapier, no better.

Matthew — Mass, I think it be indeed, now I look on't better.

E. Kno'well — Nay, the longer you look on't, the worse. Put it up, put it up.

Stephen — Well, I will put it up ! but by — [*To himself.*] I have forgot the captain's oath, I thought to have sworn by it — an e'er I meet him ——

Well-bred — O, it is past help now, sir; you must have patience.

Stephen — Whoreson, coney-catching rascal! I could eat the very hilts for anger.

E. Knowell — A sign of good digestion ! you have an ostrich-stomach, cousin.

Stephen — A stomach? would I had him here, you should see an I had a stomach.

Well-bred — It's better as 'tis. — Come, gentlemen, shall we go?

* * * * * * *

MATTHEW — Sir, did your eyes ever taste the like clown of him, where we were to-day, Master Well-bred's half brother? I think the whole earth cannot show his parallel, by this daylight.

E. Kno'well — We were now speaking of him: Captain Bobadill tells me, he is fallen foul o' you too.

Matthew — O, ay, sir, he threatened me with the bastinado.

Bobadill — Ay, but I think, I taught you prevention, this morning, for that: — You shall kill him, beyond question; if you be so generously minded.

Matthew — Indeed, it is a most excellent trick. [*Fences.*

Bobadill — O, you do not give spirit enough to your motion, you are too tardy, too heavy! O, it must be done like lightning, hay! [*Practices at a post.*

Matthew — Rare Captain!

Bobadill — Tut! 'tis nothing, an't be not done in a — *punto* [instant].

E. Kno'well — Captain, did you ever prove yourself upon any of your masters of defense here?

Matthew — O, good sir! yes, I hope, he has.

Bobadill — I will tell you, sir. Upon my first coming to the city, after my long travail for knowledge (in that mystery only) there came three or four of 'hem to me, at a gentleman's house, where it was my chance to be resident at that time, to intreat my presence at their schools, and withal so much importuned me, that — I protest to you, as I am a gentleman — I was ashamed of their rude demeanor, out of all measure: well, I told 'hem, that to come to a public school, they should pardon me, it was opposite (in diameter) to my humor; but, if so be they would give their attendance at my lodging, I protested to do them what right or favor I could, as I was a gentleman, and so forth.

E. Kno'well — So, sir, then you tried their skill!

Bobadill — Alas, soon tried! you shall hear, sir. Within two or three days after, they came; and, by honesty, fair sir, believe me, I graced them exceedingly, showed them some two

or three tricks of prevention, have purchased 'hem since, a credit to admiration! they cannot deny this: and yet now, they hate me, and why? because I am excellent! and for no other vile reason on the earth.

E. Kno'well — This is strange, and barbarous! as ever I heard!

Bobadill — Nay, for a more instance of their preposterous natures, but note, sir. They have assaulted me some three, four, five, six of them together, as I have walked alone, in divers skirts i' the town, as Turnbull, Whitechapel, Shoreditch, which were then my quarters; and since, upon the Exchange, at my lodging, and at my Ordinary: where I have driven them afore me, the whole length of a street, in the open view of all our gallants, pitying to hurt them, believe me. Yet all this lenity will not o'ercome their spleen; they will be doing with the pismire, raising a hill a man may spurn abroad with his foot, at pleasure. By myself, I could have slain them all, but I delight not in murder. I am loth to bear any other than this bastinado for 'hem: yet I hold it good polity not to go disarmed, for though I be skillful, I may be oppressed with multitudes.

E. Kno'well — Ay, believe me, may you, sir: and, in my conceit, our whole nation should sustain the loss by it, if it were so.

Bobadill — Alas, no! what's a peculiar man to a nation? not seen.

E. Kno'well — O, but your skill, sir.

Bobadill — Indeed, that might be some loss; but who respects it? I will tell you, sir, by the way of private, and under seal; I am a gentleman, and live here obscure, and to myself. But, were I known to her Majesty and the Lords, — observe me, — I would undertake — upon this poor head, and life — for the public benefit of the state, not only to spare the entire lives of her subjects in general, but to save the one half, nay, three parts of her yearly charge in holding war, and against what enemy soever. And how would I do it, think you?

E. Kno'well — Nay, I know not, nor can I conceive.

Bobadill — Why thus, sir. I would select nineteen more, to myself, throughout the land; gentlemen they should be, of good spirit, strong, and able constitution; I would choose them by an instinct, a character that I have: and I would teach

these nineteen, the special rules, as your punto, your reverso, your stoccata, your imbroccata, your passada, your montanto; till they could all play very near or altogether as well as myself. This done, say the enemy were forty thousand strong, we twenty would come into the field, the tenth of March, or thereabouts; and we would challenge twenty of the enemy; they could not, in their honor, refuse us, well, we would kill them; challenge twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them too; and thus, would we kill every man his twenty a day, that's twenty score; twenty score, that's two hundred; two hundred a day, five days a thousand; forty thousand; forty times five, five times forty, two hundred days kills them all up, by computation. And this, will I venture my poor gentleman-like carcass to perform (provided there be no treason practiced upon us) by fair and discreet manhood, that is, civilly by the sword.

E. Kno'well — Why, are you so sure of your hand, captain, at all times?

Bobadill — Tut! never miss thrust, upon my reputation with you.

E. Kno'well — I would not stand in Down-right's state then, an you meet him, for the wealth of any one street in London.

Bobadill — Why, sir, you mistake me! if he were here now, by this welkin, I would not draw my weapon on him! let this gentleman do his mind; but I will bastinado him, by the bright sun, wherever I meet him.

Matthew — Faith, and I'll have a fling at him, at my distance.

E. Kno'well — Gods so, look where he is! yonder he goes.

[DOWN-RIGHT *walks over the stage.*

Down-right — What peevish luck have I, I cannot meet with these bragging rascals?

Bobadill — It's not he, is it?

E. Kno'well — Yes faith, it is he.

Matthew — I'll be hanged then, if that were he.

E. Kno'well — Sir, keep your hanging good for some greater matter, for I assure you that was he.

Stephen — Upon my reputation, it was he.

Bobadill — Had I thought it had been he, he must not have

Ben Jonson

Photogravure from the engraving by E. Scriben

gone so: but I can hardly be induced to believe it was he, yet.

E. Kno'well — That I think, sir. [*Reënter* DOWN-RIGHT. But see, he is come again.

Down-right — O, "Pharaoh's foot," have I found you? Come, draw, to your tools: draw, gypsy, or I'll thrash you.

Bobadill — Gentleman of valor, I do believe in thee, hear me —

Down-right — Draw your weapon then.

Bobadill — Tall man, I never thought on it, till now, body of me, I had a warrant of the peace served on me, even now, as I came along, by a water-bearer; this gentleman saw it, Master Matthew.

Down-right — 'Sdeath! you will not draw then?

[*Cudgels him, disarms him, and throws him down.* MATTHEW *runs away.*

Bobadill — Hold, hold, under thy favor, forbear!

Down-right — Prate again, as you like this, you whoreson foist you! You'll "control the point," you! [*Looking about.*] Your consort is gone? had he stayed he had shared with you, sir. [*Exit.*

Bobadill — Well, gentlemen, bear witness, I was bound to the peace, by this good day.

E. Kno'well — No, faith, it's an ill day, captain, never reckon it other: but, say you were bound to the peace, the law allows you to defend yourself: that'll prove but a poor excuse.

Bobadill — I cannot tell, sir. I desire good construction, in fair sort. I never sustained the like disgrace, by Heaven! sure I was struck with a planet thence, for I had no power to touch my weapon.

E. Kno'well — Ay, like enough; I have heard of many that have been beaten under a planet: go, get you to a surgeon. [*Exit* BOBADILL.] 'Slid! an these be your tricks, your passadas, and your montantos, I'll none of them. O, manners! that this age should bring forth such creatures! that nature should be at leisure to make 'hem!

EPITAPHS BY BEN JONSON.

[These children (called in the next reign Children of her Majesty's Revels) were trained up to act before the Queen. Salathiel had acted in two of Jonson's plays, in 1600 and in 1601, when he is supposed to have died.]

On Salathiel Pavy, a Child of Queen Elizabeth's Chapel.

Weep with me, all you that read
  This little story;
And know for whom a tear you shed
  Death's self is sorry.
'Twas a child that so did thrive
  In grace and feature,
As Heaven and Nature seemed to strive
  Which owned the creature.
Years he numbered scarce thirteen
  When Fates turned cruel,
Yet three filled zodiacs had he been
  The stage's jewel;
And did act, what now we moan,
  Old men so duly,
As, sooth, the Parcæ thought him one,—
  He played so truly.
So, by error to his fate
  They all consented;
But viewing him since, alas, too late
  They have repented;
And have sought to give new birth
  In baths to steep him;
But being so much too good for earth,
Heaven vows to keep him.

On the Countess of Pembroke.

Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother,
Death! ere thou hast slain another,
Learn'd and fair and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

AKBAR'S CONDUCT AND ADMINISTRATIVE RULES.

By his Vizier, ABU 'L FAZL.

(From the "Ain-i-Akbery.")

[Akbar, one of the world's great rulers, grandson of Babar the founder of the Mogul Empire in India, was born in 1542; succeeded his father Humayun in 1556, and died in 1605, his reign being almost exactly synchronous with Queen Elizabeth's. He was a warrior and statesman of the first order: taking the helm when India was nearly lost, a mass of anarchy and revolt, and the Empire practically confined to the Punjaub, he extended it to fifteen provinces, and made it a well-knit and well-governed organism. He instituted also a great college system for general education. But his principles of reform went deeper yet: though reared as a Mohammedan, he put all religions on an equal footing; and in his court, learned men of all sects met and discussed all problems of philosophy and practice with perfect freedom. He was a more serious and high-minded Emperor Frederick II. without Frederick's vices, cynicism, or contempt for public feeling; and he mastered his church instead of being mastered by it. The result was that the native population accepted and rallied loyally around the Mogul throne, that one great Hindoo led its armies, and another administered its government. But he was too far in advance of his time and people, especially the fanatical Moslem church; and half a century after his death his great-grandson Aurungzebe, the Philip II. of India, carried out a reactionary persecuting policy which again alienated the Hindoos and ruined the Empire.]

The Manner in which his Majesty spends his Time.

It is his Majesty's constant endeavor to gain and secure the hearts of all men. Amidst a thousand cares and perplexing avocations, he suffers not his temper to be in any degree disturbed, but is always cheerful. He is ever striving to do that which may be most acceptable to the Deity; and employs his mind on profound and abstracted speculations. From his thirst after wisdom, he is continually laboring to benefit by the knowledge of others, while he makes no account of his own sagacious administration. He listens to what every one has to say, because it may happen that his heart may be enlightened by the communication of a just sentiment, or by the relation of a laudable action; but although a long period has elapsed in this practice, he has never met with a person whose judgment he could prefer to his own. Nay, the most experienced statesmen, on beholding this ornament of the throne, blush at their

own insufficiency, and study anew the arts of government. Nevertheless, out of the abundance of his sagacity, he will not suffer himself to quit the paths of his inquiry. Although he be surrounded with power and splendor, yet he never suffers himself to be led away by anger or wrath. Others employ story-tellers to lull them to sleep; but his Majesty, on the contrary, listens to them to keep him awake. From the excess of his righteousness, he exercises upon himself both inward and outward austerities, and pays some regard to external forms, in order that those who are attached to established customs may not have any cause for reproach. His life is an uninterrupted series of virtue and sound morality. God is witness that the wise of all ranks are unanimous in this declaration.

He never laughs at nor ridicules any religion or sect; he never wastes his time, nor omits the performance of any duty: so that, through the blessing of his upright intentions, every action of his life may be considered as an adoration of the Deity. He is continually returning thanks unto Providence, and scrutinizing his own conduct; but he most especially so employs himself at the following stated times: at daybreak, when the sun begins to diffuse his rays; at noon, when that grand illuminator of the universe shines in full resplendence; in the evening, when he disappears from the inhabitants of the earth; and again at midnight, when he recommences his ascent. All these grand mysteries are in honor of God; and if dark-minded, ignorant people cannot comprehend their signification, who is to be blamed? Every one is sensible that it is indispensably our duty to praise our benefactor, and consequently it is incumbent on us to praise this Diffuser of bounty, the Fountain of Light! and more especially behooveth it princes so to do, seeing that this Sovereign of the heavens sheddeth his benign influence upon the monarchs of the earth. His Majesty has also great veneration for fire in general, and for lamps, since they are to be accounted rays of the greater light.

He is ever sparing of the lives of offenders, wishing to bestow happiness upon all his subjects.

He abstains much from flesh, so that whole months pass away without his touching any animal food. He takes no delight in sensual gratifications, and in the course of twenty-four hours never makes more than one meal.

He spends the whole day and night in the performance of his necessary avocations, excepting the small portion required

for sleep. He takes a little repose in the evening, and again for a short time in the morning. The greatest part of the night is employed in the transaction of business; to the royal privacy are then admitted philosophers and virtuous sofees [dervishes], who seat themselves, and entertain his Majesty with wise discourses. On those occasions his Majesty fathoms the depths of knowledge, examines the value of ancient institutions, and forms new regulations, that the aged may stand corrected in their errors, and the rising generation be provided with fit rules for governing their conduct. There are also present at these assemblies learned historians, who relate the annals of past times, just as the events occurred, without addition or diminution. A considerable part of the night is spent in hearing representations of the state of the empire, and giving orders for whatever is necessary to be done in every department. Three hours before day there are introduced to the presence musicians of all nations, who recreate the assembly with vocal and instrumental melody. But when it wants only about an hour of day, his Majesty prefers silence, and employs himself at his devotions. Just before the appearance of day, people of all ranks are in waiting; and soon after daybreak are permitted to make the koornish.

Next, the haram are admitted to pay their compliments. During this time various other affairs are transacted; and when those are finished, he retires to rest for a short time.

The Bar, or Times of Admission to the Royal Presence.

His Majesty is visible to everybody twice in the course of twenty-four hours. First, after the performance of his morning devotions, he is seen from the jarokha by people of all ranks, without any molestation from the mace bearers. This mode of showing himself is called Dursun [view]; and it frequently happens that business is transacted at this time. The second time of his being visible is in the dowlet khaneh, whither he generally goes after nine o'clock in the morning, when all people are admitted. But this assembly is sometimes held in the evening, and sometimes at night. He also frequently appears at a window which opens into the dowlet khaneh; and from thence he receives petitions, without the intervention of any person, and tries and decides upon them.

Every officer of government represents to his Majesty his respective wants, and is always instructed by him how to proceed.

He considers an equal distribution of justice and the happiness of his subjects as essential to his own felicity, and never suffers his temper to be ruffled whilst he is hearing causes.

The Ceremony of Weighing the Royal Person.

As a means of bestowing a largess upon the indigent, the royal person is weighed twice a year, various articles being put into the opposite scale. The first time of performing this ceremony is on the first day of the Persian month Aban [October], which is the solar anniversary of his Majesty's birthday. He is then weighed twelve times, against the following articles: gold, quicksilver, raw silk, artificial perfumes, musk, rootooteea, intoxicating drugs, ghee, iron, rice-milk, eight kinds of grain, and salt. And at the same time, according to the years that his Majesty has lived, there are given away a like number of sheep, of goats, and of fowls, to people who keep these animals for the purpose of breeding: a great number of wild birds of all kinds are also set at liberty on this occasion.

The second time of performing this ceremony is on the fifth of the Arabian month Rejib, when he is weighed eight times against the following things: silver, tin, linen cloths, lead, dried fruits, sesame oil, and pot-herbs; and on this occasion the festival of Salgeerah is celebrated and donations are bestowed upon people of all ranks. The king's sons and grandsons are weighed once a year, on the solar anniversary of their respective nativities, against seven or eight things, and some as far as twelve, which number they never exceed; and according to their respective ages, such a number of beasts and fowls are given away and set at liberty.

Of the Seyurghal.

Our wise monarch bestows different favors upon men, according to their rank and situation in life. Four classes of men have land and pensions granted them for their subsistence: 1st, The learned and their scholars; 2d, Those who have bade adieu to the world; 3d, The needy who are not able to help themselves; 4th, The descendants of great families,

who, from a false shame, will not submit to follow any occupation for their support. When a ready money allowance is given to those, it is called wezeeseh, and land so bestowed is named meelk, and muddulmash : and after those several ways crores [millions] are given away.

In order that the condition of men, and their respective necessities, may be properly ascertained, a person of known impartiality, humanity, and diligence is dignified with the office of sudder, for the purpose of investigating those points. The cazy and the meer adel are under his orders. There is also an able tepuckchee appointed to keep a register of every transaction in his department; and he is called the dewan saadet. His Majesty has also directed the nobility to bring to his presence all fit objects of charity, who never fail of obtaining their heart's content.

Of Machines.

His Majesty has, with great skill, constructed a cart, containing a corn mill, which is worked by the motion of the carriage. He has also contrived a carriage of such a magnitude as to contain several apartments, with a hot bath; and it is drawn by a single elephant. This movable bath is extremely useful, and refreshing on a journey. Other carriages for the convenience of traveling are drawn by camels, horses, or oxen.

He has also invented several hydraulic machines, which are worked by oxen. The pulleys and wheels of some of them are so adjusted that a single ox will at once draw water out of two wells, and at the same time turn a millstone.

The Khushroz, or Days of Diversion.

His Majesty gives this name to the ninth day after the festival of each month, and thereon assembles his court. Upon this occasion the wives of merchants hold a market, where they expose to sale the manufactures of every country at their respective shops. The women of the haram, and others of character, resort thither and carry on a large traffic, to the mutual satisfaction of all parties. (This fair is held in the square of the haram.) His Majesty is also there in disguise, by which means he learns the prices of different articles of merchandise,

and hears what is said of the state of the empire, and the characters of the officers of government.

When the female fair is over, another is set on foot for the men; when his Majesty and the courtiers come and make purchases; and at this time every man may represent his particular grievances, without the intervention of any one; when the injured never fail of obtaining redress, and the offenders are punished. There are also a treasurer and a mushreff appointed to this department, that the merchants may receive immediate payment for the things that are purchased from them.

Of Marriages.

This grand union of the sexes is not only beneficial in the procreation of the species, but is a check upon inordinate desires, and preserves the domestic peace of families.

His Majesty, who is ever seeking to do good by watching over the interests of all his subjects, does not admit, in this instance, of a disregard to difference in religion, nor to the unsuitableness of the dispositions of the parties towards each other, nor disparity of rank, and he holds it sinful for marriages to be contracted under the age of puberty, because, if upon their arrival at years of discretion they should not be satisfied with each other, it must be a continual source of family discord. He considers the consent of the bride and bridegroom to be equally necessary with that of their parents. He thinks it improper that those of near affinity in blood should be married together. . . .

He disapproves of excessive kabeens, or marriage settlements, which the husband must repay the wife if he divorces her without sufficient cause, which probably were instituted to increase the dread of separation. He does not approve of a man's having more than one wife, nor of a young man's marrying an old woman. He has appointed two disinterested persons, one to ascertain the condition of the men, and the other to inform himself of the rank of the women. They are both called towee beghy; and sometimes both offices are executed by the same person. They levy a small tax upon marriages for the use of the Crown, which is collected from each party according to the rank of their fathers, in the following proportions: —

From the son or the daughter of a munsubdar of 5,000 to 10,000	10 mohurs.
Ditto of 900 to 500	4 "
Ditto of 700 to 100	2 "
Ditto of 18 to 20	1 "
From the son or daughter of a munsubdar of 30 to 10, and other people of condition	4 rupees.
Middling people	1 "
Common people	1 dam.

[A mohur = $4.32, about; a rupee (old value), 48 cents; a dam, 1¼ cents.]

Regulations for Teaching in the Public Schools.

All civilized nations have schools for the education of youth; but Hindostan is particularly famous for its seminaries.

The boys are first taught to read the letters of the Persian alphabet separately, with the different accents or marks of pronunciation; and his Majesty has ordered, that as soon as they have a perfect knowledge of the alphabet, which is generally acquired in two days, they shall be exercised in combinations of two letters; and after they have learnt those for a week, there is given to them a short line of prose or verse, containing a religious or moral sentiment, wherein those combinations continually occur. They must strive to read this themselves, with a little occasional assistance from the teacher. For some days the matter proceeds with teaching a new hemistich or distich; and in a very short time the boys learn to read with fluency. The reader gives the young scholar four exercises daily; viz., the alphabet, the combinations, a new hemistich or distich, and a repetition of what he has read before. By this method, what used to take up years is now accomplished in a few months, to the astonishment of every one. The sciences are taught in the following order: morality, arithmetic, accounts, agriculture, geometry, longimetry, astronomy, geomancy, economics, the art of government, physic, logic, natural philosophy, abstract mathematics, divinity, and history. The Hindoos read the following books on their subjects of learning: Beakem, Bedant, and the Patanjol, every one being educated according to his circumstances, or particular views in life. From these regulations the schools have obtained a new form, and the colleges are become the lights and ornaments of the empire.

A COUNTERBLAST TO TOBACCO.

By KING JAMES I.

[James VI. of Scotland, I. of England, son of Darnley and Mary, was born 1566, died 1625. His mother's abdication made him titular King of Scotland at thirteen months old; Elizabeth's death without issue in 1603 made him King of England through his great-grandmother, Margaret, sister of Henry VIII., who was grandmother to both Darnley and Mary by different lines, and aunt to Elizabeth. James prided himself on his theological and dialectic abilities as much as on his "kingcraft," and with more reason. The "Counterblast" was published anonymously in 1604.]

That the manifold abuses of this vile custom of *Tobacco* taking may the better be espied, it is fit, that first you enter into consideration both of the first original thereof, and likewise of the reasons of the first entry thereof into this Country. For certainly as such customs, that have their first institution either from a godly, necessary, or honorable ground, and are first brought in by the means of some worthy, virtuous, and great Personage, are ever, and most justly, holden in great and reverent estimation and account, by all wise, virtuous, and temperate spirits: so should it by the contrary, justly bring a great disgrace into that sort of customs, which having their original from base corruption and barbarity, do in like sort, make their first entry into a Country, by an inconsiderate and childish affectation of Novelty, as is the true case of the first invention of *Tobacco* taking, and of the first entry thereof among us. For *Tobacco* being a common herb, which (though under divers names) grows almost every where, was first found out by some of the barbarous *Indians*, to be a Preservative, or Antidote against the Pocks, a filthy disease, whereunto these barbarous people are (as all men know) very much subject, what through the uncleanly and adust constitution of their bodies, and what through the intemperate heat of their Climate: so that as from them was first brought into Christendom, that most detestable disease, so from them likewise was brought this use of *Tobacco*, as a stinking and unsavory Antidote, for so corrupted and execrable a Malady, the stinking Suffumigation whereof they yet use against that disease, making so one canker or venom to eat out another.

And now good Countrymen let us (I pray you) consider, what honor or policy can move us to imitate the barbarous

and beastly manners of the wild, godless, and slavish *Indians*, especially in so vile and stinking a custom? Shall we that disdain to imitate the manners of our neighbor *France* (having the style of the first Christian Kingdom) and that cannot endure the spirit of the Spaniards (their King being now comparable in largeness of Dominions, to the great Emperor of *Turkey*) — Shall we, I say, that have been so long civil and wealthy in Peace, famous and invincible in War, fortunate in both, we that have been ever able to aid any of our neighbors (but never deafed any of their ears with any of our supplications for assistance) — shall we, I say, without blushing, abase ourselves so far as to imitate these beastly *Indians*, slaves to the *Spaniards*, refuse to the world, and as yet aliens from the holy Covenant of God? Why do we not as well imitate them in walking naked as they do? in preferring glasses, feathers, and such toys, to gold and precious stones, as they do? yea why do we not deny God and adore the Devil, as they do?

Now to the corrupted baseness of the first use of this *Tobacco*, doth very well agree the foolish and groundless first entry thereof into this Kingdom. It is not so long since the first entry of this abuse amongst us here, as this present age cannot yet very well remember, both the first Author, and the form of the first introduction of it amongst us. It was neither brought in by King, great Conqueror, nor learned Doctor of Physic.

With the report of a great discovery for a Conquest, some two or three Savage men were brought in, together with this Savage custom. But the pity is, the poor wild barbarous men died, but that vile barbarous custom is yet alive, yea in fresh vigor: so as it seems a miracle to me, how a custom springing from so vile a ground, and brought in by a father so generally hated, should be welcomed upon so slender a warrant. For if they that first put it in practice here, had remembered for what respect it was used by them from whence it came, I am sure they would have been loath to have taken so far the imputation of that disease upon them as they did, by using the cure thereof. For *Sanis non est opus medico*, and counter poisons are never used, but where poison is thought to precede.

But since it is true, that divers customs slightly grounded, and with no better warrant entered in a Commonwealth, may yet in the use of them thereafter, prove both necessary and profitable; it is therefore next to be examined, if there be not

a full Sympathy and true Proportion, between the base ground and foolish entry, and the loathsome and hurtful use of this stinking Antidote.

I am now therefore heartily to pray you to consider, first upon what false and erroneous grounds you have first built the general good liking thereof; and next, what sins towards God, and foolish vanities before the world you commit, in the detestable use of it.

As for these deceitful grounds, that have specially moved you to take a good and great conceit thereof, I shall content myself to examine here only four of the principles of them; two founded upon the Theory of a deceivable appearance of Reason, and two of them upon the mistaken Practice of general Experience.

First, it is thought by you a sure Aphorism in the Physics, That the brains of all men, being naturally cold and wet, all dry and hot things should be good for them; of which nature this stinking suffumigation is, and therefore of good use to them. Of this Argument, both the Proposition and Assumption are false, and so the Conclusion cannot but be void of itself. For as to the Proposition, That because the brains are cold and moist, therefore things that are hot and dry are best for them, it is an inept consequence: For man being compounded of the four Complexions (whose fathers are the four Elements), although there be a mixture of them all in all the parts of his body, yet must the divers parts of our *Microcosme* or little world within ourselves be diversely more inclined, some to one, some to another complexion, according to the diversity of their uses, that of these discords a perfect harmony may be made up for the maintenance of the whole body.

The application then of a thing of a contrary nature, to any of these parts, is to interrupt them of their due function, and by consequence hurtful to the health of the whole body. As if a man, because the Liver is hot (as the fountain of blood) and as it were an oven to the stomach, would therefore apply and wear close upon his Liver and stomach a cake of lead; he might within a very short time (I hope) be sustained very good cheap at an Ordinary, beside the clearing of his conscience from that deadly sin of gluttony. And as if, because the Heart is full of vital spirits, and in perpetual motion, a man would therefore lay a heavy pound stone on his breast, for staying and holding down that wanton palpitation, I doubt not but his breast would

be more bruised with the weight thereof, than the heart would be comforted with such a disagreeable and contrarious cure. And even so is it with the Brains. For if a man, because the Brains are cold and humid, would therefore use inwardly by smells, or outwardly by application, things of hot and dry quality, all the gain that he could make thereof, would only be to put himself in a great forwardness for running mad, by overwatching himself, the coldness and moistness of our brain being the only ordinary means that procure our sleep and rest. Indeed I do not deny, but when it falls out that any of these, or any part of our body, grows to be distempered, and to tend to an extremity, beyond the compass of Nature's temperate mixture, that in that case cures of contrary qualities, to the intemperate inclination of that part, being wisely prepared and discreetly ministered, may be both necessary and helpful for strengthening and assisting Nature in the expulsion of her enemies: for this is the true definition of all profitable Physic.

But first these Cures ought not to be used, but where there is need of them, the contrary whereof is daily practiced in this general use of *Tobacco* by all sorts and complexions of people.

And next, I deny the Minor of this argument, as I have already said, in regard that this *Tobacco* is not simply of a dry and hot quality; but rather hath a certain venomous faculty joined with the heat thereof, which makes it have an Antipathy against nature, as by the hateful smell thereof doth well appear. For the Nose being the proper Organ and convoy of the sense of smelling to the Brains, which are the only fountain of that sense, doth ever serve us for an infallible witness, whether that Odor which we smell be healthful or hurtful to the Brain (except when it falls out that the sense itself is corrupted and abused through some infirmity, and distemper in the brain). And that the suffumigation thereof cannot have a drying quality, it needs no further probation, than that it is a smoke, all smoke and vapor, being of itself humid, as drawing near to the nature of the air, and easy to be resolved again into water, whereof there needs no other proof but the Meteors, which being bred of nothing else but of the vapors and exhalations sucked up by the Sun out of the earth, the Sea, and waters, yet are the same smoky vapors turned, and transformed into Rains, Snows, Dews, hoar Frosts, and such like watery Meteors, as by the contrary the rain clouds are often transformed and evaporated in blustering winds.

The second Argument grounded on a show of reason is, That this filthy smoke, as well through the heat and strength thereof, as by a natural force and quality, is able and fit to purge both the head and stomach of Rheums and distillations, as experience teacheth, by the spitting and avoiding phlegm, immediately after the taking of it. But the fallacy of this Argument may easily appear, by my late preceding description of the Meteors. For even as the smoky vapors sucked up by the Sun, and stayed in the lowest and cold Region of the air, are there contracted into clouds and turned into rain and such other watery Meteors: So this stinking smoke being sucked up by the Nose, and imprisoned in the cold and moist Brains, is by their cold and wet faculty turned and cast forth again in watery distillations, and so are you made free and purged of nothing, but that wherewith you willfully burdened yourselves: and therefore are you no wiser in taking *Tobacco* for purging you of distillations, than if for preventing the Colic you would take all kind of windy meats and drinks, and for preventing of the Stone, you would take all kind of meats and drinks that would breed gravel in the Kidneys, and then when you were forced to avoid much wind out of your stomach, and much gravel in your Urine, that you should attribute the thank thereof to such nourishments as bred those within you, that behoved either to be expelled by the force of Nature, or you to have *burst at the broad side*, as the Proverb is.

As for the other two reasons founded upon experience, the first of which is, That the whole people would not have taken so general a good liking thereof, if they had not by experience found it very sovereign and good for them: For answer thereunto how easily the minds of any people, wherewith God hath replenished this world, may be drawn to the foolish affectation of any novelty, I leave it to the discreet judgment of any man that is reasonable.

Do we not daily see, that a man can no sooner bring over from beyond the Seas any new form of apparel, but that he cannot be thought a man of spirit, that would not presently imitate the same? And so from hand to hand it spreads, till it be practiced by all, not for any commodity that is in it, but only because it is come to be the fashion. For such is the force of that natural Self-love in every one of us, and such is the corruption of envy bred in the breast of every one, as we cannot be content unless we imitate everything that our fellows do, and

so prove ourselves capable of everything whereof they are capable, like Apes, counterfeiting the manners of others, to our own destruction. For let one or two of the greatest Masters of Mathematics in any of the two famous Universities, but constantly affirm any clear day, that they see some strange apparition in the skies: they will, I warrant you, be seconded by the greatest part of the Students in that profession: So loath will they be, to be thought inferior to their fellows, either in depth of knowledge or sharpness of sight: And therefore the general good liking and embracing of this foolish custom doth but only proceed from that affectation of novelty, and popular error, whereof I have already spoken.

The other argument drawn from a mistaken experience, is but the more particular probation of this general, because it is alleged to be found true by proof, that by the taking of *Tobacco* divers and very many do find themselves cured of divers diseases, as on the other part, no man ever received harm thereby. In this argument there is first a great mistaking, and next a monstrous absurdity. For is it not a very great mistaking, to take *Non causam pro causa,* as they say in the Logics? because peradventure when a sick man hath had his disease at the height, he hath at that instant taken *Tobacco*, and afterward his disease taking the natural course of declining, and consequently the patient of recovering his health, O then the *Tobacco*, forsooth, was the worker of that miracle. Beside that, it is a thing well known to all Physicians, that the apprehension and conceit of the patient hath by wakening and uniting the vital spirits, and so strengthening nature, a great power and virtue, to cure divers diseases. For an evident proof of mistaking, in the like case, I pray you what foolish boy, what silly wench, what old doting wife, or ignorant country clown, is not a Physician for the toothache, for the colic, and divers such common diseases? Yea, will not every man you meet withal teach you a sundry cure for the same, and swear by that mean either himself, or some of his nearest kinsmen and friends, was cured? And yet I hope no man is so foolish as to believe them. And all these toys do only proceed from the mistaking *Non causam pro causa*, as I have already said, and so if a man chance to recover one of any disease, after he hath taken *Tobacco*, that must have the thanks of all. But by the contrary, if a man smoke himself to death with it (and many have done), O then some other disease must bear the blame for that fault. So do

old harlots thank their harlotry for their many years, that custom being healthful (say they) *ad purgandos Renes*, but never have mind how many die of the Pocks in the flower of their youth. And so do old drunkards think they prolong their days, by their swinelike diet, but never remember how many die drowned in drink before they be half old.

And what greater absurdity can there be, than to say that one cure shall serve for divers, nay, contrarious sorts of diseases? It is an undoubted ground among all Physicians, that there is almost no sort either of nourishment or medicine, that hath not something in it disagreeable to some part of man's body, because, as I have already said, the nature of the temperature of every part, is so different from another, that according to the old proverb, That which is good for the head, is evil for the neck and the shoulders. For even as a strong enemy, that invades a town or fortress, although in his siege thereof, he do belay and compass it round about, yet he makes his breach and entry, at some one or few special parts thereof, which he hath tried and found to be weakest and least able to resist; so sickness doth make her particular assault, upon such part or parts of our body, as are weakest and easiest to be overcome by that sort of disease, which then doth assail us, although all the rest of the body by Sympathy feel itself, to be as it were belayed, and besieged by the affliction of that special part, the grief and smart thereof being by the sense of feeling dispersed through all the rest of our members. And therefore the skillful Physician presses by such cures, to purge and strengthen that part which is afflicted, as are only fit for that sort of disease, and do best agree with the nature of that infirm part; which being abused to a disease of another nature, would prove as hurtful for the one, as helpful for the other. Yea, not only will a skillful and wary Physician be careful to use no cure but that which is fit for that sort of disease, but he will also consider all other circumstances, and make the remedies suitable thereunto: as the temperature of the clime where the Patient is, the constitution of the Planets, the time of the Moon, the season of the year, the age and complexion of the Patient, and the present state of his body, in strength or weakness. For one cure must not ever be used for the self-same disease, but according to the varying of any of the foresaid circumstances, that sort of remedy must be used which is fittest for the same. Whereby the contrary in this case, such is the miraculous omnipo-

tency of our strong-tasted *Tobacco*, as it cures all sorts of diseases (which never any drug could do before) in all persons, and at all times. It cures all manner of distillations, either in the head or stomach (if you believe their Axioms) although in very deed it do both corrupt the brain, and by causing over quick digestion, fill the stomach full of crudities. It cures the Gout in the feet, and (which is miraculous) in that very instant when the smoke thereof, as light, flies up into the head, the virtue thereof, as heavy, runs down to the little toe. It helps all sorts of Agues. It makes a man sober that was drunk. It refreshes a weary man, and yet makes a man hungry. Being taken when they go to bed, it makes one sleep soundly, and yet being taken when a man is sleepy and drowsy, it will, as they say, awake his brain, and quicken his understanding. As for curing of the Pocks, it serves for that use but among the pocky Indian slaves. Here in *England* it is refined, and will not deign to cure here any other than cleanly and gentlemanly diseases. O omnipotent power of *Tobacco!* And if it could by the smoke thereof chase out devils, as the smoke of *Tobias* fish did (which I am sure could smell no stronglier) it would serve for a precious Relic, both for the superstitious Priests, and the insolent Puritans, to cast out devils withal.

Admitting then, and not confessing that the use thereof were healthful for some sorts of diseases; should it be used for all sicknesses? should it be used by all men? should it be used at all times? yea should it be used by able, young, strong, healthful men? Medicine hath that virtue, that it never leaveth a man in that state wherein it findeth him: it makes a sick man whole, but a whole man sick. And as Medicine helps nature being taken at times of necessity, so being ever and continually used, it doth but weaken, weary, and wear nature. What speak I of Medicine? Nay let a man every hour of the day, or as oft as many in this Country use to take *Tobacco*, let a man I say, but take as oft the best sorts of nourishments in meat and drink that can be devised, he shall with the continual use thereof weaken both his head and his stomach: all his members shall become feeble, his spirits dull, and in the end, as a drowsy lazy belly god, he shall evanish in a Lethargy.

And from this weakness it proceeds, that many in this kingdom have had such a continual use of taking this unsavory smoke, as now they are not able to forbear the same, no more than an old drunkard can abide to be long sober, without fall-

ing into an uncurable weakness and evil constitution: for their continual custom hath made to them, *habitum, alteram naturam:* so to those that from their birth have been continually nourished upon poison and things venomous, wholesome meats are only poisonable.

Thus having, as I trust, sufficiently answered the most principal arguments that are used in defence of this vile custom, it rests only to inform you what sins and vanities you commit in the filthy abuse thereof. First, are you not guilty of sinful and shameful lust? (for lust may be as well in any of the senses as in feeling) that although you be troubled with no disease, but in perfect health, yet can you neither be merry at an Ordinary, nor lascivious in the Stews, if you lack *Tobacco* to provoke your appetite to any of those sorts of recreation, lusting after it as the children of Israel did in the wilderness after Quails? Secondly it is, as you use or rather abuse it, a branch of the sin of drunkenness, which is the root of all sins: for as the only delight that drunkards take in Wine is in the strength of the taste, and the force of the fume thereof that mounts up to the brain; for no drunkards love any weak or sweet drink: so are not those (I mean the strong heat and the fume) the only qualities that make *Tobacco* so delectable to all the lovers of it? And as no man likes strong heady drink the first day (because *nemo repente fit turpissimus*) but by custom is piece and piece allured, while in the end a drunkard will have as great a thirst to be drunk as a sober man to quench his thirst with a draught when he hath need of it: So is not this the very case of all the great takers of *Tobacco?* which therefore they themselves do attribute to a bewitching quality in it. Thirdly, is it not the greatest sin of all, that you the people of all sorts of this Kingdom, who are created and ordained by God to bestow both your persons and goods for the maintenance both of the honor and safety of your King and Commonwealth, should disable yourselves in both? In your persons having by this continual vile custom brought yourselves to this shameful imbecility, that you are not able to ride or walk the journey of a Jew's Sabbath, but you must have a reeky coal brought you from the next poor house to kindle your *Tobacco* with? whereas he cannot be thought able for any service in the wars, that cannot endure oftentimes the want of meat, drink, and sleep, much more then must he endure the want of *Tobacco*. In the times of the many glorious and victorious battles fought by this Nation, there was no word

of *Tobacco*. But now if it were time of wars, and that you were to make some sudden *Cavalcado* upon your enemies, if any of you should seek leisure to stay behind his fellow for taking of *Tobacco*, for my part I should never be sorry for any evil chance that might befall him. To take a custom in anything that cannot be left again, is most harmful to the people of any land. *Mollicies* and delicacy were the wrack and overthrow, first of the Persian, and next of the Roman Empire. And this very custom of taking *Tobacco* (whereof our present purpose is) is even at this day accounted so effeminate among the Indians themselves, as in the market they will offer no price for a slave to be sold, whom they find to be a great *Tobacco* taker.

Now how you are by this custom disabled in your goods, let the Gentry of this land bear witness, some of them bestowing three, some four hundred pounds a year upon this precious stink, which I am sure might be bestowed upon many far better uses. I read indeed of a knavish Courtier, who for abusing the favor of the Emperor *Alexander Severus* his Master by taking bribes to intercede, for sundry persons in his Master's ear (for whom he never once opened his mouth), was justly choked with smoke, with this doom, *Fumo pereat, qui fumum vendidit:* but of so many smoke buyers, as are at this present in this kingdom, I never read nor heard.

And for the vanities committed in this filthy custom, is it not both great vanity and uncleanness, that at the table, a place of respect, of cleanliness, of modesty, men should not be ashamed, to sit tossing of *Tobacco pipes*, and puffing of the smoke of *Tobacco* one to another, making the filthy smoke and stink thereof to exhale athwart the dishes, and infect the air, when very often, men that abhor it are at their repast? Surely Smoke becomes a kitchen far better than a Dining chamber, and yet it makes a kitchen also oftentimes in the inward parts of men, soiling and infecting them, with an unctuous and oily kind of Soot, as hath been found in some great *Tobacco* takers, that after their death were opened. And not only meat time, but no other time nor action is exempted from the public use of this uncivil trick: so as if the wives of *Dieppe* list to contest with this Nation for good manners, their worst manners would in all reason be found at least not so dishonest (as ours are) in this point. The public use whereof, at all times, and in all places, hath now so far prevailed, as divers men very sound both in judgment and complexion, have been at last forced to

take it also without desire, partly because they were ashamed to seem singular (like the two Philosophers that were forced to duck themselves in that rain water, and so become fools as well as the rest of the people) and partly, to be as one that was content to eat Garlic (which he did not love) that he might not be troubled with the smell of it, in the breath of his fellows. And is it not a great vanity, that a man cannot heartily welcome his friend now, but straight they must be in hand with *Tobacco?* No it is become in place of a cure, a point of good fellowship, and he that will refuse to take a pipe of *Tobacco* among his fellows, (though by his own election he would rather feel the savor of a Sink,) is accounted peevish and no good company, even as they do with tippling in the cold Eastern Countries. Yea the Mistress cannot in a more mannerly kind entertain her servant, than by giving him out of her fair hand a pipe of *Tobacco.* But herein is not only a great vanity, but a great contempt of God's good gifts, that the sweetness of man's breath, being a good gift of God, should be willfully corrupted by this stinking smoke, wherein I must confess, it hath too strong a virtue: and so that which is an ornament of nature, and can neither by any artifice be at the first acquired, nor once lost, be recovered again, shall be filthily corrupted with an incurable stink, which vile quality is as directly contrary to that wrong opinion which is holden of the wholesomeness thereof, as the venom of putrefaction is contrary to the virtue Preservative.

Moreover, which is a great iniquity, and against all humanity, the husband shall not be ashamed to reduce thereby his delicate, wholesome, and clean complexioned wife, to that extremity, that either she must also corrupt her sweet breath therewith, or else resolve to live in a perpetual stinking torment.

Have you not reason then to be ashamed, and to forbear this filthy novelty, so basely grounded, so foolishly received and so grossly mistaken in the right use thereof? In your abuse thereof sinning against God, harming yourselves both in persons and goods, and raking also thereby the marks and notes of vanity upon you: by the custom thereof making yourselves to be wondered at by all foreign civil Nations, and by all strangers that come among you, to be scorned and contemned. A custom loathsome to the Eye, hateful to the Nose, harmful to the Brain, dangerous to the Lungs, and in the black stinking fume thereof, nearest resembling the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless.

THE TRICKS OF GUZMAN D'ALFARACHE.

By MATEO ALEMAN.

[Mateo Aleman, except Cervantes and Mendoza the most original and charming of Spanish novelists, was born at Seville about the middle of the sixteenth century, and became controller of finances to Philip II.; but disliking official life, emigrated to Mexico and died there about 1610. He wrote a Castilian grammar, a life of St. Anthony of Padua, and a Latin dialogue "Prometheus"; but his chief work is the imperishable "Life and Acts of the Picaro Guzman d'Alfarache," which has been translated into all European tongues and furnished types and matter to "Gil Blas."

Behold me favorite page to his eminence [the cardinal], an enormous step in life for me; though from that of rogue to private domestic, with the exception of the livery, there is not so great a distance as might be supposed. But to turn me from habits of idleness, and living by my wits, was something like trying to make a fish live out of water, for such was my element. The tavern was my province, — the primum mobile, — the center on which I moved. But here everything seemed to go by clockwork; order and sobriety were general rules; and I was either employed in showing people up and down stairs, or placed sentinel in an anteroom, standing like a long-necked heron in a fish-pond, upon one melancholy leg. In short, I was at everybody's beck and call; sometimes behind my master's chair, at others behind his carriage; and always expected to be in twenty different places at once, without any respite from the first of January to the last day of December. "Wretched slave that I am," I exclaimed, "what boots it to put up with this unhappy life from week to week, and year to year. Alas! it will kill me, I must fly for it; once I was lackey to all the world, and now my genius pines under a single master. I wear his livery; and what are my perquisites but candles' ends! Here, too, I run risk; unhappy Guzman! should I be detected, assuredly I should not escape under fifty lashes!" And in this way I went on bemoaning my unfortunate condition.

Besides the candles' ends, we used occasionally to help ourselves to any of the delicacies of the season; but this required more address than many of my companions could lay claim to; and one day I remember there occurred a disagreeable affair in consequence. A fool of a waiter, happening to be fond of sweets, laid hands upon some fine honeycomb, which he thought he had cunningly hidden in his pocket handkerchief. The weather

was excessively hot; and the honey was soon running down the white stockings of the thief. As his fate would have it, the cardinal's eye came in contact with the phenomenon, and, suspecting what was the case, he burst into a violent fit of laughing. "See, my good fellow," he cried, "the blood is running down your leg; you have wounded yourself — what is it?" At this inquiry the attention of the whole company was directed the same way; his fellow-servants stared; and the wretched culprit stood before them with all the evidence of detected guilt glowing in his face. Yet too happy had he got rid of the affair with this exposure, for he paid far more dear for his whistle, so as to make it the bitterest honey he ever tasted.

The greater part of his companions were as little experienced in the light-fingered art as himself, while I, agreeably to my old custom, undertook to instruct them, by laying my hands on everything belonging to them that came in my way. His eminence, in an adjoining cabinet, kept a large box of dried sweets, confectionery, and fruit of all kinds, to which he was extremely partial. Among other articles, he had a choice store of Bergamot pears, Genoese plums, Granada melons, Seville lemons, oranges from Placentia, lemons from Murcia, cucumbers from Valencia, love-apples from Toledo, peaches from Aragon, and raisins from Malaga; indeed, everything most exquisite and alluring were to be found in this fragrant chest. My mouth watered every time I went near it; and much more when the cardinal ordered me to take the key and bring him a dish, after he had dined. But I longed in vain, for as if suspecting my object, his eminence took care to be present while I opened the precious deposit; — a want of confidence which sounded to me like a challenge of skill, and made me resolve if possible to outwit him, and taste "the forbidden fruit" in spite of him. I now thought of nothing but how to accomplish my favorite scheme. The box was an ell and a half broad, two and a half long, and had a good lock in the middle. Yet to work I went; and first I took a flat stick, which I introduced in a corner of the chest, and used as a lever. After this, I took more of the same kind, so as gradually to raise the top till I could introduce my small hand, and filch what came nearest to me; but lest this should appear, I got a little hook to draw the fruit from the other side, so as to make an even surface. By this plan I became master of this sweet little storehouse, without keeping a key.

Unluckily, however, I made such frequent applications to the same treasury that the deficiency became apparent. The cardinal saw enough to make him think — the dilapidations were terrible — and one day, taking a fancy to a beautiful lemon which he remarked the evening before, it was found to be no longer *in esse*. Greatly astonished, the dignitary called his chief attendants: he wished to know who of them all had the impertinence to open his sweet-box without his permission. He charged his major-domo, a priest of a severe, forbidding countenance, to make minute inquiry, and let him know the author of so bold and wicked an attack. The surly priest fixed his eye upon the pages: he commanded us all to instantly appear in the great hall, and to undergo a strict search; but examinations and threats were alike useless — he was just as wise as before — the fruit was already eaten.

The affair blew over; nothing more was said, but his eminence had not forgotten it. On my side, too, I was on my guard: for three days I did not so much as look at the box, though I felt such forbearance extremely painful to me. I was only reserving my ingenuity for an occasion of indulging it with a greater degree of impunity. It presented itself, I thought, one day after dinner, when my master was engaged in play with some other dignitaries. While thus occupied, I concluded I should have full leisure to return to the charge. I glided, with my genius all on the alert, into the secret cabinet; no one had seen me; I was already in the act of drawing forth some precious specimens, when I heard a foot approaching quickly; in my hurry to get my hand out, one of my levers gave way, the lid closed, and I remained fairly caught, like a rat in a trap; when, on looking round, I beheld the cardinal at the door, with an expression of malicious triumph in his countenance. "Ah, ah, my friend Guzman," he exclaimed, "it is you, is it, to whom I am indebted for the loss of my sweetest fruit?" I could not reply; but the horrible grimaces I made, and my excessive vexation at being thus surprised, gave me so ludicrous an appearance, that his eminence could not avoid laughing. He then called his visitors to enjoy the sight, pointing me out as the little delinquent he had long been in search of; and the whole of them appeared to be infinitely amused at my expense, the cardinal declaring that as it would be long ere I appeared in a similar situation, he must make the best of a bad example. He next called his steward, the man with the

hard, gloomy countenance, and, pointing me out, ordered me to receive five and twenty lashes of the sharpest and severest he could give. The cardinal's guests upon this ventured to interfere in my behalf ; but all they could do was to get the sentence commuted for half the number of lashes, which they agreed I had well merited. What was worse, Domine Niccolo, my mortal enemy, was the arm fixed upon to inflict the horrible stripes, in his own apartments ; and acquitted himself so well of the charge intrusted to him, that I felt the effects of it for more than a month afterwards.

But if he here indulged his ill-will, I was determined not to be behindhand with him, and I accomplished my vengeance in the following manner. It was then the season for gnats, which could bite as well as Master Niccolo, and showed as little respect to his stewardship as to other people. He complained bitterly of their disturbing his rest. "Sir," said I, "you may be rid of them whenever you please ; in Spain we have an admirable secret for keeping them at a distance, and I will communicate it to you if you wish it." "You will do me a favor," returned the major-domo, "if you can tell me how to keep these vile beasts away." — "Then you have only to hang at the head of your bed a large bunch of parsley well steeped in vinegar; the gnats will no sooner smell it than they will all settle upon it, and the next moment fall down dead. This has always succeeded." He believed me, and was resolved to try the experiment even on the ensuing night ; but he never repeated it : for, instead of killing the vicious little devils, it made them ten times more vigorous and alert, and they assaulted the unfortunate Messer Niccolo more cruelly than ever ; they nearly bit his eyes out, and his nose swelled to the size of a pumpkin. In his attempts to keep them off, he smote himself as many blows, and almost as hard, as he had hit upon my rear quarters ; so that, considering the much greater time and torture to which he was subjected, I found that I had been well avenged. In the morning I went early to his bedside : his eyes were closed and swelled, his face, hands, and neck so well peppered with bites and red blotches, that few of his best acquaintance could have recognized him. He assured me in a hoarse voice, for his throat seemed sore also, that my receipt was of no value whatever. "Then that was owing," I replied, "to your not steeping the parsley long enough in vinegar, or perhaps the vinegar was not good ; for it is a fact that I have tried the same means

these many nights, and never once knew it to fail." The simple steward thought this was all gospel, and prepared fresh bunches, which he allowed to steep in new vinegar for upwards of six hours. The next night he strewed his whole chamber as well as his bed with the preparation ; the consequence of which was, that the gnats of all the vicinity swarmed into the apartment, and he was nearly eaten up alive.

The ensuing day he looked more like a leper than a human being ; and such were his sufferings and his rage, that he would assuredly have immolated me to the manes of his departed peace had he encountered me alone.

I was in fact compelled to throw myself upon the consideration of the cardinal, who called us both into his presence, and after giving me a severe rebuke, cautioned Messer Niccolo, with a smile, against proceeding to extremities ; and insisted, like an excellent Christian, upon our keeping the peace. "Yet why, Guzman," he concluded, "have you played off such a wicked trick upon this good man ; what demon instigated you?" "The demon of twelve lashes, my Lord," replied I, "and not only of twelve, as he had orders from you to do, but of more than twenty, which he gave me out of his own goodwill. I have only returned him what he lent with interest." In this way did the affair blow over. However, I was no longer a page of the chamber ; I was degraded from my rank, and driven to serve among the menials of the establishment. Still I did not despair : the chamberlain was a man of honor, and could see to reward merit, though a little over-scrupulous, and even visionary in his notions. He had some poor relatives, whom he used to assist with at least half of his salary : and sometimes he went to dine or sup with them ; a circumstance which afforded the old major-domo a subject of mirth and raillery before the other officers of the household, and even in the presence of his eminence.

One evening, the chamberlain, having returned from a visit to his relations, rather indisposed, went to repose himself in his own room. The cardinal, seeing him absent at supper, made inquiries respecting him ; in answer to which he was informed that the good chamberlain was indisposed. "What is the matter with him? go instantly and bring me back word," said the cardinal ; "he must not be neglected." The messenger soon returned with an answer that the patient's complaint was so trivial as only to require a little rest to restore him to health.

All was so far well, had it not been for the malice borne the poor man by Messer Niccolo, who, having learnt the next morning that he found himself much better, yet failed to make his appearance, was resolved to rouse him. With this view he disguised one of the pages, who was in his confidence, in woman's clothes, and directed him to conceal himself in a recess of the chamberlain's apartments, in which he succeeded without the occupant's knowledge. Meanwhile the cardinal inquired after the health of his chamberlain, to which Messer Niccolo replied, "My Lord, I am informed that he has had but a poor night, but that he is now better." The cardinal, who was truly attached to all who surrounded him, said he would go and make a visit to the patient; and the major-domo forthwith ordered him to be awakened, and made acquainted with the honor which his excellency had in store for him.

The cardinal accordingly entered the chamber, and took his station by the side of the patient's bed; but in the same moment, what was his surprise to behold a lady issue from her place of concealment, and with evident marks of embarrassment, run across the room, as if eager to avoid the dignitary's presence. "I am lost! I am ruined!" she exclaimed, as she made her escape. "What will his excellency think of me?" Not in the least prepared for such a scene, and believing his chamberlain to be little worse than a saint, the good cardinal was at a loss to express his horror and astonishment; while the patient, as if he had set eyes on some terrific vision, cried out to all the saints to protect him, for that the great devil, as in the case of St. Anthony, had assuredly cast out his snare for him. Such was his agitation, that he had nearly leaped out of bed in presence of the good cardinal, in order to effect his escape from the polluted spot. The rest of the domestics had by this time gathered round, and being in possession of the secret, could not conceal their extreme mirth on the occasion, which led to the discovery of the plot: for his excellency, taking compassion on the unhappy man, charged the parties present with an attempt to bring him into disrepute; and assuring him that he saw through the whole scheme, bade him good cheer; and with a smile he could not conceal, took his leave of us.

This occurred just at the moment I was returning from the discharge of a commission, with which I had been intrusted early in the morning. I found the good chamberlain still looking dejected and unhappy, on which I entreated him to acquaint

me with the cause of his trouble. He told me all; at the same time more than insinuating his conjecture of the author — no other than Messer Niccolo himself. "It is so, my dear Guzman," he replied to my condolence; "and I would give either my last eye, or my tooth, to bring it home to him, and avenge myself on his extreme duplicity and baseness. To do this, I am in need of your advice: a master of the art, like you, will enable me, after what you have done, to give him a good Roland for his Oliver." "Why, truly," replied I, "if I were in your place, I would not sit down quietly under the insult; he should never get absolution for such a piece of indecent wickedness as that; no, he should do penance for it to the last day he had to live. He is my superior, I know; and I have no business to meddle in the affairs of those above me. To be sure, I was pardoned for taking vengeance on the same gentleman, because it is natural for even the least animals to turn and sting the foot that tramples on them; and he had, moreover, treated me in the most brutal and shocking manner. But here I dare not interfere."

It was in vain, however, I represented my inability and disinclination to enter into the question; his repeated entreaties, and the friendship I felt for him, added to my dislike of Messer Niccolo, to say nothing of my natural love of mischief, had too powerful a hold upon me; and I gave him my hand. "Rely upon me," I observed; "I will put my best foot foremost in this affair, and redeem the good opinion you seem to entertain of me. But you must be most cautious not to let him suspect anything; be on the same friendly footing with him as before, — he must not know we are acquainted with the author of the bitter jest, for that would spoil all." He promised compliance; and in fact, played his part so well that not a single soul of the establishment imagined what was going forward. Everybody thought, from his easy manner, that he had ceased even to remember the occurrence at all.

Meanwhile, the scheme I had in view was secretly approaching to maturity. I bought the ingredients I wanted; namely, powdered rosin, mastic, and incense. I mixed it all together, and put it, wrapped in a paper, in my pocket, to be ready at any moment. Nor was it long before an opportunity offered. One day, as the post was on the point of setting out for Spain, and the cardinal's headman mightily engaged, I entered early in the morning into his quarters, and found his valet waiting

in his dressing-room. "Friend Giacomo," I observed, "I am going to breakfast; I have got a nice ham, bread, honey, etc., all I want to add is a bottle of wine: if you can provide one and come and partake, well; if not, I must seek one who will."

"Go no farther," replied my friend, "you have found your man, — I will get a bottle of excellent wine, — stop where you are; I will be with you in a moment." He went; and looking about for what I wanted, — being left master of the wardrobe, — I saw a pair of inexpressibles, in which he was accustomed to wait on state occasions. Turning them inside out, I gave them a good sprinkling with the powder I had brought with me, after which I carefully replaced them in the same spot. Giacomo returned with the wine; but we had hardly begun breakfast when his master called him to dress, and kept him so long in assisting him that I was obliged to empty the whole bottle by myself — in patient expectation, at the same time, of hearing something of the operation of my powder.

It produced its effect during a dinner, to which a great number of guests had been invited. It was in the middle of summer; the heat was frightful, and Messer Niccolo was busy in the hall superintending the other domestics. I observed by his gestures that he was far from being quite at his ease, though for the life of him he dare not give expression to the extreme irritation he suffered. He knew not how to move, or how to look; and as fate would have it, the more he stirred the greater became his torment.

The tenacious powder, coming to still closer contact, at last irritated him to such a degree, that he stood like some wretch under a severe bastinado of nettle rods, or whips tipped with the points of needles. Nor was this all; the cardinal beckoned him, and speaking to him softly in the ear, he all at once caught a whiff of the fragrant powder, which made him put his hand to his nose, and inquire what kind of new incense he bore about him. The major-domo's face grew all colors, and he took himself to a greater distance, while a long smothered laugh among the rest of the domestics led all to direct their eyes towards the unhappy Niccolo, and then with a look of suspicion upon me. I stood close to him, enjoying my triumph, but with a serious countenance, listening to all his ejaculations and secret complaints. "Guzman, my friend," he observed, "what means the tittering of yon idle rogues?" "It is all," I replied aloud, "because our worthy major-domo has thought

proper to take a dose of Spanish flies, to produce a gentle motion." The cardinal burst into a loud laugh, and the whole of his guests followed his example. Niccolo saw at once he had been made the martyr of some mad freak; and unable to stand out against the redoubled peals that resounded on every side, he fairly ran for it, followed by the inhuman jeers of us all. He was no sooner gone than his excellency, addressing himself to the chamberlain, inquired into the merits of the case, and was informed of everything relative to it. This put the seal to my character, both as a very deep man, and a very dangerous one to have any business with except upon an amicable footing. In short, ere two months, I was restored to my situation of page, and resumed my usual functions. I conducted myself just as if nothing derogatory to me had occurred; having once lost the sense of shame, my self-possession and presumption were really extraordinary. If ever ashamed, it was only of being taken in the fact. . . .

The good cardinal being extremely fond also of preserves, he was never without some jars brought from the choicest places in the world. As the jars were emptied, they became the property of the first valet who laid his hands on them. I had got one in this way, in which I preserved my cards, dice, and silk handkerchiefs, with similar kind of property belonging to a poor page. His excellency was one day told that twelve little barrels were just arrived at a merchant's for him, and the major-domo was forthwith dispatched to procure them. I said to myself, "It will be strange if I cannot get possession of a single barrel;" and I retired to my chamber, to think over the best means of obtaining my object. At last I hit upon this plan: I emptied the little barrel of my perquisites, and then, having filled it with earth and straw, closed it carefully up, so as to make it appear newly arrived. After this I went to wait the arrival of the others that were about to appear under the escort of our major-domo, who commanded us to carry them forthwith into the cardinal's private cabinet appropriated for the purpose.

Each of my fellow-servants took one: I modestly elected to be the last; for which I had my own reasons, for we all passed by my chamber, and following the others, I had a good opportunity of slipping in without being perceived, and quickly exchanging the boxes, I carried that filled with earth and boldly laid it down along with the rest in the presence of the

cardinal himself. Being all safely deposited in a row, the cardinal, with an air of complacency, addressed me as I came in last: "Well, Guzman? what think you of these? methinks it would be difficult to get a hand in here, or to force open the lids." "There are many ways, please your excellency," I replied, "for arriving at the same end."—"But here I defy you, friend Guzman; all is made fast here." "May I request of your excellency not to say too much," said I, with an appealing look, "for the devil is very busy, and he might suggest something to deceive you." "He is very welcome, then, boy: let him help you to steal from one of these boxes if he can; I give you a full week to prepare your plans. If you succeed, I will not only give you what you catch, but more; it being always understood that in case of failure, you pay the penalty in person: for your ingenuity, I suspect, will be no match here for the difficulty of the enterprise." "That is but fair," replied I; "and with your excellency's permission, I will gladly venture on the stake. What is more, I will submit to as many lashes as Master Niccolo in his wisdom may think proper to inflict, if I fail to effect in the next twenty-four hours the little object for which you have given me a full week; and you may judge, after what has passed between Master Niccolo and myself, whether I am impartial or not in selecting him for my judge." The good cardinal smiled, and it was finally arranged between us that the ensuing day should witness either my triumph or my most painful disgrace.

What a variety of precautions did not the excellent prelate put into practice to keep my fingers from coming into contact with his precious sweets! Not relying only on the power of key and lock, he placed sentinels at the entrance, selected from among those domestics in whom he had the greatest confidence; with what success we shall show.

The next day at dinner, observing me somewhat thoughtful, my excellent master addressed me with a good-natured smile: "Guzman, my poor boy, I guess well the subject of your reverie; you seem already to feel the heavy hand of Master Niccolo applied, as it soon will be, to the patience and fortitude of your disposition." "I am thinking very little about that," retorted I, "inasmuch as I have the sweetmeats already safe in my hands."

Aware that no one could possibly have penetrated through so many precautions as he had adopted, the good prelate seemed

perfectly astounded at the impudent confidence of my reply. He rallied me more than before on the severity of the discipline he said I was about to receive, and on the satisfaction he should derive from the exhibition — so justly my due. I let him run on in this strain; but when the dessert appeared, I stole quietly out of the room and betook myself to my own chamber. There I took from my own stock a quantity of the finest fruit, with which I covered a splendid plate I had brought with me, and returning, placed it with a most respectful air before his excellency, who could hardly believe the evidence of his senses. Beckoning to his chamberlain, he gave him the keys, and bade him go examine and bring an account of the number of barrels in his cabinet, as it was too evident there must be one or other missing. He did as he was ordered, and soon returned to say that the whole were there in perfect safety.

"Ah," exclaimed the prelate, "I see through your trick, Master Guzman: not being able to reach my fruit, you have purchased some at a high price as like mine as possible. No, no; this will not do; you must contrive to overreach me, or submit to be flagellated at Master Niccolo's good pleasure. — Seize him, and give it him smartly, as long as you please." "I am ready," returned I, "if you will only first let me show you one of the twelve barrels which came yesterday, and which I have now safe in my room." "Take care what you say, young sir," observed the chamberlain in a grave voice; "for I have just counted twelve in his excellency's cabinet." "That is very probable," I replied, "but did you never see a sheepskin without the sheep?" The prelate laughed, declaring he would respite me till a full examination had been made; and with that view he invited his noble guests to go along with him, to see, he said, that we had both fair play. To judge by the confident air I had assumed, few there conceived that the thing could possibly fall out to my discomfiture and pain. The good cardinal himself examined the barrels, each separately, and finding them all right in number, he inquired what I had to say. "They are all there, my lord," returned I, "but does it follow that they are all full of what you think?" Losing all patience, he was about to turn them inside out, when I declared that I would spare him the trouble; at the same time taking the one which I had filled with earth and straw, and strewing the contents upon the floor. After doing this, I ran to my own chamber, and brought back with me the real box, about half emptied of its contents, and

gave a true account as to how it had fallen into my hands. Every one present began to applaud my ingenuity, though at the expense of my character, and laughed heartily indeed at the adventure. His excellency, in fulfillment of the promise given, ordered me to be presented with one of the barrels, which I generously gave up to my less distinguished fellow-pages, as if to show that what I had performed was done simply for the diversion of my good master. At length, however, his excellency, not quite satisfied with other proofs of my dexterity, and the general example held up to his household, would assuredly have rid himself of my services, had not his humanity been aware that it would be exposing me to run my neck straight into a halter, such being my inveterate love of living by my wits.

DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHO.

By CERVANTES.

(From "Don Quixote"; translated by John Ormsby.)

[Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, Spanish poet and novelist, was born of an old Galician family at Alcalá de Henares, about twenty miles from Madrid, October, 1547. After following Cardinal Aquaviva as chamberlain into Italy, he enlisted under the papal admiral Colonna, and distinguished himself at the battle of Lepanto (1571), where he lost his left hand. While returning to Spain he was captured by a corsair, and passed five years in slavery in Algiers. Being without means or friends, he reënlisted; saw active service in Portugal and the Azores; and then began to earn his living by authorship in Madrid and Seville. In 1605 the first part of "Don Quixote" appeared, and the second ten years later. Besides his main work he produced: "Galatea," an eclogue; "Exemplary Tales"; "Persiles and Sigismunda," a romance; and, according to his account, some thirty plays. Cervantes died at Madrid, April 23, 1616.]

He remained at home fifteen days very quietly, without showing any signs of a desire to take up with his former delusions, and during this time he held lively discussions with his two gossips, the curate and the barber, on the point he maintained, that knights-errant were what the world stood most in need of, and that in him was to be accomplished the revival of knight-errantry. The curate sometimes contradicted him, sometimes agreed with him, for if he had not observed this precaution he would have been unable to bring him to reason.

Meanwhile Don Quixote worked upon a farm laborer, a neighbor of his, an honest man (if indeed that title can be given to him who is poor), but with very little wit in his pate. In a word, he so talked him over, and with such persuasions and promises, that the poor clown made up his mind to sally forth with him and serve him as esquire. Don Quixote, among other things, told him he ought to be ready to go with him gladly, because any moment an adventure might occur that might win an island in the twinkling of an eye and leave him governor of it. On these and the like promises Sancho Panza (for so the laborer was called) left wife and children, and engaged himself as esquire to his neighbor. Don Quixote next set about getting some money; and selling one thing and pawning another, and making a bad bargain in every case, he got together a fair sum. He provided himself with a buckler, which he begged as a loan from a friend, and, restoring his battered helmet as best he could, he warned his squire Sancho of the day and hour he meant to set out, that he might provide himself with what he thought most needful. Above all, he charged him to take his wallet with him. The other said he would, and that he meant to take also a very good ass he had, as he was not much given to going on foot. About the ass, Don Quixote hesitated a little, trying whether he could call to mind any knight-errant taking with him an esquire mounted on ass back, but no instance occurred to his memory. For all that, however, he determined to take him, intending to furnish him with a more honorable mount when a chance of it presented itself, by appropriating the horse of the first discourteous knight he encountered. Himself he provided with shirts and such other things as he could, according to the advice the host had given him; all which being settled and done, without taking leave, Sancho Panza of his wife and children, or Don Quixote of his housekeeper and niece, they sallied forth unseen by anybody from the village one night, and made such good way in the course of it that by daylight they held themselves safe from discovery, even should search be made for them.

Sancho rode on his ass like a patriarch, with his wallet and wine bag, and longing to see himself soon governor of the island his master had promised him. Don Quixote decided upon taking the same route and road he had taken on his first journey, that over the Campo de Montiel, which he traveled with less discomfort than on the last occasion, for, as it was

early morning and the rays of the sun fell on them obliquely, the heat did not distress them.

And now said Sancho Panza to his master, "Your worship will take care, Señor Knight-errant, not to forget about the island you have promised me, for be it ever so big I'll be equal to governing it."

To which Don Quixote replied, "Thou must know, friend Sancho Panza, that it was a practice very much in vogue with the knights-errant of old to make their squires governors of the islands or kingdoms they won, and I am determined that there shall be no failure on my part in so liberal a custom; on the contrary, I mean to improve upon it, for they sometimes, and perhaps most frequently, waited until their squires were old, and then when they had had enough of service and hard days and worse nights, they gave them some title or other, of count, or at the most marquis, of some valley or province more or less; but if thou livest and I live, it may well be that before six days are over, I may have won some kingdom that has others dependent upon it, which will be just the thing to enable thee to be crowned king of one of them. Nor needst thou count this wonderful, for things and chances fall to the lot of such knights in ways so unexampled and unexpected that I might easily give thee even more than I promise thee."

"In that case," said Sancho Panza, "if I should become a king by one of those miracles your worship speaks of, even Juana Gutierrez, my old woman, would come to be queen and my children infantes."

"Well, who doubts it?" said Don Quixote.

"I doubt it," replied Sancho Panza, "because for my part I am persuaded that though God should shower down kingdoms upon earth, not one of them would fit the head of Mari Gutierrez. Let me tell you, señor, she is not worth two maravedis for a queen; countess will fit her better, and that only with God's help."

"Leave it to God, Sancho," returned Don Quixote, "for he will give her what suits her best; but do not undervalue thyself so much as to come to be content with anything less than being governor of a province."

"I will not, señor," answered Sancho, "especially as I have a man of such quality for a master in your worship, who will be able to give me all that will be suitable for me and that I can bear."

Of the Good Fortune which the Valiant Don Quixote had in the Terrible and Undreamt-of Adventure of the Windmills, with Other Occurrences Worthy to be Fitly Recorded.

At this point they came in sight of thirty or forty windmills that there are on that plain, and as soon as Don Quixote saw them he said to his squire, "Fortune is arranging matters for us better than we could have shaped our desires ourselves, for look there, friend Sancho Panza, where thirty or more monstrous giants present themselves, all of whom I mean to engage in battle and slay, and with whose spoils we shall begin to make our fortunes; for this is righteous warfare, and it is God's good service to sweep so evil a breed from off the face of the earth."

"What giants?" said Sancho Panza.

"Those thou seest there," answered his master, "with the long arms, and some have them nearly two leagues long."

"Look, your worship," said Sancho; "what we see there are not giants but windmills, and what seem to be their arms are the sails that turned by the wind make the millstone go."

"It is easy to see," replied Don Quixote, "that thou art not used to this business of adventures; those are giants; and if thou art afraid, away with thee out of this and betake thyself to prayer while I engage them in fierce and unequal combat."

So saying, he gave the spur to his steed Rocinante, heedless of the cries his squire Sancho sent after him, warning him that most certainly they were windmills and not giants he was going to attack. He, however, was so positive they were giants that he neither heard the cries of Sancho, nor perceived, near as he was, what they were, but made at them shouting, "Fly not, cowards and vile beings, for it is a single knight that attacks you."

A slight breeze at this moment sprang up, and the great sails began to move, seeing which Don Quixote exclaimed, "Though ye flourish more arms than the giant Briareus, ye have to reckon with me."

So saying, and commending himself with all his heart to his lady Dulcinea, imploring her to support him in such a peril, with lance in rest and covered by his buckler, he charged at

Rocinante's fullest gallop and fell upon the first mill that stood in front of him; but as he drove his lance point into the sail the wind whirled it round with such force that it shivered the lance to pieces, sweeping with it horse and rider, who went rolling over on the plain, in a sorry condition. Sancho hastened to his assistance as fast as his ass could go, and when he came up found him unable to move, with such a shock had Rocinante fallen with him.

"God bless me!" said Sancho, "did I not tell your worship to mind what you were about, for they were only windmills? and no one could have made any mistake about it but one who had something of the same kind in his head."

"Hush, friend Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "the fortunes of war more than any other are liable to frequent fluctuations; and moreover I think, and it is the truth, that that same sage Friston who carried off my study and books, has turned these giants into mills in order to rob me of the glory of vanquishing them, such is the enmity he bears me; but in the end his wicked arts will avail but little against my good sword."

"God order it as he may," said Sancho Panza, and helping him to rise got him up again on Rocinante, whose shoulder was half out; and then, discussing the late adventure, they followed the road to Puerto Lápice, for there, said Don Quixote, they could not fail to find adventures in abundance and variety, as it was a great thoroughfare. For all that, he was much grieved at the loss of his lance, and saying so to his squire, he added, "I remember having read how a Spanish knight, Diego Perez de Vargas by name, having broken his sword in battle, tore from an oak a ponderous bough or branch, and with it did such things that day, and pounded so many Moors, that he got the surname of Machuca, and he and his descendants from that day forth were called Vargas y Machuca. I mention this because from the first oak I see I mean to rend such another branch, large and stout like that, with which I am determined and resolved to do such deeds that thou mayest deem thyself very fortunate in being found worthy to come and see them, and be an eyewitness of things that will with difficulty be believed."

"Be that as God will," said Sancho, "I believe it all as your worship says it; but straighten yourself a little, for you seem all on one side, maybe from the shaking of the fall."

"That is the truth," said Don Quixote, "and if I make no complaint of the pain it is because knights-errant are not per-

mitted to complain of any wound, even though their bowels be coming out through it."

"If so," said Sancho, "I have nothing to say; but God knows I would rather your worship complained when anything ailed you. For my part, I confess I must complain however small the ache may be; unless indeed this rule about not complaining extends to the squires of knights-errant also."

Don Quixote could not help laughing at his squire's simplicity, and he assured him he might complain whenever and however he chose, just as he liked, for, so far, he had never read of anything to the contrary in the order of knighthood.

Sancho bade him remember it was dinner time, to which his master answered that he wanted nothing himself just then, but that *he* might eat when he had a mind. With this permission Sancho settled himself as comfortably as he could on his beast, and taking out of the wallet what he had stowed away in it, he jogged along behind his master munching deliberately, and from time to time taking a pull at the wine bag with a relish that the thirstiest tapster in Malaga might have envied; and while he went on in this way, gulping down draught after draught, he never gave a thought to any of the promises his master had made him, nor did he rate it as hardship but rather as recreation going in quest of adventures, however dangerous they might be. Finally they passed the night among some trees, from one of which Don Quixote plucked a dry branch to serve him after a fashion as a lance, and fixed on it the head he had removed from the broken one. All that night Don Quixote lay awake thinking of his lady Dulcinea, in order to conform to what he had read in his books, how many a night in the forests and deserts knights used to lie sleepless supported by the memory of their mistresses. Not so did Sancho Panza spend it, for having his stomach full of something stronger than chicory water he made but one sleep of it, and, if his master had not called him, neither the rays of the sun beating on his face nor all the cheery notes of the birds welcoming the approach of day would have had power to waken him. On getting up he tried the wine bag and found it somewhat less full than the night before, which grieved his heart because they did not seem to be on the way to remedy the deficiency readily. Don Quixote did not care to break his fast, for, as has been already said, he confined himself to savory recollections for nourishment.

They returned to the road they had set out with, leading to Puerto Lápice, and at three in the afternoon they came in sight of it. "Here, brother Sancho Panza," said Don Quixote when he saw it, "we may plunge our hands up to the elbows in what they call adventures; but observe, even shouldst thou see me in the greatest danger in the world, thou must not put a hand to thy sword in my defense, unless, indeed, thou perceivest that those who assail me are rabble or base folk; for in that case thou mayest very properly aid me; but if they be knights it is on no account permitted or allowed thee by the laws of knighthood to help me until thou hast been dubbed a knight."

"Most certainly, señor," replied Sancho, "your worship shall be fully obeyed in this matter; all the more as of myself I am peaceful and no friend to mixing in strife and quarrels: it is true that as regards the defense of my own person I shall not give much heed to those laws, for laws human and divine allow each one to defend himself against any assailant whatever."

"That I grant," said Don Quixote, "but in this matter of aiding me against knights thou must put a restraint upon thy natural impetuosity."

"I will do so, I promise you," answered Sancho, "and I will keep this precept as carefully as Sunday."

While they were thus talking there appeared on the road two friars of the order of St. Benedict, mounted on two dromedaries, for not less tall were the two mules they rode on. They wore traveling spectacles and carried sunshades; and behind them came a coach attended by four or five persons on horseback and two muleteers on foot. In the coach there was, as afterwards appeared, a Biscay lady on her way to Seville, where her husband was about to take passage for the Indies with an appointment of high honor. The friars, though going the same road, were not in her company; but the moment Don Quixote perceived them he said to his squire, "Either I am mistaken, or this is going to be the most famous adventure that has ever been seen, for those black bodies we see there must be, and doubtless are, magicians who are carrying off some stolen princess in that coach, and with all my might I must undo this wrong."

"This will be worse than the windmills," said Sancho. "Look, señor; those are friars of St. Benedict, and the coach plainly belongs to some travelers: mind, I tell you to mind well what you are about and don't let the devil mislead you."

"I have told thee already, Sancho," replied Don Quixote,

"that on the subject of adventures thou knowest little. What I say is the truth, as thou shalt see presently."

So saying, he advanced and posted himself in the middle of the road along which the friars were coming, and as soon as he thought they had come near enough to hear what he said, he cried aloud, "Devilish and unnatural beings, release instantly the highborn princesses whom you are carrying off by force in this coach, else prepare to meet a speedy death as the just punishment of your evil deeds."

The friars drew rein and stood wondering at the appearance of Don Quixote as well as at his words, to which they replied, "Señor Caballero, we are not devilish or unnatural, but two brothers of St. Benedict following our road, nor do we know whether or not there are any captive princesses coming in this coach."

"No soft words with me, for I know you, lying rabble," said Don Quixote, and without waiting for a reply he spurred Rocinante and with leveled lance charged the first friar with such fury and determination that, if the friar had not flung himself off the mule, he would have brought him to the ground against his will, and sore wounded, if not killed outright. The second brother, seeing how his comrade was treated, drove his heels into his castle of a mule and made off across the country faster than the wind.

Sancho Panza, when he saw the friar on the ground, dismounting briskly from his ass, rushed towards him and began to strip off his gown. At that instant the friars' muleteers came up and asked what he was stripping him for. Sancho answered them that this fell to him lawfully as spoil of the battle which his lord Don Quixote had won. The muleteers, who had no idea of a joke and did not understand all this about battles and spoils, seeing that Don Quixote was some distance off talking to the travelers in the coach, fell upon Sancho, knocked him down, and leaving hardly a hair in his beard, belabored him with kicks and left him stretched breathless and senseless on the ground; and without any more delay helped the friar to mount, who, trembling, terrified, and pale, as soon as he found himself in the saddle, spurred after his companion, who was standing at a distance looking on, watching the result of the onslaught; then, not caring to wait for the end of the affair just begun, they pursued their journey making more crosses than if they had the devil after them.

Don Quixote was, as has been said, speaking to the lady in the coach: "Your beauty, lady mine," said he, "may now dispose of your person as may be most in accordance with your pleasure, for the pride of your ravishers lies prostrate on the ground through this strong arm of mine; and lest you should be pining to know the name of your deliverer, know that I am called Don Quixote of La Mancha, knight-errant and adventurer, and captive to the peerless and beautiful lady Dulcinea del Toboso; and in return for the service you have received of me I ask no more than that you should return to El Toboso, and on my behalf present yourself before that lady and tell her what I have done to set you free."

One of the squires in attendance upon the coach, a Biscayan, was listening to all Don Quixote was saying, and, perceiving that he would not allow the coach to go on, but was saying it must return at once to El Toboso, he made at him, and seizing his lance addressed him in bad Castilian and worse Biscayan after this fashion, "Begone, caballero, and ill go with thee; by the God that made me, unless thou quittest coach, slayest thee as art here a Biscayan."

Don Quixote understood him quite well, and answered him very quietly, "If thou wert a knight, as thou art none, I should have already chastised thy folly and rashness, miserable creature." To which the Biscayan returned, "I no gentleman![1]— I swear to God thou liest as I am Christian: if thou droppest lance and drawest sword, soon shalt thou see thou art carrying water to the cat: Biscayan on land, hidalgo at sea, hidalgo at the devil, and look, if thou sayest otherwise thou liest."

"'"You will see presently," said Agrajes,'" replied Don Quixote; and throwing his lance on the ground he drew his sword, braced his buckler on his arm, and attacked the Biscayan, bent upon taking his life.

The Biscayan, when he saw him coming on, though he wished to dismount from his mule, in which, being one of those sorry ones let out for hire, he had no confidence, had no choice but to draw his sword; it was lucky for him, however, that he was near the coach, from which he was able to snatch a cushion that served him for a shield; and then they went at one another as if they had been two mortal enemies. The others strove to make peace between them, but could not, for the Biscayan

[1] *Caballero* means "gentleman" as well as knight, and the peppery Biscayan assumes that Don Quixote has used the word in the former sense.

declared in his disjointed phrase that if they did not let him finish his battle he would kill his mistress and every one that strove to prevent him. The lady in the coach, amazed and terrified at what she saw, ordered the coachman to draw aside a little, and set herself to watch this severe struggle, in the course of which the Biscayan smote Don Quixote a mighty stroke on the shoulder over the top of his buckler, which, given to one without armor, would have cleft him to the waist. Don Quixote, feeling the weight of this prodigious blow, cried aloud, saying, "O lady of my soul, Dulcinea, flower of beauty, come to the aid of this your knight, who, in fulfilling his obligations to your beauty, finds himself in this extreme peril." To say this, to lift his sword, to shelter himself well behind his buckler, and to assail the Biscayan was the work of an instant, determined as he was to venture all upon a single blow. The Biscayan, seeing him come on in this way, was convinced of his courage by his spirited bearing, and resolved to follow his example; so he waited for him, keeping well under cover of his cushion, being unable to execute any sort of maneuver with his mule, which, dead tired and never meant for this kind of game, could not stir a step.

On, then, as aforesaid, came Don Quixote against the wary Biscayan, with uplifted sword and a firm intention of splitting him in half, while on his side the Biscayan waited for him sword in hand, and under the protection of his cushion; and all present stood trembling, waiting in suspense the result of blows such as threatened to fall, and the lady in the coach and the rest of her following were making a thousand vows and offerings to all the images and shrines of Spain, that God might deliver her squire and all of them from this great peril in which they found themselves. But it spoils all, that at this point and crisis the author of the history leaves this battle impending, giving as excuse that he could find nothing more written about these achievements of Don Quixote than what has been already set forth. . . .

With trenchant swords upraised and poised on high, it seemed as though the two valiant and wrathful combatants stood threatening heaven, and earth, and hell, with such resolution and determination did they bear themselves. The fiery Biscayan was the first to strike a blow, which was delivered with such force and fury that had not the sword turned in its course, that single stroke would have sufficed to put an end to the bitter struggle

and to all the adventures of our knight; but that good fortune which reserved him for greater things turned aside the sword of his adversary, so that, although it smote him upon the left shoulder, it did him no more harm than to strip all that side of its armor, carrying away a great part of his helmet, with half of his ear, all which with fearful ruin fell to the ground, leaving him in a sorry plight.

Good God! Who is there that could properly describe the rage that filled the heart of our Manchegan when he saw himself dealt with in this fashion? All that can be said is, it was such that he again raised himself in his stirrups, and, grasping his sword more firmly with both hands, he came down on the Biscayan with such fury, smiting him full over the cushion and over the head, that — even so good a shield proving useless — as if a mountain had fallen on him, he began to bleed from nose, mouth, and ears, reeling as if about to fall backwards from his mule, as no doubt he would have done had he not flung his arms about its neck; at the same time, however, he slipped his feet out of the stirrups and then unclasped his arms, and the mule, taking fright at the terrible blow, made off across the plain, and with a few plunges flung its master to the ground. Don Quixote stood looking on very calmly, and, when he saw him fall, leaped from his horse and with great briskness ran to him, and, presenting the point of his sword to his eyes, bade him surrender, or he would cut his head off. The Biscayan was so bewildered that he was unable to answer a word, and it would have gone hard with him, so blind was Don Quixote, had not the ladies in the coach, who had hitherto been watching the combat in great terror, hastened to where he stood and implored him with earnest entreaties to grant them the great grace and favor of sparing their squire's life; to which Don Quixote replied with much gravity and dignity, "In truth, fair ladies, I am well content to do what ye ask of me; but it must be on one condition and understanding, which is that this knight promise me to go to the village of El Toboso, and on my part present himself before the peerless lady Dulcinea, that she deal with him as shall be most pleasing to her."

The terrified and disconsolate ladies, without discussing Don Quixote's demand or asking who Dulcinea might be, promised that their squire should do all that had been commanded on his part.

"Then, on the faith of that promise," said Don Quixote,

"I shall do him no further harm, though he well deserves it of me."

Now by this time Sancho had risen, rather the worse for the handling of the friars' muleteers, and stood watching the battle of his master, Don Quixote, and praying to God in his heart that it might be his will to grant him the victory, and that he might thereby win some island to make him governor of, as he had promised. Seeing, therefore, that the struggle was now over, and that his master was returning to mount Rocinante, he approached to hold the stirrup for him, and, before he could mount, he went on his knees before him; and taking his hand, kissed it saying, "May it please your worship, Señor Don Quixote, to give me the government of that island which has been won in this hard fight, for be it ever so big I feel myself in sufficient force to be able to govern it as much and as well as any one in the world who has ever governed islands."

To which Don Quixote replied, "Thou must take notice, brother Sancho, that this adventure and those like it are not adventures of islands, but of crossroads, in which nothing is got except a broken head or an ear the less: have patience, for adventures will present themselves from which I may make you not only a governor, but something more."

Sancho gave him many thanks, and again kissing his hand and the skirt of his hauberk, helped him to mount Rocinante, and mounting his ass himself, proceeded to follow his master, who at a brisk pace, without taking leave, or saying anything further to the ladies belonging to the coach, turned into a wood that was hard by. Sancho followed him at his ass's best trot, but Rocinante stepped out so that, seeing himself left behind, he was forced to call to his master to wait for him. Don Quixote did so, reining in Rocinante until his weary squire came up, who on reaching him said, "It seems to me, señor, it would be prudent in us to go and take refuge in some church, for, seeing how mauled he with whom you fought has been left, it will be no wonder if they give information of the affair to the Holy Brotherhood and arrest us, and, faith, if they do, before we come out of jail we shall have to sweat for it."

"Peace," said Don Quixote; "where hast thou ever seen or heard that a knight-errant has been arraigned before a court of justice, however many homicides he may have committed?"

"I know nothing about omecils," answered Sancho, "nor in

my life have had anything to do with one; I only know that the Holy Brotherhood looks after those who fight in the fields, and in that other matter I do not meddle."

"Then thou needst have no uneasiness, my friend," said Don Quixote, "for I will deliver thee out of the hands of the Chaldeans, much more out of those of the Brotherhood. But tell me, as thou livest, hast thou seen a more valiant knight than I in all the known world; hast thou read in history of any who has or had higher mettle in attack, more spirit in maintaining it, more dexterity in wounding or skill in overthrowing?"

"The truth is," answered Sancho, "that I have never read any history, for I can neither read nor write, but what I will venture to bet is that a more daring master than your worship I have never served in all the days of my life, and God grant that this daring be not paid for where I have said; what I beg of your worship is to dress your wound, for a great deal of blood flows from that ear, and I have here some lint and a little white ointment in the wallet."

"All that might be well dispensed with," said Don Quixote, "if I had remembered to make a vial of the balsam of Fierabras, for time and medicine are saved by one single drop."

"What vial and what balsam is that?" said Sancho Panza.

"It is a balsam," answered Don Quixote, "the receipt of which I have in my memory, with which one need have no fear of death, or dread dying of any wound; and so when I make it and give it to thee thou hast nothing to do when in some battle thou seest they have cut me in half through the middle of the body — as is wont to happen frequently — but neatly and with great nicety, ere the blood congeal, to place that portion of the body which shall have fallen to the ground upon the other half which remains in the saddle, taking care to fit it on evenly and exactly. Then thou shalt give me to drink but two drops of the balsam I have mentioned, and thou shalt see me become sounder than an apple."

"If that be so," said Panza, "I renounce henceforth the government of the promised island, and desire nothing more in payment of my many and faithful services than that your worship give me the receipt of this supreme liquor, for I am persuaded it will be worth more than two reals an ounce anywhere, and I want no more to pass the rest of my life in

ease and honor; but it remains to be told if it costs much to make it."

"With less than three reals six quarts of it may be made," said Don Quixote.

"Sinner that I am!" said Sancho, "then why does your worship put off making it and teaching it to me?"

"Peace, friend," answered Don Quixote; "greater secrets I mean to teach thee and greater favors to bestow upon thee; and for the present let us see to the dressing, for my ear pains me more than I could wish."

Sancho took out some lint and ointment from the wallet; but when Don Quixote came to see his helmet shattered, he was like to lose his senses, and, clapping his hand upon his sword and raising his eyes to heaven, he said, "I swear by the Creator of all things and the four Gospels in their fullest extent, to do as the great Marquis of Mantua did when he swore to avenge the death of his nephew Baldwin (and that was not to eat bread from a tablecloth, nor embrace his wife, and other points which, though I cannot now call them to mind, I here grant as expressed), until I take complete vengeance upon him who has committed such an offense against me."

Hearing this, Sancho said to him, "Your worship should bear in mind, Señor Don Quixote, that if the knight has done what was commanded him in going to present himself before my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, he will have done all that he was bound to do, and does not deserve further punishment unless he commits some new offense."

"Thou hast said well and hit the point," answered Don Quixote; "and so I recall the oath in so far as relates to taking fresh vengeance on him, but I make and confirm it anew to lead the life I have said until such time as I take by force from some knight another helmet such as this and as good; and think not, Sancho, that I am raising smoke with straw in doing so, for I have one to imitate in the matter, since the very same thing to a hair happened in the case of Mambrino's helmet, which cost Sacripante so dear."

"Señor," replied Sancho, "let your worship send all such oaths to the devil, for they are very pernicious to salvation and prejudicial to the conscience; just tell me now, if for several days to come we fall in with no man armed with a helmet, what are we to do? Is the oath to be observed in spite of all the inconvenience and discomfort it will be to sleep in your

clothes, and not to sleep in a house, and a thousand other mortifications contained in the oath of that old fool, the Marquis of Mantua, which your worship is now wanting to revive? Let your worship observe that there are no men in armor traveling on any of these roads, nothing but carriers and carters, who not only do not wear helmets, but perhaps never heard tell of them all their lives."

"Thou art wrong there," said Don Quixote, "for we shall not have been two hours among these crossroads before we see more men in armor than came to Albraca to win the fair Angelica."

"Enough," said Sancho; "so be it then, and God grant us success, and that the time for winning that island which is costing me so dear may soon come, and then let me die."

"I have already told thee, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "not to give thyself any uneasiness on that score; for if an island should fail, there is the kingdom of Denmark, or of Sobradisa, which will fit thee as a ring fits the finger, and all the more that being on *terra firma* thou wilt all the better enjoy thyself. But let us leave that to its own time; see if thou hast anything for us to eat in that wallet, because we must presently go in quest of some castle where we may lodge to-night and make the balsam I told thee of, for I swear to thee by God, this ear is giving me great pain."

"I have here an onion and a little cheese and a few scraps of bread," said Sancho, "but they are not victuals fit for a valiant knight like your worship."

"How little thou knowest about it," answered Don Quixote; "I would have thee to know, Sancho, that it is the glory of knights-errant to go without eating for a month, and even when they do eat, that it should be of what comes first to hand; and this would have been clear to thee hadst thou read as many histories as I have, for, though they are very many, among them all I have found no mention made of knights-errant eating, unless by accident or at some sumptuous banquets prepared for them, and the rest of the time they passed in dalliance. And though it is plain they could not do without eating and performing all the other natural functions, because, in fact, they were men like ourselves, it is plain too that, wandering as they did the most part of their lives through woods and wilds and without a cook, their most usual fare would be rustic viands such as those thou dost now offer me; so that, friend Sancho, let not that distress

thee which pleases me, and do not seek to make a new world or pervert knight-errantry."

"Pardon me, your worship," said Sancho, "for, as I cannot read or write, as I said just now, I neither know nor comprehend the rules of the profession of chivalry: henceforward I will stock the wallet with every kind of dry fruit for your worship, as you are a knight; and for myself, as I am not one, I will furnish them with poultry and other things more substantial."

"I do not say, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "that it is imperative on knights-errant not to eat anything else but the fruits thou speakest of; only that their more usual diet must be those, and certain herbs they found in the fields which they knew and I know too."

"A good thing it is," answered Sancho, "to know those herbs, for to my thinking it will be needful some day to put that knowledge into practice."

Sancho's Supper.

The history says that from the justice court they carried Sancho to a sumptuous palace, where in a spacious chamber there was a table laid out with royal magnificence. The clarions sounded as Sancho entered the room, and four pages came forward to present him with water for his hands, which Sancho received with great dignity. The music ceased, and Sancho seated himself at the head of the table, for there was only that seat placed, and no more than the one cover laid. A personage, who it appeared afterwards was a physician, placed himself standing by his side with a whalebone wand in his hand.

They then lifted up a fine white cloth covering fruit and a great variety of dishes of different sorts; one who looked like a student said grace, and a page put a laced bib on Sancho, while another who played the part of head carver placed a dish of fruit before him. But hardly had he tasted a morsel when the man with the wand touched the plate with it, and they took it away from before him with the utmost celerity. The carver, however, brought him another dish, and Sancho proceeded to try it; but before he could get at it, not to say taste it, already the wand had touched it and a page had carried it off with the same promptitude as the fruit. Sancho, seeing

this, was puzzled, and looking from one to another asked if this dinner was to be eaten after the fashion of a jugglery trick.

To this he with the wand replied, "It is not to be eaten, señor governor, except as is usual and customary in other islands where there are governors. I, señor, am a physician, and I am paid a salary in this island to serve its governors as such, and I have a much greater regard for their health than for my own, studying day and night making myself acquainted with the governor's constitution, in order to be able to cure him when he falls sick. The chief thing I have to do is to attend at his dinners and suppers and allow him to eat what appears to me to be fit for him and keep from him what I think will do him harm and be injurious to his stomach; and therefore I ordered that plate of fruit to be removed as being too moist, and that other dish I ordered to be removed as being too hot and containing many spices that stimulate thirst; for he who drinks much kills and consumes the radical moisture wherein life consists."

"Well then," said Sancho, "that dish of roast partridges there that seems so savory will not do me any harm."

To this the physician replied, "Of those my lord the governor shall not eat so long as I live."

"Why so?" said Sancho.

"Because," replied the doctor, "our master Hippocrates, the polestar and beacon of medicine, says in one of his aphorisms *omnis saturatio mala, perdicis autem pessima*, which means 'all repletion is bad, but that of partridge is the worst of all.'"

"In that case," said Sancho, "let señor doctor see among the dishes that are on the table what will do me most good and least harm, and let me eat it, without tapping it with his stick; for by the life of the governor, and so may God suffer me to enjoy it, but I'm dying of hunger; and in spite of the doctor and all he may say, to deny me food is the way to take my life instead of prolonging it."

"Your worship is right, señor governor," said the physician; "and therefore your worship, I consider, should not eat of those stewed rabbits there, because it is a furry kind of food; if that veal were not roasted and served with pickles, you might try it; but it is out of the question."

"That big dish that is smoking farther off," said Sancho, "seems to me to be an olla podrida, and out of the diversity of

things in such ollas, I can't fail to light upon something tasty and good for me."

"*Absit*," said the doctor; "far from us be any such base thought! There is nothing in the world less nourishing than an olla podrida; to canons, or rectors of colleges, or peasants' weddings with your ollas podridas, but let us have none of them on the tables of governors, where everything that is present should be delicate and refined; and the reason is that always, everywhere and by everybody, simple medicines are more esteemed than compound ones, for we cannot go wrong in those that are simple, while in the compound we may, by merely altering the quantity of the things composing them. But what I am of opinion the governor should eat now in order to preserve and fortify his health is a hundred or so of wafer cakes and a few thin slices of conserve of quinces, which will settle his stomach and help his digestion."

Sancho on hearing this threw himself back in his chair and surveyed the doctor steadily, and in a solemn tone asked him what his name was and where he had studied.

He replied, "My name, señor governor, is Doctor Pedro Recio de Aguero, I am a native of a place called Tirteafuera, which lies between Caracuel and Almodóvar del Campo, on the right-hand side, and I have the degree of doctor from the university of Osuna."

To which Sancho, glowing all over with rage, returned: "Then let Doctor Pedro Recio de Mal-aguero, native of Tirteafuera, a place that's on the right-hand side as we go from Caracuel to Almodóvar del Campo, graduate of Osuna, get out of my presence at once; or I swear by the sun I'll take a cudgel, and by dint of blows, beginning with him, I'll not leave a doctor in the whole island; at least of those I know to be ignorant; for as to learned, wise, sensible physicians, them I will reverence and honor as divine persons. Once more I say let Pedro Recio get out of this or I'll take this chair I am sitting on and break it over his head. And if they call me to account for it, I'll clear myself by saying I served God in killing a bad doctor — a general executioner. And now give me something to eat, or else take your government; for a trade that does not feed its master is not worth two beans."

The doctor was dismayed when he saw the governor in such a passion, and he would have made a Tirteafuera out of the room but that the same instant a post horn sounded in the

street; and the carver putting his head out of the window turned round and said, "It's a courier from my lord the duke, no doubt with some dispatch of importance."

The courier came in all sweating and flurried, and taking a paper from his bosom, placed it in the governor's hands. Sancho handed it to the major-domo and bade him read the superscription, which ran thus: —

To Don Sancho Panza, Governor of the Island of Barataria, into his own hands or those of his secretary.

Sancho when he heard this said, "Which of you is my secretary?" "I am, señor," said one of those present, "for I can read and write, and am a Biscayan." "With that addition," said Sancho, "you might be secretary to the emperor himself; open this paper and see what it says." The newborn secretary obeyed, and having read the contents said the matter was one to be discussed in private. Sancho ordered the chamber to be cleared, the major-domo and the carver only remaining; so the doctor and the others withdrew, and then the secretary read the letter, which was as follows: —

It has come to my knowledge, Señor Don Sancho Panza, that certain enemies of mine and of the island are about to make a furious attack upon it some night, I know not when. It behooves you to be on the alert and keep watch, that they surprise you not. I also know by trustworthy spies that four persons have entered the town in disguise in order to take your life, because they stand in dread of your great capacity; keep your eyes open and take heed who approaches you to address you, and eat nothing that is presented to you. I will take care to send you aid if you find yourself in difficulty, but in all things you will act as may be expected of your judgment. From this place, the sixteenth of August, at four in the morning.

Your friend,

The Duke.

Sancho was astonished, and those who stood by made believe to be so too, and turning to the major-domo he said to him, "What we have got to do first, and it must be done at once, is to put Doctor Recio in the lockup; for if any one wants to kill me it is he, and by a slow death and the worst of all, which is hunger."

"Likewise," said the carver, "it is my opinion your worship should not eat anything that is on this table, for the whole was a present from some nuns; and as they say, 'behind the cross there's the devil.'"

"I don't deny it," said Sancho; "so for the present give me a piece of bread and four pound or so of grapes; no poison can come in them; for the fact is I can't go on without eating; and if we are to be prepared for these battles that are threatening us we must be well provisioned; for it is the tripes that carry the heart and not the heart the tripes. And you, secretary, answer my lord the duke and tell him that all his commands shall be obeyed to the letter, as he directs; and say from me to my lady the duchess that I kiss her hands, and that I beg of her not to forget to send my letter and bundle to my wife Teresa Panza by a messenger; and I will take it as a great favor and will not fail to serve her in all that may lie within my power; and as you are about it you may inclose a kiss of the hand to my master Don Quixote that he may see I am grateful bread; and as a good secretary and a good Biscayan you may add whatever you like, and whatever will come in best; and now take away this cloth and give me something to eat, and I'll be ready to meet all the spies and assassins and enchanters that may come against me or my island."

At last Doctor Pedro Recio Aguero of Tirteafuera promised to let him have supper that night, though it might be in contravention of all the aphorisms of Hippocrates. With this the governor was satisfied, and looked forward to the approach of night and supper-time with great anxiety; and though time, to his mind, stood still and made no progress, nevertheless the hour he so longed for came, and they gave him a beef salad with onions and some boiled calves' feet rather far gone. At this he fell to with greater relish than if they had given him francolins from Milan, pheasants from Rome, veal from Sorrento, partridges from Moron, or geese from Lavajos, and turning to the doctor at supper, he said to him: —

"Look here, señor doctor, for the future don't trouble yourself about giving me dainty things or choice dishes to eat, for it will be only taking my stomach off its hinges; it is accustomed to goat, cow, bacon, hung beef, turnips, and onions; and if by any chance it is given these palace dishes, it receives them squeamishly, and sometimes with loathing. What the head carver had best do is to serve me with what they call

ollas podridas (and the rottener they are the better they smell); and he can put whatever he likes into them, so long as it is good to eat, and I'll be obliged to him, and will requite him some day. But let nobody play pranks on me, for either we are or we are not; let us live and eat in peace and good-fellowship, for when God sends the dawn, he sends it for all. I mean to govern this island without giving up a right or taking a bribe; let every one keep his eye open, and look out for the arrow; for I can tell them 'the devil's in Cantillana,' and if they drive me to it they'll see something that will astonish them. Nay! make yourself honey and the flies will eat you."

"Of a truth, señor governor," said the carver, "your worship is in the right of it in everything you have said; and I promise you in the name of all the inhabitants of this island that they will serve your worship with all zeal, affection, and good will, for the mild kind of government you have given a sample of to begin with, leaves them no ground for doing or thinking anything to your worship's disadvantage."

"That I believe," said Sancho; "and they would be great fools if they did or thought otherwise; once more I say, see to my feeding and my Dapple's, for that is the great point and what is most to the purpose; and when the hour comes let us go the rounds, for it is my intention to purge this island of all manner of uncleanness and of all idle good-for-nothing vagabonds; for I would have you know, my friends, that lazy idlers are the same thing in a State as the drones in a hive, that eat up the honey the industrious bees make. I mean to protect the husbandman, to preserve to the gentleman his privileges, to reward the virtuous, and above all to respect religion and honor its ministers.

Of the Progress of Sancho's Government, and Other Such Entertaining Matters.

Day came after the night of the governor's round, — a night which the head carver passed without sleeping, so full were his thoughts of the face and air and beauty of the disguised damsel, while the major-domo spent what was left of it in writing an account to his lord and lady of all Sancho said and did, being as much amazed at his sayings as at his doings, for there was a mixture of shrewdness and simplicity in all his words

and deeds. The señor governor got up, and by Doctor Pedro Recio's directions they made him break his fast on a little conserve and four sups of cold water, which Sancho would have readily exchanged for a piece of bread and a bunch of grapes; but seeing there was no help for it, he submitted with no little sorrow of heart and discomfort of stomach, Pedro Recio having persuaded him that light and delicate diet enlivened the wits, and that was what was most essential for persons placed in command and in responsible situations, where they have to employ not only the bodily powers but those of the mind also.

By means of this sophistry Sancho was made to endure hunger, and hunger so keen that in his heart he cursed the government, and even him who had given it to him; however, with his hunger and his conserve he undertook to deliver judgments that day, and the first thing that came before him was a question that was submitted to him by a stranger, in the presence of the major-domo and the other attendants, and it was in these words: "Señor, a large river separated two districts of one and the same lordship — will your worship please to pay attention, for the case is an important and a rather knotty one? Well then, on this river there was a bridge, and at one end of it a gallows, and a sort of tribunal, where four judges commonly sat to administer the law which the lord of the river, the bridge and the lordship had enacted, and which was to this effect, 'If any one crosses by this bridge from one side to the other he shall declare on oath where he is going and with what object; and if he swears truly, he shall be allowed to pass, but if falsely, he shall, without any remission, be put to death for it by hanging on the gallows erected there.' Though the law and its severe penalty were known, many persons crossed, but in their declarations it was easy to see at once they were telling the truth, and the judges let them pass free. It happened, however, that one man, when they came to take his declaration, swore and said that by the oath he took he was going to die upon that gallows that stood there, and nothing else. The judges held a consultation over the oath, and they said, 'If we let this man pass free he has sworn falsely, and by the law he ought to die; but if we hang him, as he swore he was going to die on that gallows, and therefore swore the truth, by the same law he ought to go free. It is asked of your worship, señor governor, what are the judges to do with this man? For they are still in doubt and perplexity; and having heard of your

worship's acute and exalted intellect, they have sent me to entreat your worship on their behalf to give your opinion on this very intricate and puzzling case."

To this Sancho made answer, "Indeed those gentlemen the judges that send you to me might have spared themselves the trouble, for I have more of the obtuse than the acute in me; however, repeat the case over again, so that I may understand it, and then perhaps I may be able to hit the point."

The querist repeated again and again what he had said before, and then Sancho said, "It seems to me I can set the matter right in a moment, and in this way: the man swears that he is going to die upon the gallows; but if he dies upon it, he has sworn the truth, and by the law enacted deserves to go free and pass over the bridge; but if they don't hang him, then he has sworn falsely, and by the same law deserves to be hanged."

"It is as the señor governor says," said the messenger; "and as regards a complete comprehension of the case, there is nothing left to desire or hesitate about."

"Well, then, I say," said Sancho, "that of this man they should let pass the part that has sworn truly, and hang the part that has lied; and in this way the conditions of the passage will be fully complied with."

"But then, señor governor," replied the querist, "the man will have to be divided into two parts; and if he is divided of course he will die; and so none of the requirements of the law will be carried out, and it is absolutely necessary to comply with it."

"Look here, my good sir," said Sancho; "either I'm a numskull or else there is the same reason for this passenger dying as for his living and passing over the bridge; for if the truth saves him the falsehood equally condemns him; and that being the case it is my opinion you should say to the gentlemen who sent you to me that as the arguments for condemning him and for absolving him are exactly balanced, they should let him pass freely, as it is always more praiseworthy to do good than to do evil; this I would give signed with my name if I knew how to sign; and what I have said in this case is not out of my own head, but one of the many precepts my master Don Quixote gave me the night before I left to become governor of this island, that came into my mind, and it was this, that when there was any doubt about the justice of a case I should lean to

mercy; and it is God's will that I should recollect it now, for it fits this case as if it was made for it."

"That is true," said the major-domo; "and I maintain that Lycurgus himself, who gave laws to the Lacedæmonians, could not have pronounced a better decision than the great Panza has given; let the morning's audience close with this, and I will see that the señor governor has dinner entirely to his liking."

"That's all I ask for — fair play," said Sancho; "give me my dinner, and then let it rain cases and questions on me, and I'll dispatch them in a twinkling."

The major-domo kept his word, for he felt it against his conscience to kill so wise a governor by hunger; particularly as he intended to have done with him that same night, playing off the last joke he was commissioned to practice upon him.

It came to pass, then, that after he had dined that day, in opposition to the rules and aphorisms of Doctor Tirteafuera, as they were taking away the cloth there came a courier with a letter from Don Quixote for the governor. Sancho ordered the secretary to read it to himself, and if there was nothing in it that demanded secrecy to read it aloud. The secretary did so, and after he had skimmed the contents he said, "It may well be read aloud, for what Señor Don Quixote writes to your worship deserves to be printed or written in letters of gold, and it is as follows."

DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA'S LETTER TO SANCHO PANZA, GOVERNOR OF THE ISLAND OF BARATARIA.

When I was expecting to hear of thy stupidities and blunders, friend Sancho, I have received intelligence of thy displays of good sense, for which I give special thanks to Heaven that can raise the poor from the dunghill and of fools to make wise men. They tell me thou dost govern as if thou wert a man, and art a man as if thou wert a beast, so great is the humility wherewith thou dost comport thyself. But I would have thee bear in mind, Sancho, that very often it is fitting and necessary for the authority of office to resist the humility of the heart; for the seemly array of one who is invested with grave duties should be such as they require and not measured by what his own humble tastes may lead him to prefer. Dress well; a stick dressed up does not look like a stick; I do not say thou shouldst wear trinkets or fine raiment, or that being a judge thou shouldst dress like a soldier, but that thou shouldst array thyself in the apparel thy office requires, and that at the same

time it be neat and handsome. To win the good will of the people thou governest there are two things, among others, that thou must do: one is to be civil to all (this, however, I told thee before) and the other to take care that food be abundant, for there is nothing that vexes the heart of the poor more than hunger and high prices. Make not many proclamations; but those thou makest take care that they be good ones, and above all that they be observed and carried out; for proclamations that are not observed are the same as if they did not exist; nay, they encourage the idea that the prince who had the wisdom and authority to make them had not the power to enforce them; and laws that threaten and are not enforced come to be like the log, the king of the frogs, that frightened them at first, but that in time they despised and mounted upon. Be a father to virtue and a stepfather to vice. Be not always strict, nor yet always lenient, but observe a mean between these two extremes, for in that is the aim of wisdom. Visit the jails, the slaughterhouses, and the market places; for the presence of the governor is of great importance in such places; it comforts the prisoners who are in hopes of a speedy release, it is the bugbear of the butchers who have then to give just weight, and it is the terror of the market women for the same reason. Let it not be seen that thou art (even if perchance thou art, which I do not believe) covetous, a follower of women, or a glutton; for when the people and those that have dealings with thee become aware of thy special weakness they will bring their batteries to bear upon thee in that quarter, till they have brought thee down to the depths of perdition. Consider and reconsider, con and con over again, the advice and the instructions I gave thee before thy departure hence to thy government, and thou wilt see that in them, if thou dost follow them, thou hast a help at hand that will lighten for thee the troubles and difficulties that beset governors at every step. Write to thy lord and lady and show thyself grateful to them, for ingratitude is the daughter of pride, and one of the greatest sins we know of; and he who is grateful to those who have been good to him shows that he will be so to God also who has bestowed and still bestows so many blessings upon him.

My lady the duchess sent off a messenger with thy suit and another present to thy wife Teresa Panza; we expect the answer every moment. I have been a little indisposed through a certain cat scratching I came in for, not very much to the benefit of my nose; but it was nothing; for if there are enchanters who maltreat me, there are also some who defend me. Let me know if the major-domo who is with thee had any share in the Trifaldi performance, as thou didst suspect; and keep me informed of everything that happens to thee, as the distance is so short; all the more as I am thinking of giving over very shortly this idle life I am now lead-

ing, for I was not born for it. A thing has occurred to me which I am inclined to think will put me out of favor with the duke and duchess; but though I am sorry for it I do not care, for after all I must obey my calling rather than their pleasure, in accordance with the common saying, *amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas.* I quote this Latin to thee because I conclude that since thou hast been a governor thou wilt have learned it. Adieu; God keep thee from being an object of pity to any one.

Thy friend,

DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA.

Sancho listened to the letter with great attention, and it was praised and considered wise by all who heard it; he then rose up from table, and calling his secretary shut himself in with him in his own room, and without putting it off any longer set about answering his master Don Quixote at once; and he bade the secretary write down what he told him without adding or suppressing anything, which he did, and the answer was to the following effect.

SANCHO PANZA'S LETTER TO DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA.

The pressure of business is so great upon me that I have no time to scratch my head or even to cut my nails; and I wear them so long — God send a remedy for it. I say this, master of my soul, that you may not be surprised if I have not until now sent you word of how I fare, well or ill, in this government, in which I am suffering more hunger than when we two were wandering through the woods and wastes.

My lord the duke wrote to me the other day to warn me that certain spies had got into this island to kill me; but up to the present I have not found out any except a certain doctor who receives a salary in this town for killing all the governors that come here; he is called Doctor Pedro Recio, and is from Tirteafuera; so you see what a name he has to make me dread dying under his hands. This doctor says of himself that he does not cure diseases when there are any, but prevents them coming, and the medicines he uses are diet and more diet, until he brings one down to bare bones; as if leanness was not worse than fever.

In short he is killing me with hunger, and I am dying myself of vexation; for when I thought I was coming to this government to get my meat hot and my drink cool, and take my ease between holland sheets on feather beds, I find I have come to do penance as if I was a hermit; and as I don't do it willingly I suspect that in the end the devil will carry me off.

So far I have not handled any dues or taken any bribes, and I don't know what to think of it; for here they tell me that the governors that come to this island, before entering it have plenty of money either given to them or lent to them by the people of the town, and that this is the usual custom not only here but with all who enter upon governments.

Last night going the rounds I came upon a fair damsel in man's clothes, and a brother of hers dressed as a woman; my head carver has fallen in love with the girl, and has in his own mind chosen her for a wife, so he says, and I have chosen the youth for a son-in-law; to-day we are going to explain our intentions to the father of the pair, who is one Diego de la Llana, a gentleman and an old Christian as much as you please.

I have visited the market places, as your worship advises me, and yesterday I found a stall keeper selling new hazelnuts and proved her to have mixed a bushel of old empty rotten nuts with a bushel of new; I confiscated the whole for the children of the charity school, who will know how to distinguish them well enough, and I sentenced her not to come into the market place for a fortnight; they told me I did bravely. I can tell your worship it is commonly said in this town that there are no people worse than the market women, for they are all barefaced, unconscionable, and impudent, and I can well believe it from what I have seen of them in other towns.

I am very glad my lady the duchess has written to my wife Teresa Panza and sent her the present your worship speaks of; and I will strive to show myself grateful when the time comes; kiss her hands for me, and tell her I say she has not thrown it into a sack with a hole in it, as she will see in the end. I should not like your worship to have any difference with my lord and lady, for if you fall out with them it is plain it must do me harm; and as you give me advice to be grateful it will not do for your worship not to be so yourself to those who have shown you such kindness, and by whom you have been treated so hospitably in their castle.

That about the cat scratching I don't understand; but I suppose it must be one of the ill turns the wicked enchanters are always doing your worship; when we meet I shall know all about it. I wish I could send your worship something; but I don't know what to send, unless it be some very curious clyster pipes, to work with bladders, that they make in this island; but if the office remains with me I'll find out something to send, one way or another. If my wife Teresa Panza writes to me, pay the postage and send me the letter, for I have a very great desire to hear how my house and wife and children are going on. And so, may God deliver your worship from evil-minded enchanters, and bring me well and peace-

fully out of this government, which I doubt, for I expect to take leave of it and my life together, from the way Doctor Pedro Recio treats me.

Your worship's servant,
SANCHO PANZA THE GOVERNOR.

The secretary sealed the letter, and immediately dismissed the courier; and those who were carrying on the joke against Sancho, putting their heads together, arranged how he was to be dismissed from the government. Sancho spent the afternoon in drawing up certain ordinances relating to the good government of what he fancied the island; and he ordained that there were to be no provision hucksters in the State, and that men might import wine into it from any place they pleased, provided they declared the quarter it came from, so that a price might be put upon it according to its quality, reputation, and the estimation it was held in; and he that watered his wine, or changed the name, was to forfeit his life for it. He reduced the prices of all manner of shoes, boots, and stockings, but of shoes in particular, as they seemed to him to run extravagantly high. He established a fixed rate for servants' wages, which were becoming recklessly exorbitant. He laid extremely heavy penalties upon those who sang lewd or loose songs either by day or night. He decreed that no blind man should sing of any miracle in verse, unless he could produce authentic evidence that it was true, for it was his opinion that most of those the blind men sing are trumped up, to the detriment of the true ones. He established and created an alguacil of the poor, not to harass them, but to examine them and see whether they really were so; for many a sturdy thief or drunkard goes about under cover of a make-believe crippled limb or a sham sore. In a word, he made so many good rules that to this day they are preserved there, and are called *The constitutions of the great governor Sancho Panza*. . . .

And now, lo and behold the page who had carried the letters and presents to Teresa Panza, the wife of the governor Sancho, entered the hall; and the duke and duchess were very well pleased to see him, being anxious to know the result of his journey; but when they asked him the page said in reply that he could not give it before so many people or in a few words, and begged their excellencies to be pleased to let it wait for a private opportunity, and in the mean time amuse themselves with these let-

ters; and taking out the letters he placed them in the duchess' hand. One bore by way of address, *Letter for my lady the Duchess So-and-so, of I don't know where;* and the other, *To my husband Sancho Panza, governor of the island of Barataria, whom God prosper longer than me.* The duchess' bread would not bake, as the saying is, until she had read her letter; and having looked over it herself and seen that it might be read aloud for the duke and all present to hear, she read out as follows: —

TERESA PANZA'S LETTER TO THE DUCHESS.

The letter your highness wrote me, my lady, gave me great pleasure, for indeed I found it very welcome. The string of coral beads is very fine, and my husband's hunting suit does not fall short of it. All this village is very much pleased that your ladyship has made a governor of my good man Sancho; though nobody will believe it, particularly the curate, and Master Nicholas the barber, and the bachelor Samson Carrasco; but I don't care for that, for so long as it is true, as it is, they may all say what they like; though, to tell the truth, if the coral beads and the suit had not come I would not have believed it either; for in this village everybody thinks my husband a numskull, and except for governing a flock of goats, they cannot fancy what sort of government he can be fit for. God grant it, and direct him according as he sees his children stand in need of it. I am resolved with your worship's leave, lady of my soul, to make the most of this fair day, and go to Court to stretch myself at ease in a coach, and make all those I have envying me already burst their eyes out; so I beg your excellence to order my husband to send me a small trifle of money, and to let it be something to speak of, because one's expenses are heavy at the Court; for a loaf costs a real, and meat thirty maravedis a pound, which is beyond everything; and if he does not want me to go let him tell me in time, for my feet are on the fidgets to be off; and my friends and neighbors tell me that if my daughter and I make a figure and a brave show at Court, my husband will come to be known far more by me than I by him, for of course plenty of people will ask, "Who are those ladies in that coach?" and some servant of mine will answer, "The wife and daughter of Sancho Panza, governor of the island of Barataria;" and in this way Sancho will become known, and I'll be thought well of, and "to Rome for everything." I am as vexed as vexed can be that they have gathered no acorns this year in our village; for all that I send your highness about half a peck that I went to the wood to gather and pick out one by one myself, and I could find no bigger ones; I wish they were as big as ostrich eggs.

Let not your high mightiness forget to write to me; and I will take care to answer, and let you know how I am, and whatever news there may be in this place, where I remain, praying our Lord to have your highness in his keeping and not to forget me.

Sancha, my daughter, and my son, kiss your worship's hands.

She who would rather see your ladyship than write to you,

Your servant,

TERESA PANZA.

All were greatly amused by Teresa Panza's letter, but particularly the duke and duchess; and the duchess asked Don Quixote's opinion whether they might open the letter that had come for the governor, which she suspected must be very good. Don Quixote said that to gratify them he would open it, and did so, and found that it ran as follows: —

TERESA PANZA'S LETTER TO HER HUSBAND SANCHO PANZA.

I got thy letter, Sancho of my soul, and I promise thee and swear as a Catholic Christian that I was within two fingers' breadth of going mad, I was so happy. I can tell thee, brother, when I came to hear that thou wert a governor I thought I should have dropped dead with pure joy; and thou knowest they say sudden joy kills as well as great sorrow; and as for Sanchica thy daughter, she leaked from sheer happiness. I had before me the suit thou didst send me, and the coral beads my lady the duchess sent me round my neck, and the letters in my hands, and there was the bearer of them standing by, and in spite of all this I verily believed and thought that what I saw and handled was all a dream; for who could have thought that a goatherd would come to be a governor of islands? Thou knowest, my friend, what my mother used to say, that one must live long to see much; I say it because I expect to see more if I live longer; for I don't expect to stop until I see thee a farmer of taxes or a collector of revenue, which are offices where, though the devil carries off those who make a bad use of them, still they make and handle money. My lady the duchess will tell thee the desire I have to go to the Court; consider the matter and let me know thy pleasure; I will try to do honor to thee by going in a coach.

Neither the curate, nor the barber, nor the bachelor, nor even the sacristan, can believe that thou art a governor, and they say the whole thing is a delusion or an enchantment affair, like everything belonging to thy master Don Quixote; and Samson says he must go in search of thee and drive the government out of thy head and the madness out of Don Quixote's skull; I only laugh, and look at my

string of beads, and plan out the dress I am going to make for our daughter out of thy suit. I sent some acorns to my lady the duchess; I wish they had been gold. Send me some strings of pearls if they are in fashion in that island. Here is the news of the village: La Berrueca has married her daughter to a good-for-nothing painter, who came here to paint anything that might turn up. The council gave him an order to paint his Majesty's arms over the door of the townhall; he asked two ducats, which they paid him in advance; he worked for eight days, and at the end of them had nothing painted, and then said he had no turn for painting such trifling things; he returned the money, and for all that has married on the pretense of being a good workman; to be sure he has now laid aside his paint brush and taken a spade in hand, and goes to the field like a gentleman. Pedro Lobo's son has received the first orders and tonsure, with the intention of becoming a priest. Minguilla, Mingo Silvato's granddaughter, found it out, and has gone to law with him on the score of having given her promise of marriage. Evil tongues say she is with child by him, but he denies it stoutly. There are no olives this year, and there is not a drop of vinegar to be had in the whole village. A company of soldiers passed through here; when they left they took away with them three of the girls of the village; I will not tell thee who they are; perhaps they will come back, and they will be sure to find those who will take them for wives with all their blemishes, good or bad. Sanchica is making bone lace; she earns eight maravedis a day clear, which she puts into a money box as a help towards house furnishing; but now that she is a governor's daughter thou wilt give her a portion without her working for it. The fountain in the plaza has run dry. A flash of lightning struck the gibbet, and I wish they all lit there. I look for an answer to this, and to know thy mind about my going to the Court; and so, God keep thee longer than me, or as long, for I would not leave thee in this world without me.

Thy wife,

TERESA PANZA.

The letters were applauded, laughed over, relished, and admired; and then, as if to put the seal to the business, the courier arrived, bringing the one Sancho sent to Don Quixote, and this, too, was read out, and it raised some doubts as to the governor's simplicity. The duchess withdrew to hear from the page about his adventures in Sancho's village, which he narrated at full length without leaving a single circumstance unmentioned. He gave her the acorns, and also a cheese which Teresa had given him as being particularly good and superior

to those of Tronchon. The duchess received it with greatest delight, in which we will leave her, to describe the end of the government of the great Sancho Panza, flower and mirror of all governors of islands.

Of the Troublous End and Termination Sancho Panza's Government came to.

To fancy that in this life anything belonging to it will remain forever in the same state, is an idle fancy; on the contrary, in it everything seems to go in a circle, I mean round and round. The spring succeeds the summer, the summer the fall, the fall the autumn, the autumn the winter, and the winter the spring, and so time rolls with never-ceasing wheel. Man's life alone, swifter than time, speeds onward to its end without any hope of renewal, save it be in that other life which is endless and boundless. Thus saith Cid Hamet the Mahometan philosopher; for there are many that by the light of nature alone, without the light of faith, have a comprehension of the fleeting nature and instability of this present life and the endless duration of that eternal life we hope for; but our author is here speaking of the rapidity with which Sancho's government came to an end, melted away, disappeared, vanished as it were in smoke and shadow. For as he lay in bed on the night of the seventh day of his government, sated, not with bread and wine, but with delivering judgments and giving opinions and making laws and proclamations, just as sleep, in spite of hunger, was beginning to close his eyelids, he heard such a noise of bell ringing and shouting that one would have fancied the whole island was going to the bottom. He sat up in bed and remained listening intently to try if he could make out what could be the cause of so great an uproar; not only, however, was he unable to discover what it was, but as countless drums and trumpets now helped to swell the din of the bells and shouts, he was more puzzled than ever, and filled with fear and terror; and getting up he put on a pair of slippers because of the dampness of the floor, and without throwing a dressing gown or anything of the kind over him he rushed out of the door of his room, just in time to see approaching along a corridor a band of more than twenty persons with lighted torches and naked swords in their hands, all shouting out, "To arms, to arms, señor governor, to

arms! The enemy is in the island in countless numbers, and we are lost unless your skill and valor come to our support."

Keeping up this noise, tumult, and uproar, they came to where Sancho stood dazed and bewildered by what he saw and heard, and as they approached one of them called out to him, "Arm at once, your lordship, if you would not have yourself destroyed and the whole island lost."

"What have I to do with arming?" said Sancho. "What do I know about arms or supports? Better leave all that to my master Don Quixote, who will settle it and make all safe in a trice; for I, sinner that I am, God help me, don't understand these scuffles."

"Ah, señor governor," said another, "what slackness of mettle this is! Arm yourself; here are arms for you, offensive and defensive; come out to the plaza and be our leader and captain; it falls upon you by right to be so, for you are our governor."

"Arm me then, in God's name," said Sancho, and they at once produced two large shields they had come provided with, and placed them upon him over his shirt, without letting him put on anything else, one shield in front and the other behind; and passing his arms through openings they had made, they bound him tight with ropes, so that there he was walled and boarded up as straight as a spindle and unable to bend his knees or stir a single step. In his hand they placed a lance, on which he leant to keep himself from falling, and as soon as they had him thus fixed, they bade him march forward and lead them on and give them all courage; for with him for their guide and lamp and morning star, they were sure to bring their business to a successful issue.

"How am I to march, unlucky being that I am?" said Sancho, "when I can't stir my kneecaps, for these boards I have bound so tight to my body won't let me. What you must do is to carry me in your arms, and lay me across or set me upright in some postern, and I'll hold it either with this lance or with my body."

"On, señor governor!" cried another, "it is fear more than the boards that keeps you from moving; make haste, stir yourself, for there is no time to lose; the enemy is increasing in numbers, the shouts grow louder, and the danger is pressing."

Urged by these exhortations and reproaches the poor governor made an attempt to advance, but fell to the ground with

such a crash that he fancied he had broken himself all to pieces. There he lay like a tortoise inclosed in its shell, or a side of bacon between two kneading troughs, or a boat bottom up on the beach; nor did the gang of jokers feel any compassion for him when they saw him down; so far from that, extinguishing their torches they began to shout afresh and to renew the calls to arms with such energy, trampling on poor Sancho, and slashing at him over the shield with their swords in such a way that, if he had not gathered himself together and made himself small and drawn in his head between the shields, it would have fared badly with the poor governor, as, squeezed into that narrow compass, he lay, sweating and sweating again, and commending himself with all his heart to God to deliver him from his present peril. Some stumbled over him, others fell upon him, and one there was who took up a position on top of him for some time, and from thence as if from a watchtower issued orders to the troops, shouting out, "Here, our side! Here the enemy is thickest! Hold the breach there! Shut that gate! Barricade those ladders! Here with your stinkpots of pitch and resin, and kettles of boiling oil! Block the streets with feather beds!" In short, in his ardor he mentioned every little thing, and every implement and engine of war by means of which an assault upon a city is warded off, while the bruised and battered Sancho, who heard and suffered all, was saying to himself, "O if it would only please the Lord to let the island be lost at once, and I could see myself either dead or out of this torture!" Heaven heard his prayer, and when he least expected it he heard voices exclaiming, "Victory, victory! The enemy retreats beaten! Come, señor governor, get up, and come and enjoy the victory, and divide the spoils that have been won from the foe by the might of that invincible arm."

"Lift me up," said the wretched Sancho, in a woe-begone voice. They helped him to rise, and as soon as he was on his feet he said, "The enemy I have beaten you may nail to my forehead; I don't want to divide the spoils of the foe, I only beg and entreat some friend, if I have one, to give me a sup of wine, for I'm parched with thirst, and wipe me dry, for I'm turning to water."

They rubbed him down, fetched him wine, and unbound the shields, and he seated himself upon his bed, and with fear, agitation, and fatigue he fainted away. Those who had been concerned in the joke were now sorry they had pushed it so

far; however, the anxiety his fainting away had caused them was relieved by his returning to himself. He asked what o'clock it was; they told him it was just daybreak. He said no more, and in silence began to dress himself, while all watched him, waiting to see what the haste with which he was putting on his clothes meant.

He got himself dressed at last, and then, slowly, for he was sorely bruised and could not go fast, he proceeded to the stable, followed by all who were present, and going up to Dapple embraced him and gave him a loving kiss on the forehead, and said to him, not without tears in his eyes, "Come along, comrade and friend and partner of my toils and sorrows; when I was with you and had no cares to trouble me except mending your harness and feeding your little carcass, happy were my hours, my days, and my years; but since I left you, and mounted the towers of ambition and pride, a thousand miseries, a thousand troubles, and four thousand anxieties have entered into my soul;" and all the while he was speaking in this strain he was fixing the pack saddle on the ass, without a word from any one. Then having Dapple saddled, he, with great pain and difficulty, got up on him, and addressing himself to the major-domo, the secretary, the head carver, and Pedro Recio the doctor, and several others who stood by, he said, "Make way, gentlemen, and let me go back to my old freedom; let me go look for my past life, and raise myself up from this present death. I was not born to be a governor or protect islands or cities from the enemies that choose to attack them. Plowing and digging, vine dressing and pruning, are more in my way than defending provinces or kingdoms. Saint Peter is very well at Rome; I mean each of us is best following the trade he was born to. A reaping hook fits my hand better than a governor's scepter; I'd rather have my fill of gazpacho than be subject to the misery of a meddling doctor who kills me with hunger, and I'd rather lie in summer under the shade of an oak, and in winter wrap myself in a double sheepskin jacket in freedom, than go to bed between holland sheets and dress in sables under the restraint of a government. God be with your worships, and tell my lord the duke that 'naked I was born, naked I find myself, I neither lose nor gain;' I mean that without a farthing I came into this government, and without a farthing I go out of it, very different from the way governors commonly leave other islands. Stand aside and let me go; I have to plaster myself, for I be-

lieve every one of my ribs is crushed, thanks to the enemies that have been trampling over me to-night."

"That is unnecessary, señor governor," said Doctor Recio, "for I will give your worship a draught against falls and bruises that will soon make you as sound and strong as ever; and as for your diet I promise your worship to behave better, and let you eat plentifully of whatever you like."

"You speak late," said Sancho. "I'd as soon turn Turk as stay any longer. Those jokes won't pass a second time. By God, I'd as soon remain in this government, or take another, even if it was offered me between two plates, as fly to heaven without wings. I am of the breed of the Panzas, and they are every one of them obstinate, and if they once say 'odds,' odds it must be, no matter if it is evens, in spite of all the world. Here in this stable I leave the ant's wings that lifted me up into the air for the swifts and other birds to eat me, and let's take to level ground and our feet once more; and if they're not shod in pinked shoes of cordovan, they won't want for rough sandals of hemp; 'every ewe to her like,' and 'let no one stretch his leg beyond the length of the sheet;' and now let me pass, for it's growing late with me."

To this the major-domo said, "Señor governor, we would let your worship go with all our hearts, though it sorely grieves us to lose you, for your wit and Christian conduct naturally make us regret you; but it is well known that every governor, before he leaves the place where he has been governing, is bound first of all to render an account. Let your worship do so for the ten days you have held the government, and then you may go and the peace of God go with you."

"No one can demand it of me," said Sancho, "but he whom my lord the duke shall appoint; I am going to meet him, and to him I will render an exact one; besides, when I go forth naked as I do, there is no other proof needed to show that I have governed like an angel."

"By God, the great Sancho is right," said Doctor Recio, "and it is my opinion we should let him go, for the duke will be beyond measure glad to see him."

They all agreed to this, and allowed him to go, first offering to bear him company and furnish him with all he wanted for his own comfort or for the journey. Sancho said he did not want anything more than a little barley for Dapple, and half a cheese and half a loaf for himself; for the distance being so

short there was no occasion for any better or bulkier provant. They all embraced him, and he with tears embraced all of them, and left them filled with admiration not only at his remarks but at his firm and sensible resolution.

SONNETS OF LOPE DE VEGA.

TRANSLATED BY LONGFELLOW.

[LOPE DE VEGA (Lope Felix de Vega Carpio), the famous Spanish dramatist and poet, was born at Madrid on the 25th of November, 1562. He went to the Jesuits' college of Madrid and the University of Alcalá, after which he was attached to the service of the Bishop of Avila and the Duke of Alva. In 1588 he joined the Armada, and while at sea wrote the poem entitled "Angelica." He entered the Church about 1612, and took priest's orders (1614). He died at Madrid, August 27, 1635. Vega was the idol of his contemporaries, and his popularity outside of Spain was almost as remarkable. One of the most prolific authors in the history of literature, he wrote, according to a conservative estimate, eighteen hundred three-act plays, besides hundreds of "autos," several long epic poems, prose romances, religious pastorals, dramatic interludes, etc. Of his four hundred and fifty printed plays may be mentioned: "The Star of Seville," his chief work; "The Gardener's Dog"; "Love and Honor"; "Cavalier of Olmedo."]

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

SHEPHERD! that with thine amorous, sylvan song
Hast broken the slumber which encompassed me, —
That mad'st thy crook from the accursed tree,
On which thy powerful arms were stretched so long!
Lead me to mercy's ever-flowing fountains;
For thou my shepherd, guard, and guide shalt be;
I will obey thy voice, and wait to see
Thy feet all beautiful from the mountains.
Hear, Shepherd! — thou who for thy flock art dying,
O, wash away these scarlet sins, for thou
Rejoicest at the contrite sinner's vow.
O, wait! — to thee my weary soul is crying, —
Wait for me! — Yet why ask it, when I see,
With feet nailed to the cross, thou'rt waiting still for me!

TO-MORROW.

Lord, what am I, that, with unceasing care,
Thou didst seek after me, — that thou didst wait,

Wet with unhealthy dews, before my gate,
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?
O strange delusion! — that I did not greet
Thy blest approach, and O, to Heaven how lost,
If my ingratitude's unkindly frost
Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon thy feet.
How oft my guardian angel gently cried,
"Soul, from thy casement look, and thou shalt see
How he persists to knock and wait for thee!"
And, O! how often to that voice of sorrow,
"To-morrow we will open," I replied,
And when the morrow came I answered still, "To-morrow."

THE ALGUAZIL: A VISION.

By Don FRANCISCO QUEVEDO.

[Francisco de Quevedo y Villegas, the chief of Spanish satirists, was born at Madrid in 1580, son to the secretary of Philip II.'s fourth wife, Anne of Austria. Early orphaned, and a precocious scholar, he studied all known science and letters at the University of Alcala, and had a great European reputation at twenty-one. Living at court under the corrupt régime of the Duke of Lerma, Philip III.'s master, its license and shamelessness disgusted him into lashing all society in his "Dreams" (1607–1608), followed by "The World as it is" (1612), "Review of Witticisms" (1622), and other like productions. Becoming secretary to Giron, Duke of Osuna, he learned politics, and wrote several political works, the chief being "The Policy of God, and the Government of Christ." The duke's fall in 1620 caused Quevedo's exile to New Castile (Colombia), where he had lands; but on Philip IV.'s accession, in 1621, Olivares recalled him and gave him an office at court, where his vast knowledge, experience in affairs, and wit, made him the literary dictator of Spain and a privileged person, a sort of Voltaire without the ban of Church or State, satirizing everything without curb, and in varied literary forms, prose and verse. Besides this, he wrote a comic novel, "Don Pablo of Segovia," of the class of "Lazarillo" and "Guzman"; a dissertation on Job; translations and verses without number. But in December 1639, an anonymous attack on Olivares, which hastened the minister's ruin but left him three years for vengeance, gained Quevedo a dungeon till the minister's fall in January, 1643; his health was fatally undermined, and he died in 1645. His reputation rests on the "Dreams," visions of visits to hell; Byron signed his "Vision of Judgment" "Quevedo Redivivus."]

As I was going a few days since to a convent in this city to hear mass, I saw a prodigious multitude of people endeavoring

to get in, but I was told the gate was locked. A gentleman informed me, upon inquiring the reason of it, that a demoniac was to be exorcised. This made me as curious as the rest; but I was not more successful than they were, and therefore resolved to go home again. As I went along, an acquaintance met me who belonged to the same convent; and he, perceiving my curiosity, having been told the same news that I had, bade me go with him, and he would gain me admittance. Accordingly, going to a little back door, by showing a ticket he had, we both obtained entrance into the church, and from thence into the vestry. The first thing we beheld was a terrible looking fellow, all in rags, with a tippet about his neck, his hands tied behind his back, and roaring like a bull.

"Heaven preserve us," cried I, at the same time crossing myself, "what is the matter with the man?"

"Why," answered the reverend father who was to perform the operation, "he is possessed with a devil."

"That is an execrable falsehood," exclaimed the spirit that troubled him: "it is not a man possessed with a devil, but a devil possessed with a man: therefore you ought to be more careful of what you say; for it is very obvious, both by the question and answer, that you are a parcel of idiots. For, to tell you the truth, we devils never enter into the body of a catchpoll but by compulsion; and therefore you should not say a catchpoll be-deviled, but a devil be-catchpolled. And to give you your due, you men can deal better with us devils than with the catchpolls; for they make use of the cross to cover their villainy, whereas we do all in our power to avoid it.

"If we are so different in our humors, yet we act pretty much alike in our offices; if we draw men into judgment and condemnation, so do catchpolls; we are desirous of the world's becoming more and more wicked, so are they; nay, and much more so than us, for they maintain their families by it, whereas we do it only for the sake of company. And in this, catchpolls are worse than devils; they prey upon their own species, and worry one another, which we never do. For our parts, we are angels still, though black ones; and were turned into devils only for aspiring at an equality with our Creator: whereas, the corruption of mankind is the generation of a catchpoll. So that, my good father, your labor is to no purpose in plying this wretch with *reliques;* for you may as soon redeem a soul from hell, as a prey out of his hands."

It very much astonished me to find the devil so great a sophister: but notwithstanding all this, the holy man went on with his exorcism; and to stop the spirit's mouth, washed his face with holy water: this made the demoniac ten times madder than before, and set him a roaring so horridly that it deafened the company, and made the very walls shake. "And now," says he, "you may perchance imagine this extravagance to be the effect of your holy water; but let me tell you that mere water would have done the same thing: for your catchpolls hate nothing in the world like water; especially that of a King's-Bench pump."

"Come, come," says the father: "there is no ear nor credit to be given to this rascal; set but his tongue at liberty, and you shall have him fall foul upon the government, and the ministers of justice, for keeping the world in order, and suppressing wickedness, because it spoils his market."

"No more chopping of logic, good Mr. Conjurer," says the devil, "for there is more in it than you are aware of: if you will do a poor devil a good office, give me my dispatch out of this wretched Alguazil; for I am a devil, you must know, of no small note, and shall never be able to endure the jests and affronts that will be put upon me at my return for having kept this rascal company."

"All in good time," replied the father, "thou shalt have thy discharge; that is to say, in pity to this unhappy wretch, and not for thy own sake. But tell me first, what makes thee torment him thus?"

"Nothing in the world," answered the devil, "but a contest betwixt him and me, which was the greater devil of the two."

The reverend father did not at all relish these wild and malicious replies; but to me the dialogue was very pleasant, especially being, by this time, a little familiarized with the demon. "My good father," said I, "here are none but friends, and I may speak to you as my confessor, and the confidant of all the secrets of my soul; I am very desirous, with your leave, to ask the devil a few questions; and who knows but a man may be the better for his answers, though very probably contrary to his intention? Keep him only, in the mean time, from tormenting this poor creature."

The exorcist granted my request, and the spirit went on. "Well," says he, smiling, "the devil shall never want a friend

at court, so long as there is a poet within the walls. And indeed, the poets do us many a good turn, both by pimping and otherwise; but if you," said he, "should not be kind to us" (looking upon me), "you will be thought very ungrateful, considering the honor of your entertainment now in hell."

I asked him then, what store of poets they had.

"Prodigious numbers," says the devil; "so many that we have been forced to make more room for them, nor is there anything in nature so pleasant as a poet in the first year of his probation: he comes laden with letters of recommendation to our superiors, and inquires very gravely for Charon, Cerberus, Rhadamanthus, Æacus, and Minos."

"Well," said I, "but in what manner are they punished?" for I began now to make the poets' case my own.

"Their punishments," replied the devil, "are many, and suited to the trade they drive. Some are condemned to hear other men's works; and this is the plague of the fiddlers too. We have others that are in for a thousand years, and yet still poring upon some old stanza they have made on their mistress. Some again are beating their foreheads with the palms of their hands, and even boring their very noses with hot irons, in rage that they cannot come to a resolution whether they shall say 'face' or 'visage'; whether they shall say 'jail' or 'gaol'; whether 'cony' or 'cunny,' because it comes from *cuniculus*, a 'rabbit.' Others are biting their nails to the quick, and at their wits' end for a rhyme for 'chimney'; and dozing up and down in a brown study, till they drop into some hole at last, and give us trouble enough to get them out again. But they that suffer the most, and fare the worst, are your comic poets, for w—ing so many queens and princesses upon the stage, and coupling ladies of honor with footmen, and noblemen with common jilts, in the winding up of their plays; and for giving the bastinado to Alexander and Julius Cæsar in their interludes and farces. Now I must tell you that we do not lodge these with other poets, but with pettifoggers and attorneys, as common dealers in the mystery of shifting, shuffling, forging, and cheating.

"And now for the discipline of hell: you must know we have incomparable harbingers and quartermasters; insomuch, that let them come in whole caravans, as it happened the other day, every man is in his quarter in a moment.

"There came to us a great many tradesmen; the first of them a poor rogue, that made profession of drawing the long-

bow: and him we were about to put among the armorers, but one of the company moved and carried it, that since he was so good at draft, he might be sent to the clerks and scriveners; a sort of people that will fit you with drafts, good and bad, of all sorts and sizes, and to all purposes. Another called himself a cutter: we asked him, whether in wood or stone? 'Neither,' said he, 'but in cloth and stuff, commonly called a tailor;' — and him we turned over to those that were in for detraction and calumny, and for cutting large thongs cut out of other men's leather. There was a blind fellow would fain have been among the poets, but for likeliness' sake we quartered him among the lovers. After him came a sexton, or, as he styled himself, a burier of the dead; and then a cook that was troubled in conscience for putting off cats for hares: these were dispatched away to the pastrymen. We disposed of about half a dozen crack-brained fools among the astrologers and alchemists. In the number there was one notorious murderer, and him we packed away to the gentlemen of the faculty, the physicians. The broken merchants we kenneled with Judas, for making ill bargains. Corrupt ministers and magistrates, with the thief on the left hand. The embroilers of affairs, and the talebearers, take up with the vintners; and the brokers with the Jews. In short, the policy of hell is admirable, where every man has his place suitable to his rank."

"As I remember," said I, "you were just now speaking of lovers; pray tell, have ye many of them in your dominions? I ask, because I am myself a little subject to the itch of love, as well as poetry."

"Love," says the devil, "is like a great spot of oil, that diffuses itself everywhere, and consequently hell cannot but be sufficiently stocked with that sort of vermin. But let me tell you, we have many kinds of lovers; some dote upon themselves; others upon their pelf; these upon their own discourses; those upon their own actions; and once in an age, perchance, comes a fellow that dotes upon his own wife: but this is a great rarity, for the jades commonly bring their husbands to repentance, and then the devil may throw his cap at them. But above all, for sport, if there can be any in hell, commend me to those gaudy coxcombs, who, by the variety of colors and ribands they wear, —favors, as they call them, — one would swear they were only dressed up for a sample or kind of inventory of all the gewgaws that are to be had at the

mercers. Others you shall have so overcharged with peruque, that you will not easily know the head of a cavalier from the ordinary block of a tire-woman. And some again you would take for carriers, by their packs and bundles of love letters; which being made combustible by the fire and flame they treat of, we are so thrifty of, as to employ upon singeing their own tails, for the saving of better fuel. But, oh! the pleasant postures of the maiden lover, when he is upon the practice of the gentle leer, and embracing the air for his mistress! Others we have that are condemned for fingering, and yet never coming to the scratch: these pass for a kind of buffoon pretenders; ever at the eve, but never at the festival. Some again have ruined themselves, like Judas, for a kiss.

"One story lower is the abode of contented cuckolds; a poisonous place, and strewed all over with the horns of rams and bulls. These are so well read in women, and know their destiny so well beforehand, that they never so much as trouble their heads for the matter.

"Ye come next to the admirers of old women; and these are wretches of so depraved an appetite that if they were not kept tied up, and in chains, the very devils themselves could not resist them. The truth is, whatever you may think of a devil, he is regarded by them as a very Adonis.

"Thus far I have satisfied your curiosity; a word now for your instruction. If you would make an interest in hell, you must give over that roguish way you have got of abusing the devils in your shows, pictures, and emblems: at one time, for instance, we are painted with claws or talons, like eagles or griffins; at another, we are dressed up with tails, like so many hackney-jades with their fly-flaps; and now and then ye shall see a devil with a cockscomb. Now I will not deny but some of us may, indeed, be very well taken for hermits and philosophers. If you can help us in this point, do; and we shall be ready to do you one good turn for another. I was asking Michael Angelo here a while ago, why he drew the devils in his great piece of the 'Last Judgment' with so many monkey faces, and merry-andrew postures. His answer was, that he followed his fancy without any malice in the world, for as then he had never seen any devils, nor indeed did he believe that there were any — but he hath now learned the contrary, to his cost. There is another thing, too, we take extremely ill; which is, that in your ordinary discourses you

are out with your purse presently to every rascal, and call him devil. As for example: 'Do you see how this devil of a tailor has spoiled my clothes?' 'how that devil has made me wait?' 'how that devil has cheated me?' etc. All this is very ill done, and no small disparagement to our quality, to be ranked with tailors: a company of slaves, that serve us in hell only for brushwood, and are obliged to beg hard to be admitted on any condition; though I confess they have possession on their sides, and custom, which is another law: being in possession of theft, and stolen goods, they make much more conscience of keeping your stuffs than your holidays, grumbling and domineering at every turn, if they have not the same respect with the children of the family. Ye have another trick, too, of giving everything to the devil that displeases you, which we cannot but take very unkindly. 'The devil take thee,' says one: an excellent present, I warrant ye; but the devil has somewhat else to do than to take and carry away all that is given him: if they will come of themselves, let them come, and welcome. Another gives that rascal of a valet to the devil; but the devil will have none of your valets, he thanks you for your love: a pack of rogues, that are for the most part worse than devils; and, to say the truth, they are good neither roast nor sodden. 'I give that Italian to the devil,' cries a third: thank you for nothing; for ye shall have an Italian will trick the devil himself, and take him by the nose like mustard. Some, again, will be for giving a Spaniard to the devil; but he has been so cruel whenever he has got footing that we had rather have his room than his company, and make a present to the Grand Signior of his nutmegs."

Here the devil paused: and in the same instant, there happening a slight scuffle betwixt a couple of conceited coxcombs, which should go foremost, I turned to see the matter, and cast my eye upon a certain taxgatherer that had ruined a friend of mine; and, in some sort to revenge myself of this ass in a lion's skin, I asked the devil whether they had not that sort of bloodsuckers among the rest in their dominions, —an informing, projecting generation of men, and the very bane of a kingdom.

"You know little," says he, "if you do not know these vermin to be the right heirs of perdition, and that they claim hell for their inheritance: and yet we are now even upon the point of discarding them; for they are so pragmatical and ungrateful

that there is no bearing them. They are at this present time in consultation about an impost upon the highway to hell; and indeed, payments run so high already, and are so likely to increase too, that it is much feared in the end we shall quite lose our trading and commerce. But if ever they come to put this in execution, we shall be so bold as to treat them next bout, by keeping them on the wrong side of the door, which will be worse than hell to them; for it leaves them no retreat, being expelled Paradise and Purgatory already."

"This race of vipers," said I, "will never be quiet, till they tax the way to Heaven itself."

"Oh," replied the devil, "that had been done long since, if they had found it worth their trouble; but they have had a factor abroad these ten years, that is glad to wipe his nose on his sleeve still, for want of a handkerchief."

"But pray, upon what do they design to levy these new impositions?"

"For that," answered the devil, "there is a gentleman of the trade at your elbow can tell you all": pointing to my old friend the publican.

This drew the eyes of the whole company upon him, and put him so out of countenance, that he plucked down his hat over his face, clapped his tail between his legs, and went his way, with which we were all of us well enough pleased; and then the devil continued.

"Well," said he, laughing, "my voucher is departed, you see; but I think I can say as much to this point as himself. The impositions now to be set on foot are upon barenecked ladies, patches, mole-skins, Spanish paper, and all the unnecessary part of the effeminate world; upon your capes *à-la-mode*, excess in apparel, collations, rich furniture, your cheating and blasphemy, your gaining ordinaries, and in general, upon whatsoever serves to advance our empire: so that, without a friend at court, or some good magistrate to help us out at a dead lift, and stick to us, we may even shut up our shop, for you will find hell a very desert."

"Well," said I, "methinks I see nothing in all this but what is very reasonable; for to what purpose serves it, but to corrupt good manners, stir up ill appetites, provoke and encourage all sorts of debauchery, destroy all that is good and honorable in human society, and chalk out, in effect, the ready way to the devil! I heard you mention something just now of magistrates: I hope there are no judges in hell?"

"You may as well imagine," cried the spirit, "that there are no devils there: let me tell you, friend of mine, your corrupt judges are the great spawners that supply our lake; for what are those millions of catchpolls, proctors, attorneys, clerks, and barristers, that come sailing to us every day in shoals, but the fry of such judges? Nay, sometimes, in a lucky year, for cheating, forging, and forswearing, we can hardly find room to put them in."

"Do you mean to infer from hence now," said I, "that there is no justice upon earth?"

"Very right," quoth the devil, "for Astræa, which is the same thing, is long since fled to heaven. Do not you know the story?"

"Indeed," replied I, "I do not."

"Then," quoth the devil, "I will tell it you: —

"'It once happened, that Truth and Justice came together to take up their quarters upon earth; but the one being naked, and the other very severe and plain-dealing, they could not meet with anybody that would receive them. At last, when they had wandered a long time, like vagabonds, in the open air, Truth was glad to take up her lodging with a mute; and Justice, perceiving that though her name was much used as a cloak to knavery, yet that she herself was in no esteem, took up a resolution of returning to heaven. Before she departed, she bid adieu, in the first place, to all courts, palaces, and great cities, and went into the country, where she met with some few poor simple cottagers; but Malice and Persecution at last discovered her, and she was banished thence too. She next presented herself in many places, and people asked her what she was: she answered them, "Justice"; for she would not lie for the world. "Justice!" cried they, "we know nothing of her: tell her, here is nothing for her, and shut the door." Upon these repulses she took wing, and away she went to heaven, hardly leaving so much as the bare print of her footsteps behind. Her name, however, is not yet forgotten; and she is pictured with a sceptre in her hand, and still called Justice.'

"But give her what name you please, she makes as good a figure in hell as a tailor; and, for sleight of hand, puts down all the jilts, cheats, picklocks, and trepanners in the world: to say the truth, avarice is grown to that height, that men employ all the faculties of soul and body to rob and deceive. The lecher, does not he steal away the honor of his mistress, though

with her consent? The attorney picks your pocket, and shows you a law for it. The comedian gets your money and your time by reciting other men's labors; the lover cozens you with his eyes; the eloquent man with his tongue; the valiant with his arms; the musician with his voice and fingers; the astrologer with his calculations; the apothecary with sickness and health; the surgeon with blood; and the physician with death itself. In some sort or other they are all cheats: but the catchpoll, in the name of Justice, abuses you with his whole man; he watches you with his eyes, follows you with his feet, seizes with his hands, accuses with his tongue; and in fine, put it in your Litany, 'From catchpolls as well as devils, good Lord, deliver us.'"

"What is the reason," cried I, "that you have not coupled women with the thieves? for they are both of a trade."

"Not a word of women, as you love me," replied the devil; "for we are so tired out with their importunities, so deafened with the eternal clack of their tongues, that we start at the very thought of them: and to speak sincerely, hell were no ill winter quarters, if it were not so overstocked with that sort of cattle. Since the death of the witch of Endor, it has been all their business to improve themselves in subtlety and malice, and to set us together by the ears among ourselves. Nay, some of them are so bold as to tell us, that when we have done our worst, they give us a Rowland for our Oliver. Only this comfort we have, that they are a cheaper plague to us than they are to you; for we have no public walks, concerts, or playhouses in our territories, where they can go astray." . . .

"I am very well satisfied," said I, "with all your answers; but pray, once again, what store of beggars have you in hell? poor people, I mean."

"Poor?" cried the devil: "who are they?"

"Those," said I, "that have no possessions in the world."

"How can that be," quoth he, "that those should be damned that have nothing in the world, when men are only damned for what they possess? To tell you the truth, I find none of their names in our books, which is no wonder; for he that has nothing to trust to, shall be left by the devil himself, in time of need. To deal plainly with you, where have you greater devils than your flatterers, false friends, lewd company, and envious persons? than a son, a brother, or a relation that lies in wait for your life to get your fortune; that mourns over

you in your sickness, and already wishes that the devil had you? Now the poor have nothing of this: they are neither flattered nor envied; nor befriended, nor accompanied; there is no gaping for their possessions: and in short, they are a sort of people that live well, and die better; and there are some of them that would not exchange their rags for royalty itself. They are at liberty to go and come when they please, be it war or peace; free from cares, taxes, and public duties. They fear no judgments or executions, but live as inviolable as if their persons were sacred. They take no thought for to-morrow; but setting a just value on their hours, they are good husbands of the present: considering that what is past is as good as dead, and what is to come uncertain. But they say, 'When the devil preaches, the world is near an end.'"

"The divine hand is in this," cried the reverend father that performed the exorcism: "thou art the father of lies, and yet deliverest truths able to mollify and convert a heart of stone."

"Do not you mistake yourself," said the devil, "to suppose that your conversion is my business. I speak these truths to aggravate your guilt, and that you may not plead ignorance another day, when you shall be called to answer for your transgressions. It is true, most of you shed tears at parting; but it is the apprehension of death, and not true repentance, that works upon you; for you are all a pack of hypocrites: or if at any time you entertain those reflections, your trouble is, that your body will not be able to answer your appetites; and then you pretend to pick a quarrel with the sin that forsakes you."

"Thou art an impostor," replied the exorcist, "for there are many righteous souls that draw their sorrow from another fountain. But I perceive you have a mind to amuse us, and make us lose time; and perchance, your own hour is not yet come, to quit the body of this miserable creature: however, I conjure thee, in the name of the Most High, to leave tormenting him, and to hold thy peace."

The devil obeyed; and the good father, turning to us, "My friends," says he, "though I verily believe that it is the devil who has talked to us all the while, through the organs of this miserable wretch, yet he that sincerely considers what has been said may profit by the discourse. Wherefore, without considering whence it came, remember that Saul, although a wicked prince, prophesied; and that honey has been extracted

from the mouth of a lion. Withdraw, then, and I shall make it my prayer, as it is my hope, that this terrifying and wonderful spectacle may lead you to a true sight of your errors, and at last make you forsake them and turn to the paths of righteousness and equity."

ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

Related by Himself.

[Captain John Smith, English colonist and author, was born at Willoughby, Lincolnshire, January, 1579; saw active military service in the Netherlands; and while fighting against the Turks in the Hungarian army was captured and sold into slavery. He succeeded in making his escape, and in 1606 joined an expedition for the colonization of Virginia. While on a voyage up the James River he was taken captive by Indians, and only saved from death by the pleading of Pocahontas, the beautiful daughter of the Indian chieftain Powhatan. Smith afterwards explored Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries; was elected president of the Colonial Council, and went back to London about 1609. The remainder of his life was spent in vain endeavors to procure financial support for the establishment of a colony in New England. He died in London, June 21, 1632. Among his writings are: "A True Relation," "A Description of New England," "General History of Virginia," and "True Travels."]

The battell of Rotenton; a pretty stratagem of fireworkes by Smith.

Rodoll not knowing how to draw the enemie to battell, raised his Armie, burning and spoyling all where he came, and returned againe towards Rebrinke in the night; as if he had fled upon the generall rumour of the Crym-Tartars coming, which so inflamed the Turkes of a happy victory, they urged Jeremy against his will to follow them. Rodoll seeing his plot fell out as he desired, so ordered the matter, that having regained the streights, he put his Army in order, that had beene neere two dayes pursued, with continuall skirmishes in his Reare, which now making head against the enemie, that followed with their whole Armie in the best manner they could, was furiously charged with six thousand Hydukes, Wallachians, and Moldavians, led by three Colonells, Oversall, Dubras, and Caleb, to entertaine the time till the rest came up; Veltus and

Nederspolt with their Regiments entertained them with the like courage, till the Zanzacke Hammesbeg, with six thousand more, came with a fresh charge, which Meldritch and Budemdorfe, rather like enraged lions than men, so bravely encountred, as if in them only had consisted the victory; Meldritchs horse being slaine under him the Turks pressed what they could to have taken him prisoner, but being remounted, it was thought with his owne hand he slew the valiant Zanzacke, whereupon his troopes retyring, the two proud Bashawes, Aladin and Zizimmus, brought up the front of the body of their battell. Veltus and Nederspolt having breathed, and joyning their troopes with Becklefield and Zarvana, with such an incredible courage charged the left flancke of Zizimmus, as put them all in disorder, where Zizimmus the Bashaw was taken prisoner, but died presently upon his wounds. Ieremie seeing now the maine battell of Rodoll advance, being thus constrained, like a valiant Prince in his front of the Vantgard, by his example so brauely encouraged his souldiers, that Rodoll found no great assurance of the victorie. Thus being joyned in this bloudy massacre, that there was scarce ground to stand upon, but upon the dead carkasses, which in lesse than an hower were so mingled, as if each Regiment had singled out other. — The admired Aladin that day did leave behinde him a glorious name for his valour, whose death many of his enemies did lament after the victory, which at that instant fell to Rodoll. It was reported Ieremie was also slaine, but it was not so, but fled with the remainder of his Armie to Moldavia, leaving five and twenty thousand dead in the field, of both Armies. And thus Rodoll was seated againe in his Soueraignty, and Wallachia became subject to the Emperour.

But long he rested not to settle his new estate, but there came newes that certaine Regiments of stragling Tartars were foraging those parts towards Moldavia. Meldritch with thirteene thousand men was sent against them, but when they heard it was the Crym-Tartar and sonnes, with an Army of thirty thousand; and Ieremie, that had escaped with fourteene or fifteen thousand, lay in ambush for them about Langanaw, he retired towards Rottenton, a strong garrison for Rodoll; but they were so environed with these hellish numbers, they could make no great haste for skirmishing with their scouts, forragers, and small parties that still encountred them. But one night amongst the rest, having made passage through a wood,

with an incredible expedition, cutting trees thwart each other to hinder their passage, in a thicke fogge early in the morning, unexpectedly they met two thousand loaded with pillage, and two or three hundred horse and cattell; the most of them were slaine and taken prisoners, who told them where Ieremie lay in the passage, expecting the Crym-Tartar that was not farre from him. Meldritch intending to make his passage perforce, was advised of a pretty stratagem by the English Smith, which presently he thus accomplished; for having accommodated two or three hundred truncks with wilde fire, upon the heads of lances, and charging the enemie in the night, gave fire to the truncks, which blazed forth such flames and sparkles, that it so amazed not onely their horses but their foot also, that by the meanes of this flaming encounter, their owne horses tirned tailes with such fury, as by their violence overthrew Ieremy and his Army, without any losse at all to speak of to Meldritch. But of this voctory long they triumphed not; for being within three leagues of Rottenton, the Tartar with neere forty thousand so beset them, that they must either fight, or be cut in peeces flying. Here Busca and the Emperour had their desire; for the Sunne no sooner displayed his beames, than the Tartar his colours; where at midday he stayed awhile, to see the passage of a tyrannicall and treacherous imposture, till the earth did blush with the bloud of honesty, that the Sunne for shame did hide himselfe from so monstrous sight of a cowardly calamity. — It was a most brave sight to see the banners and ensignes streaming in the aire, the glittering of Armour, the variety of colours, the motion of plumes, the forrests of lances, and the thicknesse of shorter weapons, till the silent expedition of the bloudy blast from the murdering Ordnance, whose roaring voice is not so soone heard, as felt by the aymed at object, which made among them a most lamentable slaughter.

How Captaine Smith was sent prisoner thorow the Blacke and Dissabacca Sea in Tartaria; the description of those Seas, and his usage.

This Noble Gentlewoman tooke sometime occasion to shew him to some friends, or rather to speake with him, because shee could speake Italian, would feigne her selfe sick when she

should goe to the Banians, or weepe over the graves, to know how Bogall tooke him prisoner; and if he were as the Bashaw writ to her, a Bohemian Lord conquered by his hand, as hee had many others, which ere long hee would present her, whose ransomes should adorne her with the glorie of his conquests.

But when she heard him protest he knew no such matter, nor ever saw Bogall till he bought him at Axopolis, and that hee was an English-man, onely by his adventures made a Captaine in those Countreyes. To trie the truth, shee found means to finde out many could speake English, French, Dutch, and Italian, to whom relating most part of these former passages he thought necessarie, which they so honestly reported to her, she tooke (as it seemed) much compassion on him; but having no use for him, lest her mother should sell him, she sent him to her brother, the Tymor Bashaw of Nalbrits, in the Countrey of Cambia, a Province in Tartaria.

Here now let us remember his passing in this speculative course from Constantinople by Sander, Screwe, Panassa, Musa, Lastilla, to Varna, an ancient Citie upon the Blacke Sea. In all which journey, having little more libertie, than his eyes judgment since his captivitie, he might see the Townes with their short Towers, and a most plaine, fertile, and delicate Countrey, especially that most admired place of Greece, now called Romania, but from Varna, nothing but the Blacke Sea water, till he came to the two Capes of Taur and Pergilos, where hee passed the Straight of Niger, which (as he conjectured) is some ten leagues long, and three broad, betwixt two low lands, the Channell is deepe, but at the entrance of the Sea Dissabacca, there are many great Osieshoulds, and many great blacke rockes, which the Turkes said were trees, weeds, and mud, throwen from the in-land Countryes, by the inundations and violence of the Current, and cast there by the Eddy. They sayled by many low Iles, and saw many more of those muddy rockes, and nothing else, but salt water, till they came betwixt Susax and Curuske, only two white townes at the entrance of the river Bruapo appeared: In six or seven dayes saile, he saw foure or five seeming strong castles of stone, with flat tops and battlements about them, but arriving at Cambia, he was (according to their custome) well used. The river was there more than halfe a mile broad. The Castle was of a large circumference, fourteene or fifteene foot thick, in the

foundation some six foot from the wall, is a Pallizado, and then a ditch of about fortie foot broad full of water. On the west side of it is a Towne all of low flat houses, which as he conceived could bee of no great strength, yet it keepes all them barbarous Countreyes about it in admiration and subjection. After he had stayed there three days, it was two dayes more before his guides brought him to Nalbrits, where the Tymor then was resident, in a great vast stonie Castle with many great Courts about it, environed with high stone wals, where was quartered their Armes, when they first subjected those Countreyes, which only live to labour for those tyrannicall Turkes.

To her unkinde brother, this kinde ladie writ so much for his good usage, that hee halfe suspected, as much as she intended; for shee told him, he should there but sojourne to learne the language, and what it was to be a Turke, till time made her Master of her selfe. But the Tymor her brother diverted all this to the worst of crueltie, for within an houre after his arrivall, he caused his Drub-man to strip him naked, and shave his head and beard so bare as his hand, a great ring of iron, with a long stalke bowed like a sickle, rivetted about his neckle, and a coat made of Vlgries haire, guarded about with a peece of undrest skinne. There were many more Christian slaves, and neere an hundred Forsados of Turkes and Moores, and he being the last, was slave of slaves to them all. Among these slavish fortunes there was no great choice; for the best was so bad, a dog could hardly have lived to endure, and yet for all their paines and labours no more regarded than a beast.

The Turkes diet; the Slaves diet; the attire of the Tartars; and manner of Warres and Religions, etc.

The Tymor and his friends fed upon Pillaw, which is boiled Rice and Garnances, with little bits of mutton or Buckones, which is rosted peeces of Horse, Bull, Vlgrie, or any beasts. Samboyses and Muselbits are great dainties, and yet but round pies, full of all sorts of flesh they can get chopped with variety of herbs. Their best drink is Coffa, of a graine they call Coava, boiled with water; and Sherbecke, which is only honey and water; Mares milke, or the milke of any beast, they hold restorative: but all the Comminaltie drinke pure water. Their bread is made of this Coava, which is kinde of blacke wheat, and

Cuskus a small white seed like Millia in Biskay: but our common victuall, the entrailes of Horse and Vlgries; of this cut in small peeces, they will fill a great Cauldron, and being boiled with Cuskus, and put in great bowles in the forme of chaffing-dishes, they sit round about it on the ground, after they have raked it thorow so oft as they please with their foule fists, the remainder was for the Christian slaves. Some of this broth they would temper with Cuskus pounded, and putting the fire off from the hearth, powre there a bowle full, then cover it with coales till it be baked, which stewed with the remainder of the broth, and some small peeces of flesh, was an extraordinary daintie.

The better sort are attired like Turkes, but the plaine Tartar hath a blacke sheepe skinne over his backe, and two of the legs tied about his necke; the other two about his middle, with another over his belly, and the legs tied in the like manner behinde him: then two more made like a paire of bases, serveth him for breeches; with a little close cap to his skull of blacke felt, and they use exceeding much of this felt, for carpets, for bedding, for Coats, and Idols. Their houses are much worse than your Irish, but the In-land Countreyes have none but Carts and Tents, which they ever remove from Countrey to Countrey, as they see occasion, driving with them infinite troopes of blacke sheepe, Cattell and Vlgries, eating all up before them, as they goe.

For the Tartars of Nagi, they have neither Towne, nor house, corne, nor drinke; but flesh and milke. The milke they keep in great skinnes like Burracho's, which though it be never so sower, it agreeth well with their strong stomackes. They live all in Hordias, as doth the Crim-Tartars, three or foure hundred in a company, in great Carts fifteene or sixteene foot broad, which is covered with small rods, wattled together in the forme of a birds nest turned upwards, and with the ashes of bones tempered with oile, Camels haire, and a clay they have, they lome them so well, that no weather will pierce them, and yet verie light. Each Hordia hath a Murse, which they obey as their King. Their Gods are infinite. One or two thousand of those glittering white Carts drawen with Camels, Deere, Buls, and Vlgries, they bring round in a ring, where they pitch their Campe; and the Murse, with his chiefe alliances, are placed in the midst. — They doe much hurt when they can get any Stroggs, which are great boats used upon the

river Volga, (which they call Edle) to them that dwell in the Countrey of Perolog, and would doe much more, were it not for the Muscovites Garrisons that there inhabit.

How captaine Smith escaped captivity; slew the Bashaw of Nalbrits in Cambia; his passage to Russia, Transilvania, and the middest of Europe to Affrica.

All the hope he had ever to be delivered from this thraldome was only the love of Tragabigzanda, who surely was ignorant of his bad usage; for although he had often debated the matter with some Christians, that had beene there a long time slaves, they could not finde how to make an escape, by any reason of possibility; but God beyond mans expectation or imagination helpeth his servants, when they least thinke of helpe, as it hapned to him. So long he lived in this miserable estate, as he became a thresher at a grange in a great field, more than a league from the Tymors house; the Bashaw as he oft used to visit his granges, visited him, and tooke occasion so to beat, spurne, and revile him, that forgetting all reason, he beat out the Tymors braines with his threshing bat, for they have no flailes; and seeing his estate could be no worse than it was, clothed himselfe in his clothes, hid his body under the straw, filled his knapsacke with corne, shut the doores, mounted his horse, and ranne into the desart at all adventure; two or three dayes thus fearfully wandring he knew not whither, and well it was he met not any to aske the way; being even as taking leave of this miserable world, God did direct him to the great way or Castragan, as they call it, which doth crosse these large territories, and generally knowne among them by these marks.

In every crossing of this great way is planted a post, and in it so many bobs with broad ends, as there be wayes, and every bob the figure painted on it, that demonstrateth to what part that way leadeth; as that which pointeth towards the Cryms Country, is marked with a halfe Moone, if towards the Georgians and Persia, a blacke man, full of white spots, if towards China, the picture of the Sunne, if towards Muscovia, the signe of a Crosse, if towards the habitation of any other Prince, the figure whereby his standard is knowne. — To his dying spirits thus God added some comfort in this melancholy

journey, wherein if he had met any of that wilde generation, they had made him their slave, or knowing the figure engraven in the iron about his necke, (as all slaves have) he had beene sent backe againe to his master; sixteene dayes he travelled in this feare and torment, after the Crosse, till he arrived at Æcopolis, upon the river Don, a garrison of the Muscovites. The governour after due examination of those his hard events, tooke off his irons, and so kindly used him, he thought himselfe new risen from death, and the good Lady Callamata largely supplied all his wants.

Smith and the Virginia Indians.

The Salvages having drawne from George Cassen whether Captaine Smith was gone, prosecuting that opportunity they followed him with 300. bowmen, conducted by the King of Pamavnkee, who in divisions searching the turnings of the river, found Robinson and Emry by the fire side, those they shot full of arrowes and slew. Then finding the Captaine, as is said, they used the Salvage that was his guide as his sheld (three of them being slaine and divers other so gauld) all the rest would not come neere him. Thinking thus to have returned to his boat, regarding them, as he marched, more then his way, slipped up to the middle in an oasie creeke and his Salvage with him, yet durst they not come to him till being neere dead with cold, he threw away his armes. Then according to their composition they drew him forth and led him to the fire, where his men were slaine. Diligently they chafed his benumbed limbs. He demanding for their Captaine, they shewed him Opechankanough, King of Pamavnkee, to whom he gave a round Ivory double compass Dyall. Much they marvailed at the playing of the Fly and Needle, which they could see so plainely, and yet not touch it, because of the glasse that covered them. But when he demonstrated by that Globe-like Jewell, the roundnesse of the earth, and skies, the spheare of the Sunne, Moone, and Starres, and how the Sunne did chase the night round about the world continually; the greatnesse of the Land and Sea, the diversitie of Nations, varietie of complexions, and how we were to them Antipodes, and many other such like matters, they all stood as amazed with admiration. Notwithstanding, within an houre after they tyed him to a tree, and as many as could stand about him pre-

pared to shoot him, but the King holding up the Compass in his hand, they all laid downe their Bowes and Arrowes, and in a triumphant manner led him to Orapaks, where he was after their manner kindly feasted, and well used.

Their order in conducting him was this; Drawing themselves all in fyle, the King in the middest had all their Peeces and Swords borne before him. Captaine Smith was led after him by three great Salvages, holding him fast by each arme: and on each side six went in fyle with their Arrowes nocked. But arriving at the Towne (which was but onely thirtie or fortie hunting houses made of Mats, which they remove as they please, as we our tents) all the women and children staring to behold him, the souldiers first all in fyle performed the forme of a Bissom so well as could be; and on each flanke, officers as Serieants to see them keepe their orders. A good time they continued this exercise, and then cast themselves in a ring, dauncing in such severall Postures, and singing and yelling out such hellish notes and screeches; being strangely painted, every one his quiver of Arrowes, and at his backe a club; on his arme a Fox or an Otters skinne, or some such matter for his vambrace; their heads and shoulders painted red, with Oyle and Pocones mingled together, which Scarlet-like colour made an exceeding handsome shew, his Bow in his hand, and the skinne of a Bird with her wings abroad dryed, tyed on his head, a peece of copper, a white shell, a long feather, with a small rattle growing at the tayles of their snaks tyed to it, or some such like toy. All this while Smith and the King stood in the middest guarded, as before is said, and after three dances they all departed. Smith they conducted to a long house, where thirtie or fortie tall fellowes did guard him, and ere long more bread and venison was brought him then would have served twentie men, I thinke his stomacke at that time was not very good; what he left they put in baskets and tyed over his head. About midnight they set the meate againe before him, all this time not one of them would eate a bit with him, till the next morning they brought him as much more, and then did they eate all the old, and reserved the new as they had done the other, which made him thinke they would fat him to eat him. Yet in this desperate estate to defend him from the cold, one Maocassater brought him his gowne, in requitall of some beads and toyes Smith had given him at his first arrivall in Virginia.

Two dayes after a man would have slaine him (but that the guard prevented it) for the death of his sonne, to whom they condicted him to recover the poore man then breathing his last. Smith told them that at James towne he had a water would doe it, if they would let him fetch it, but they would not permit that; but made all the preparations they could to assault James towne, craving his advice, and for recompence he should have life, libertie, land, and women. In part of a Table booke he writ his minde to them at the Fort, what intended, how they should follow that direction to affright the messengers, and without fayle send him such things as he writ for. And an Inventory with them. The difficultie and danger, he told the Salvages, of the Mines, great gunnes, and other Engins exceedingly affrighted them, yet according to his request they went to James towne, in as bitter weather as could be of frost and snow, and within three dayes returned with an answer.

But when they came to James towne, seeing men sally out as he had told them they would, they fled; yet in the night they came againe to the same place where he had told them they should receive an answer, and such things as he had promised them, which they found accordingly, and with which they returned with no small expedition, to the wonder of them all that heard it, that he could either divine, or the paper could speake: then they led him to the Youthtanunds, the Mattapanients, the Payankatanks, the Nantaughtacunds, and Onawmanients, upon the rivers of Rapahanick, and Patawomek, over all those rivers, and backe againe by divers other severall Nations, to the Kings habitation at Pamavnkee, where they entertained him with most strange and fearefull Coniurations;

As if neare led to hell,
Amongst the Devils to dwell.

Not long after, early in a morning a great fire was made in a long house, and a mat spread on the one side, as on the other; on the one they caused him to sit, and all the guard went out of the house, and presently came skipping in a great grim fellow, all painted over with coale, mingled with oyle; and many Snakes and Wesels skins stuffed with mosse, and all their tayles tyed together, so as they met on the crowne of his head in a tassell; and round about the tassell was as a Coronet of feathers, the skins hanging round about his head, backe, and shoulders, and in a manner covered his face; with a hellish voyce and a

rattle in his hand. With most strange gestures and passions he began his invocation, and environed the fire with a circle of meale; which done, three more such like devils came rushing in with the like antique tricks, painted halfe blacke, halfe red: but all their eyes were painted white, and some red stroakes like Mutchato's, along their cheekes: round about him those fiends daunced a pretty while, and then came in three more as ugly as the rest; with red eyes, and white stroakes over their blacke faces, at last they all sat downe right against him; three of them on the one hand of the chiefe Priest, and three on the other. Then all with their rattles began a song, which ended, the chiefe Priest layd downe five wheat cornes: then strayning his armes and hands with such violence that he sweat, and his veynes swelled, he began a short Oration: at the conclusion they all gave a short groane; and then layd downe three graines more. After that, began their song againe, and then another Oration, ever laying downe so many cornes as before, til they had twice incirculed the fire; that done, they tooke a bunch of little stickes prepared for that purpose, continuing still their devotion, and at the end of every song and Oration, they layd downe a sticke betwixt the divisions of Corne. Till night, neither he nor they did either eate or drinke, and then they feasted merrily, with the best provisions they could make. Three dayes they used this Ceremony; the meaning whereof they told him, was to know if he intended them well or no. The circle of meale signified their Country, the circles of corne the bounds of the Sea; and the stickes his Country. They imagined the world to be flat and round, like a trencher, and they in the middest. After this they brought him a bagge of gunpowder, which they carefully preserved till the next spring, to plant as they did their corne; because they would be acquainted with the nature of that seede. Opitchapam the Kings brother invited him to his house, where, with as many platters of bread, foule, and wild beasts as did inviron him, he bid him wellcome; but not any of them would eate a bit with him, but put up all the remainder in Baskets. At his returne to Opechancanoughs, all the Kings women, and their children, flocked about him for their parts, as a due by Custome, to be merry with such fragments.

But his waking mind in hydeous dreames did oft see wondrous shapes
Of bodies strange, and huge in growth, and of stupendious makes.

At last they brought him to Meronocomoco, where was Powhatan their Emperor. Here more than two hundred of those grim Courtiers stood wondering at him, as he had beene a monster; till Powhatan and his trayne had put themselves in their greatest braveries. Before a fire upon a seat like a bedsted, he sat covered with a great robe, made of Rarowcun skinnes, and all the tayles hanging by. On either hand did sit a young wench of 18 or 19 yeares, and along on each side the house, two rowes of men, and behind them as many women, with all their heads and shoulders painted red; many of their heads bedecked with the white downe of Birds; but every one with something: and a great chayne of white beads about their necks. At his entrance before the King, all the people gave a great shout. The Queene of Appamatuck was appointed to bring him water to wash his hands, and another brought him a bunch of feathers, in stead of a Towell to dry them: having feasted him after their best barbarous manner they could, a long consultation was held, but the conclusion was, two great stones were brought before Powhatan: then as many as could layd hands on him, dragged him to them, and thereon laid his head, and being ready with their clubs, to beate out his braines, Pocahontas the Kings dearest daughter, when no intreaty could prevaile, got his head in her arms, and laid her owne upon his to save him from death: whereat the Emperour was contented he should live to make him hatchets, and her bells, beads, and copper; for they thought him as well of all occupations as themselves. For the King himselfe will make his owne robes, shooes, bowes, arrowes, pots; plant, hunt, or doe any thing so well as the rest.

They say he bore a pleasant shew,
But sure his heart was sad.
For who can pleasant be, and rest,
That lives in feare and dread.
And having life suspected, doth
It still suspected lead.

Two dayes after, Powhatan having disguised himselfe in the most fearfullest manner he could, caused Capt. Smith to be brought forth to a great house in the woods, and there upon a mat by the fire to be left alone. Not long after from behinde a mat that divided the house, was made the most dolefullest noyse he ever heard; then Powhatan more like a devill then a man, with some two hundred more as blacke as himselfe, came

unto him and told him now they were friends, and presently he should goe to James towne, to send him two great gunnes, and a gryndstone, for which he should give him the Country of Capahowosick, and for ever esteeme him as his sonne Nantaquoud. So to James towne with 12 guides Powhatan sent him. That night they quartered in the woods, he still expecting (as he had done all this long time of his imprisonment) every houre to be put to one death or other: for all their feasting. But almightie God (by his divine providence) had mollified the hearts of those sterne Barbarians with compassion. The next morning betimes they came to the Fort, where Smith having used the Salvages with what kindnesse he could, he shewed Rawhunt, Powhatans trusty servant, two demi-Culverings and a mill-stone to carry Powhatan: they found them somewhat too heavie; but when they did see him discharge them, being loaded with stones, among the boughs of a great tree loaded with Isickles, the yce and branches came so tumbling downe, that the poore Salvages ran away halfe dead with feare. But at last we regained some conference with them, and gave them such toyes; and sent to Powhatan, his women, and children such presents, and gave them in generall full content. Now in James Towne they were all in combustion, the strongest preparing once more to run away with the Pinnace; which with the hazzard of his life, with Sakre falcon and musket shot, Smith forced now the third time to stay or sinke. Some no better then they should be, had plotted with the President, the next day to have put him to death by the Leviticall law, for the lives of Robinson and Emry, pretending the fault was his that had led them to their ends: but he quickly tooke such order with such Lawyers, that he layd them by the heeles till he sent some of them prisoners for England. Now ever once in foure or five dayes, Pocahontas with her attendants brought him so much provision, that saved many of their lives, that els for all this had starved with hunger.

The next night being lodged at Kecoughtan; six or seaven dayes the extreame winde, rayne, frost and snow caused us to keepe Christmas among the Salvages, where we were never more merry, nor fed on more plentie of good Oysters, Fish, Flesh, Wild foule, and good bread; nor never had better fires in England, then in the dry smoaky houses of Kecoughtan: but departing thence, when we found no houses we were not curi-

ous in any weather to lye three or foure nights together under the trees by a fire, as formerly is sayd. An hundred fortie eight foules the President, Anthony Bagnall, and Serieant Pising did kill at three shoots. At Kiskiack the frost and contrary winds forced us three or foure dayes also (to suppresse the insolency of those proud Salvages) to quarter in their houses, yet guard our Barge, and cause them give us what we wanted; though we were but twelve and himselfe, yet we never wanted shelter where we found any houses. The 12 of January we arrived at Werowocomoco, where the river was frozen neare halfe a myle from the shore; but to neglect no time, the President with his Barge so far had approached by breaking the ice, as the ebbe left him amongst those oasie shoules, yet rather then to lye there frozen to death, by his owne example he taught them to march neere middle deepe, a flight shot through this muddy frozen oase. When the Barge floated, he appoynted two or three to returne her aboord the Pinnace. — Where for want of water in melting the ice, they made fresh water, for the river there was salt. But in this march Mr. Russell, (whom none could perswade to stay behinde) being somewhat ill, and exceeding heavie, so overtoyled himselfe as the rest had much adoe (ere he got ashore) to regaine life into his dead benummed spirits. Quartering in the next houses we found, we sent to Powhatan for provision, who sent us plentie of bread, Turkies, and Venison; the next day having feasted us after his ordinary manner, he began to aske us when we would be gone: fayning he sent not for us, neither had he any corne; and his people much lesse: yet for fortie swords he would procure us fortie Baskets. The President shewing him the men there present that brought him the message and conditions, asked Powhatan how it chanced he became so forgetfull; thereat the King concluded the matter with a merry laughter, asking for our Commodities, but none he liked without gunnes and swords, valuing a Basket of Corne more precious than a Basket of Copper; saying he could rate his Corne, but not the Copper.

Captaine Smith seeing the intent of this subtill Salvage began to deale with him after this manner. "Powhatan, though I had many courses to have made my provision, yet beleeving your promises to supply my wants, I neglected all to satisfie your desire: and to testifie my love, I sent you my men for your building, neglecting mine owne. What your people had you have ingrossed, forbidding them our trade: and now

you thinke by consuming the time, we shall consume for want, not having to fulfill your strange demands. As for swords and gunns, I told you long agoe I had none to spare, and you must know those I have can keepe me from want: yet steale or wrong you I will not, nor dissolve that friendship we have mutually promised, except you constraine me by our bad usage."

The King having attentively listened to this Discourse, promised that both he and his Country would spare him what he could, the which within two dayes they should receive. "Yet Captaine Smith," sayth the King, "some doubt I have of your comming hither, that makes me not so kindly seeke to relieve you as I would; for many doe informe me, your coming hither is not for trade, but to invade my people, and possesse my Country, who dare not come to bring you Corne, seeing you thus armed with your men. To free us of this feare, leave aboord your weapons, for here they are needlesse, we being all friends, and forever Powhatans."

With many such discourses they spent the day, quartering that night in the Kings houses. The next day he renewed his building, which hee little intended should proceede. For the Dutch men finding his plentie, and knowing our want, and perceiving his preparations to surprise us, little thinking we could escape both him and famine; (to obtaine his favour) revealed to him so much as they knew of our estates and projects, and how to prevent them. One of them being of so great a spirit, judgement, and resolution, and a hireling that was certaine of his wages for his labour, and ever well used both he and his Countrymen; that the President knew not whom better to trust; and not knowing any fitter for that imployment, had sent him as a spy to discover Powhatans intent, then little doubting his honestie, nor could ever be certaine of his villany till neare halfe a yeare after.

Whilst we expected the coming in of the Country, we wrangled out of the King ten quarters of Corne for a copper Kettell, the which the President perceiving him much to affect, valued it at a much greater rate; but in regard of his scarcity he would accept it, provided we should have as much more the next yeare, or els the Country of Monacan. — Wherein each seemed well contented.

PHILASTER.

By BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

[Beaumont and Fletcher: Two famous Elizabethan dramatists who were so closely associated in their lives and labors that their names have become indissolubly united. They lived in the same house not far from the Globe Theater on the Bankside, sharing all things in common, and from 1606 until 1616 wrote in combination a large number of dramas, the most notable being "The Maid's Tragedy," "Philaster," "A King and No King," "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," "Cupid's Revenge." Beaumont and Fletcher were very popular with their contemporaries, and Dryden informs us that in his time their plays were performed oftener than those of Shakespeare.

Francis Beaumont was born at Grace-Dieu, Leicestershire, in 1584, the son of a judge of Common Pleas. At twelve he entered Oxford, and in 1600 was admitted a member of Lincoln's Inn, but does not seem to have pursued his legal studies. He made the acquaintance of Ben Jonson at the Mermaid Tavern, and wrote commendatory verses to some of his dramas. He died at the early age of thirty-two, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

John Fletcher was born at Rye, Sussex, December, 1579. He was for some time a student of Bennet College (now Corpus), Cambridge, where he acquired a reputation for classical erudition. From that time until his meeting with Beaumont in 1606 nothing definite is known of his life. He died of the plague in London, August, 1625, and was buried in the Church of St. Savior's. Besides the plays above mentioned Fletcher wrote with Massinger, Rowley, and others, "The Knight of Malta," "Thierry and Theodoret," "The Spanish Curate," "The Fair Maid of the Inn," "The Two Noble Kinsmen" (in which Shakespeare probably had a share). He was sole author of "The Faithful Shepherdess"; "The Humorous Lieutenant," and "Rule a Wife and have a Wife."]

Enter Philaster.

Philaster —

Oh, that I had been nourished in these woods
With milk of goats and acorns, and not known
The right of crowns nor the dissembling trains
Of women's looks; but digged myself a cave,
Where I, my fire, my cattle, and my bed,
Might have been shut together in one shed;
And then had taken me some mountain girl,
Beaten with winds, chaste as the hardened rocks
Whereon she dwells, that might have strewed my bed
With leaves and reeds, and with the skins of beasts,
Our neighbors, and have borne at her big breasts
My large coarse issue! This had been a life
Free from vexation.

Enter Bellario.

Bellario —

Oh, wicked men!
An innocent may walk safe among beasts;

Nothing assaults me here. [*Aside*] See, my grieved lord
Sits as his soul were searching out a way
To leave his body! — Pardon me, that must
Break thy last commandment; for I must speak:
You that are grieved can pity; hear, my lord!

Philaster —
Is there a creature yet so miserable,
That I can pity?

Bellario —
Oh, my noble lord,
View my strange fortune, and bestow on me,
According to your bounty (if my service
Can merit nothing), so much as may serve
To keep that little piece I hold of life
From cold and hunger!

Philaster —
Is it thou? begone!
Go, sell those misbeseeming clothes thou wear'st,
And feed thyself with them.

Bellario —
Alas, my lord, I can get nothing for them!
The silly country people think 'tis treason
To touch such gay things.

Philaster —
Now, by my life, this is
Unkindly done, to vex me with thy sight.
Thou'rt fallen again to thy dissembling trade:
How shouldst thou think to cozen me again?
Remains there yet a plague untried for me?
Even so thou wept'st, and looked'st, and spok'st when first
I took thee up:
Curse on the time! If thy commanding tears
Can work on any other, use thy art;
I'll not betray it. Which way wilt thou take?
That I may shun thee, for thine eyes are poison
To mine, and I am loath to grow in rage:
This way, or that way?

Bellario —
Any will serve; but I will choose to have
That path in chase that leads unto my grave.

[*Exeunt severally.*

Enter on one side Dion, *and on the other two* Woodmen.

Dion —
This is the strangest sudden chance! You, Woodmen!

First Woodman — My Lord Dion?

Dion — Saw you a lady come this way on a sable horse studded with stars of white?

Second Woodman — Was she not young and tall?

Dion — Yes. Rode she to the wood or to the plain?

Second Woodman — Faith, my lord, we saw none.

[*Exeunt* Woodmen.

Dion — Plague of your questions then!

Enter CLEREMONT.

What, is she found?

Cleremont — Nor will be, I think.

Dion — Let him seek his daughter himself. She cannot stray about a little, but the whole court must be in arms.

Cleremont — There's already a thousand fatherless tales amongst us. Some say, her horse ran away with her; some, a wolf pursued her; others, it was a plot to kill her, and that armed men were seen in the wood: but, questionless, she rode away willingly.

Enter KING, THRASILINE, *and* Attendants.

King —
Where is she?

Cleremont —
Sir, I cannot tell.

King —
How's that?
Answer me so again!

Cleremont —
Sir, shall I lie?

King —
Yes, lie and damn, rather than tell me that.
I say again, where is she? Mutter not! —
Sir, speak you; where is she?

Dion —
Sir, I do not know.

King —
Speak that again so boldly, and, by Heaven,
It is thy last! — You, fellows, answer me;
Where is she? Mark me, all; I am your King:
I wish to see my daughter; show her me;
I do command you all, as you are subjects,
To show her me! What! am I not your King?
If ay, then am I not to be obeyed?

Dion —
Yes, if you command things possible and honest.

King —
Things possible and honest! Hear me, thou,
Thou traitor, that dar'st confine thy King to things
Possible and honest! show her me,
Or, let me perish, if I cover not
All Sicily with blood!
Dion —
Indeed I cannot,
Unless you tell me where she is.
King —
You have betrayed me; you have let me lose
The jewel of my life. Go, bring her to me,
And set her here before me: 'tis the King
Will have it so; whose breath can still the winds,
Uncloud the sun, charm down the swelling sea,
And stop the floods of heaven. Speak, can it not?
Dion —
No.
King —
No! cannot the breath of kings do this?
Dion —
No; nor smell sweet itself, if once the lungs
Be but corrupted.
King —
Is it so? Take heed!
Dion —
Sir, take you heed how you dare the powers
That must be just.
King —
Alas! what are we kings!
Why do you, gods, place us above the rest,
To be served, flattered, and adored, till we
Believe we hold within our hands your thunder,
And when we come to try the power we have,
There's not a leaf shakes at our threatenings?
I have sinned, 'tis true, and here stand to be punished
Yet would not thus be punished: let me choose
My way, and lay it on!

Dion [*aside*] — He articles with the gods. Would somebody would draw bonds for the performance of covenants betwixt them!

Enter PHARAMOND, GALATEA, *and* MEGRA.

King —
What, is she found?
Pharamond —
No; we have ta'en her horse;

He galloped empty by. There is some treason.
You, Galatea, rode with her into the wood;
Why left you her?

Galatea —
She did command me.

King —
Command! you should not.

Galatea —
'Twould ill become my fortunes and my birth
To disobey the daughter of my King.

King —
You're all cunning to obey us for our hurt;
But I will have her.

Pharamond —
If I have her not,
By this hand, there shall be no more Sicily.

Dion [*aside*] —
What, will he carry it to Spain in's pocket?

Pharamond —
I will not leave one man alive, but the King,
A cook, and a tailor.

King [*aside*] —
I see
The injuries I have done must be revenged.

Dion —
Sir, this is not the way to find her out.

King —
Run all, disperse yourselves. The man that finds her,
Or (if she be killed), the traitor, I'll make him great.

Dion [*aside*] — I know some would give five thousand pounds to find her.

Pharamond —
Come, let us seek.

King —
Each man a several way;
Here I myself.

Dion —
Come, gentlemen, we here.

Cleremont —
Lady, you must go search too.

Megra —
I had rather be searched myself. [*Exeunt severally.*

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter Arethusa.

Arethusa —
Where am I now? Feet, find me out a way,
Without the counsel of my troubled head:
I'll follow you boldly about these woods,
O'er mountains, through brambles, pits, and floods.
Heaven, I hope, will ease me: I am sick. [*Sits down.*

Enter Bellario.

Bellario [*aside*] —
Yonder's my lady. Heaven knows I want
Nothing, because I do not wish to live;
Yet I will try her charity. — Oh, hear,
You that have plenty! from that flowing store
Drop some on dry ground. — See, the lively red
Is gone to guard her heart! I fear she faints. —
Madam, look up! — She breathes not. — Open once more
Those rosy twins, and send unto my lord
Your latest farewell! — Oh, she stirs. — How is it,
Madam? speak comfort.

Arethusa —
'Tis not gently done,
To put me in a miserable life,
And hold me there: I prithee, let me go;
I shall do best without thee; I am well.

Enter Philaster.

Philaster —
I am to blame to be so much in rage:
I'll tell her coolly when and where I heard
This killing truth. I will be temperate
In speaking, and as just in hearing. —
Oh, monstrous! Tempt me not, ye gods! good gods,
Tempt not a frail man! What's he, that has a heart,
But he must ease it here!

Bellario —
My lord, help, help!
The princess!

Arethusa —
I am well: forbear.

Philaster [*aside*] —
Let me love lightning, let me be embraced
And kissed by scorpions, or adore the eyes

Of basilisks, rather than trust the tongues
Of hell-bred women! Some good god look down,
And shrink these veins up; stick me here a stone,
Lasting to ages in the memory
Of this damned act! — Hear me, you wicked ones!
You have put hills of fire into this breast,
Not to be quenched with tears; for which may guilt
Sit on your bosoms! at your meals and beds
Despair await you! What, before my face?
Poison of asps between your lips! diseases
Be your best issues! Nature make a curse,
And throw it on you!

Arethusa —
Dear Philaster, leave
To be enraged, and hear me.

Philaster —
I have done,
Forgive my passion. Not the calmèd sea,
When Æolus locks up his windy brood,
Is less disturbed than I: I'll make you know it.
Dear Arethusa, do but take this sword,
[*Offers his drawn sword.*
And search how temperate a heart I have;
Then you and this your boy may live and reign
In lust without control. Wilt thou, Bellario?
I prithee kill me; thou art poor, and mayst
Nourish ambitious thoughts; when I am dead,
Thy way were freer. Am I raging now?
If I were mad, I should desire to live.
Sirs, feel my pulse, whether you have known
A man in a more equal tune to die.

Bellario —
Alas, my lord, your pulse keeps madman's time!
So does your tongue.

Philaster —
You will not kill me, then?

Arethusa —
Kill you!

Bellario —
Not for a world.

Philaster —
I blame not thee,
Bellario: thou hast done but that which gods
Would have transformed themselves to do. Begone,
Leave me without reply; this is the last

Of all our meetings. [*Exit* Bellario.] Kill me with this sword;
Be wise, or worse will follow: we are two
Earth cannot bear at once. Resolve to do,
Or suffer.

Arethusa —
If my fortune be so good to let me fall
Upon thy hand, I shall have peace in death.
Yet tell me this, will there be no slanders,
No jealousies in the other world; no ill there?

Philaster —
No.

Arethusa —
Show me, then, the way.

Philaster —
Then guide my feeble hand,
You that have power to do it, for I must
Perform a piece of justice! — If your youth
Have any way offended Heaven, let prayers
Short and effectual reconcile you to it.

Arethusa —
I am prepared.

EVADNE'S VENGEANCE.

By BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

(From "The Maid's Tragedy.")

Scene I. — *A Room in the Palace. Enter* Evadne *and* a Gentleman *of the Bedchamber.*

Evadne —
Sir, is the King a-bed?

Gentleman —
Madam, an hour ago.

Evadne —
Give me the key, then, and let none be near;
'Tis the King's pleasure.

Gentleman —
I understand you, madam; would 'twere mine!
I must not wish good rest unto your ladyship.

Evadne —
You talk, you talk.

Gentleman —

'Tis all I dare do, madam; but the King
Will wake, and then, methinks —

Evadne —

Saving your imagination, pray, good night, sir.

Gentleman —

A good night be it, then, and a long one, madam.
I am gone. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II. — *The Bedchamber. The* KING *discovered in Bed, asleep. Enter* EVADNE.

Evadne —

The night grows horrible; and all about me
Like my black purpose. Oh, the conscience
Of a lost virgin, whither wilt thou pull me?
To what things dismal as the depth of hell
Wilt thou provoke me? Let no woman dare
From this hour be disloyal, if her heart be flesh,
If she have blood, and can fear. 'Tis a daring
Above that desperate fool's that left his peace,
And went to sea to fight: 'tis so many sins,
An age cannot repent 'em; and so great,
The gods want mercy for. Yet I must through 'em:
I have begun a slaughter on my honor,
And I must end it there. — He sleeps. Good Heavens!
Why give you peace to this untemperate beast,
That hath so long transgressed you? I must kill him,
And I will do it bravely: the mere joy
Tells me, I merit in it. Yet I must not
Thus tamely do it, as he sleeps — that were
To rock him to another world: my vengeance
Shall take him waking, and then lay before him
The number of his wrongs and punishments:
I'll shape his sins like Furies, till I waken
His evil angel, his sick conscience,
And then I'll strike him dead. King, by your leave:
[*Ties his arms to the bed.*
I dare not trust your strength; your grace and I
Must grapple upon even terms no more.
So, if he rail me not from my resolution,
I shall be strong enough. — My lord the King!
My lord! — He sleeps, as if he meant to wake
No more. — My lord! — Is he not dead already?
Sir! My lord!

King —

Who's that?

Evadne —
Oh, you sleep soundly, sir!
King —
My dear Evadne,
I have been dreaming of thee: come to bed.
Evadne —
I am come at length, sir; but how welcome?
King —
What pretty new device is this, Evadne?
What, do you tie me to you? By my love,
This is a quaint one. Come, my dear, and kiss me;
I'll be thy Mars; to bed, my queen of love:
Let us be caught together, that the gods
May see and envy our embraces.
Evadne —
Stay, sir, stay;
You are too hot, and I have brought you physic
To temper your high veins.
King —
Prithee, to bed, then; let me take it warm;
There thou shalt know the state of my body better.
Evadne —
I know you have a surfeited foul body;
And you must bleed. [*Draws a knife.*
King —
Bleed!
Evadne —
Ay, you shall bleed. Lie still; and if the devil,
Your lust, will give you leave, repent. This steel
Comes to redeem the honor that you stole,
King, my fair name; which nothing but thy death
Can answer to the world.
King —
How's this, Evadne?
Evadne —
I am not she; nor bear I in this breast
So much cold spirit to be called a woman:
I am a tiger; I am anything
That knows not pity. Stir not: if thou dost,
I'll take thee unprepared, thy fears upon thee,
That make thy sins look double, and so send thee
(By my revenge, I will!) to look those torments
Prepared for such black souls.
King —
Thou dost not mean this; 'tis impossible;
Thou art too sweet and gentle.

Evadne —

No, I am not:
I am as foul as thou art, and can number
As many such hells here. I was once fair,
Once I was lovely; not a blowing rose
More chastely sweet, till thou, thou, thou, foul canker,
(Stir not) didst poison me. I was a world of virtue,
Till your cursed court and you (Hell bless you for 't)
With your temptations on temptations
Made me give up mine honor; for which, King,
I am come to kill thee.

King —

No!

Evadne —

I am.

King —

Thou art not!
I prithee speak not these things: thou art gentle,
And wert not meant thus rugged.

Evadne —

Peace, and hear me.
Stir nothing but your tongue, and that for mercy
To those above us; by whose lights I vow,
Those blessèd fires that shot to see our sin,
If thy hot soul had substance with thy blood,
I would kill that too; which, being past my steel,
My tongue shall reach. Thou art a shameless villain;
A thing out of the overcharge of nature,
Sent, like a thick cloud, to disperse a plague,
Upon weak catching women; such a tyrant,
That for his lust would sell away his subjects,
Ay, all his Heaven hereafter!

King —

Hear, Evadne,
Thou soul of sweetness, hear! I am thy King.

Evadne —

Thou art my shame! Lie still; there's none about you,
Within your cries; all promises of safety
Are but deluding dreams. Thus, thus, thou foul man,
Thus I begin my vengeance! [*Stabs him.*

King —

Hold, Evadne!
I do command thee hold.

Evadne —

I do not mean, sir,

To part so fairly with you; we must change
More of these love tricks yet.

King —

What bloody villain
Provoked thee to this murder?

Evadne —

Thou, thou monster!

King —

Oh!

Evadne —

Thou kept'st me brave at court, and w—d me, King;
Then married me to a young noble gentleman,
And w—d me still.

King —

Evadne, pity me!

Evadne —

Hell take me, then! This for my lord Amintor.
This for my noble brother! and this stroke
For the most wronged of women! [*Stabs him.*

King —

Oh! I die. [*Dies.*

Evadne —

Die all our faults together! I forgive thee. [*Exit.*

POEMS OF BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

Aspatia's Song.

By BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

(From "The Maid's Tragedy.")

Lay a garland on my hearse
Of the dismal yew;
Maidens, willow branches bear;
Say, I died true.

My love was false, but I was firm
From my hour of birth.
Upon my buried body lie
Lightly, gentle earth!

Lines on the Tombs in Westminster.

By BEAUMONT.

Mortality, behold and fear!
What a change of flesh is here!
Think how many royal bones
Sleep within this heap of stones;
Here they lie had realms and lands,
Who now want strength to stir their hands;
Where from their pulpits sealed with dust
They preach, "In greatness is no trust."
Here's an acre sown indeed
With the richest royal'st seed
That the earth did e'er suck in,
Since the first man died for sin:
Here the bones of birth have cried,
"Though gods they were, as men they died:"
Here are sands, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruined sides of kings:
Here's a world of pomp and state,
Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

Melancholy.

By FLETCHER.

Hence, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
  Wherein you spend your folly!
There's naught in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see't,
  But only melancholy;
  O sweetest melancholy!
Welcome, folded arms and fixèd eyes,
A sigh that piercing mortifies,
A look that's fastened to the ground,
A tongue chained up without a sound!
Fountain heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves!
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed save bats and owls!
A midnight bell, a parting groan,
These are the sounds we feed upon;
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley;
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.

THE DUCHESS' WOOING.

By JOHN WEBSTER.

(From "The Duchess of Malfi.")

[Flourished first part of seventeenth century; personal biography entirely unknown. Besides much collaboration, he wrote singly "The White Devil" and "The Duchess of Malfi" (his two best), "The Devil's Law Case," "A City Pageant," "Appius and Virginia," and perhaps others.]

Ferdinand —

You are my sister:
This was my father's poniard, do you see?
I'd be loth to see't look rusty, 'cause 'twas his.
I would have you give o'er these chargeable revels;
A visor and a mask are whispering rooms
That were never built for goodness. — Fare ye well. . . .

Duchess —

Shall this move me? If all my royal kindred
Lay in my way unto this marriage,
I'd make them my low footsteps; and even now,
Even in this hate, as men in some great battles,
By apprehending danger, have achieved
Almost impossible actions (I have heard soldiers say so),
So I through frights and threatenings will assay
This dangerous venture. — Cariola,
To thy known secrecy I have given up
More than my life — my fame.

Cariola —

Both shall be safe;
For I'll conceal this secret from the world
As warily as those that trade in poison
Keep poison from their children.

Duchess —

Thy protestation
Is ingenious [ingenuous] and hearty: I believe it.
Is Antonio come?

Cariola —

He attends you.

Duchess —

Good, dear soul,
Leave me; but place thyself behind the arras,
Where thou mayst overhear us. Wish me good speed;
For I am going into a wilderness
Where I shall find nor path nor friendly clew
To be my guide. [CARIOLA *goes behind the arras.*

Enter Antonio.

I sent for you: sit down;
Take pen and ink, and write: are you ready?

Antonio —
Yes.

Duchess —
What did I say?

Antonio —
That I should write somewhat.

Duchess —
O, I remember.
After these triumphs and this large expense,
It's fit, like thrifty husbands, we inquire
What's laid up for to-morrow.

Antonio —
So please your beauteous excellence.

Duchess —
Beauteous!
Indeed, I thank you: I look young for your sake;
You have ta'en my cares upon you.

Antonio —
I'll fetch your grace
The particulars of your revenue and expense.

Duchess —
O, you are
An upright treasurer: but you mistook;
For when I said I meant to make inquiry
What's laid up for to-morrow, I did mean
What's laid up yonder for me.

Antonio —
Where?

Duchess —
In heaven.
I am making my will (as 'tis fit princes should,
In perfect memory), and, I pray, sir, tell me,
Were not one better make it smiling, thus,
Than in deep groans and terrible ghastly looks,
As if the gifts we parted with procured
That violent distraction?

Antonio —
O, much better.

Duchess —
If I had a husband now, this care were quit:
But I intend to make you overseer.
What good deed shall we first remember? say.

Antonio —

Begin with that first good deed began i' the world
After man's creation, the sacrament of marriage:
I'd have you first provide for a good husband;
Give him all.

Duchess —

All!

Antonio —

Yes, your excellent self.

Duchess —

In a winding sheet?

Antonio —

In a couple.

Duchess —

Saint Winifred,[1] that were a strange will!

Antonio —

'Twere stranger if there were no will in you
To marry again.

Duchess —

What do you think of marriage?

Antonio —

I take't, as those that deny purgatory,
It locally contains or heaven or hell;
There's no third place in't.

Duchess —

How do you affect it?

Antonio —

My banishment, feeding my melancholy,
Would often reason thus.

Duchess —

Pray, let's hear it.

Antonio —

Say a man never marry, nor have children,
What takes that from him? only the bare name
Of being a father, or the weak delight
To see the little wanton ride a-cockhorse
Upon a painted stick, or hear him chatter
Like a taught starling.

[1] "A noble British maiden of the seventh century. Prince Cradocus fell in love with her; but she would not accept his suit, and he cut off her head, which rolled to the foot of a hill: it stopped there, and a spring gushed up. Saint Bueno picked up the head and put it back on her shoulders: Winifred came to life, and lived fifteen years thereafter. The fame of her holiness spread: a shrine was built at the spring, and during many centuries that shrine, Holywell, in Flintshire, was the resort of pilgrims. Her day in the Saints' Calendar is November 3. Cradocus was swallowed up by the earth's opening immediately after he severed her head from its trunk."

Duchess —
Fie, fie, what's all this?
One of your eyes is bloodshot; use my ring to't,
They say 'tis very sovereign: 'twas my wedding ring,
And I did vow never to part with it
But to my second husband.
Antonio —
You have parted with it now.
Duchess —
Yes, to help your eyesight.
Antonio —
You have made me stark blind.
Duchess —
How?
Antonio —
There is a saucy and ambitious devil
Is dancing in this circle.
Duchess —
Remove him.
Antonio —
How?
Duchess —
There needs small conjuration, when your finger
May do it: thus; is it fit?
[*She puts the ring upon his finger: he kneels.*
Antonio —
What said you?
Duchess —
Sir,
This goodly roof of yours is too low built;
I cannot stand upright in't nor discourse,
Without I raise it higher: raise yourself;
Or, if you please, my hand to help you: so.
[*Raises him.*
Antonio —
Ambition, madam, is a great man's madness,
That is not kept in chains and close-pent rooms,
But in fair lightsome lodgings, and is girt
With the wild noise of prattling visitants,
Which makes it lunatic beyond all cure.
Conceive not I am so stupid but I aim
Whereto your favors tend: but he's a fool
That, being acold, would thrust his hands i' the fire
To warm them.
Duchess —
So, now the ground's broke,

You may discover what a wealthy mine
I make you lord of.

Antonio —

O my unworthiness!

Duchess —

You were ill to sell yourself:
This darkening of your worth is not like that
Which tradesmen use i' the city; their false lights
Are to rid bad wares of: and I must tell you,
If you will know where breathes a complete man
(I speak it without flattery), turn your eyes,
And progress through yourself.

Antonio —

Were there nor heaven nor hell,
I should be honest: I have long served virtue,
And ne'er ta'en wages of her.

Duchess —

Now she pays it.
The misery of us that are born great!
We are forced to woo, because none dare woo us;
And as a tyrant doubles with his words,
And fearfully equivocates, so we
Are forced to express our violent passions
In riddles and in dreams, and leave the path
Of simple virtue, which was never made
To seem the thing it is not. Go, go brag
You have left me heartless; mine is in your bosom:
I hope 'twill multiply love there. You do tremble:
Make not your heart so dead a piece of flesh,
To fear more than to love me. Sir, be confident:
What is't distracts you? This is flesh and blood, sir;
'Tis not the figure cut in alabaster
Kneels at my husband's tomb. Awake, awake, man!
I do here put off all vain ceremony,
And only do appear to you a young widow
That claims you for her husband, and, like a widow,
I use but half a blush in't.

Antonio —

Truth speak for me;
I will remain the constant sanctuary
Of your good name.

Duchess —

I thank you, gentle love;
And 'cause you shall not come to me in debt,
Being now my steward, here upon your lips
I sign your *Quietus est.* This you should have begged now:

I have seen children oft eat sweetmeats thus,
As fearful to devour them too soon.

Antonio —

But for your brothers?

Duchess —

Do not think of them:
All discord without this circumference
Is only to be pitied, and not feared;
Yet, should they know it, time will easily
Scatter the tempest.

Antonio —

These words should be mine,
And all the parts you have spoke, if some part of it
Would not have savored flattery.

Duchess —

Kneel. [CARIOLA *comes from behind the arras.*

Antonio —

Ha!

Duchess —

Be not amazed; this woman's of my counsel:
I have heard lawyers say, a contract in a chamber
Per verba presenti is absolute marriage.
[*She and* ANTONIO *kneel.*
Bless, Heaven, this sacred gordian, which let violence
Never untwine!

Antonio —

And may our sweet affections, like the spheres,
Be still in motion!

Duchess —

Quickening, and make
The like soft music!

Antonio —

That we may imitate the loving palms,
Best emblem of a peaceful marriage,
That never bore fruit, divided!

Duchess —

What can the church force more?

Antonio —

That fortune may not know an accident,
Either of joy or sorrow, to divide
Our fixèd wishes!

Duchess —

How can the church build faster?
We now are man and wife, and 'tis the church

That must but echo this. — Maid, stand apart:
I now am blind.

Antonio —

What's your conceit in this?

Duchess —

I would have you lead your fortune by the hand
Unto your marriage bed:
(You speak in me this, for we now are one:)
We'll only lie, and talk together, and plot
To appease my humorous kindred; and if you please,
Like the old tale in Alexander and Lodowick,
Lay a naked sword between us, keep us chaste.
O, let me shroud my blushes in your bosom,
Since 'tis the treasury of all my secrets!

[*Exeunt* DUCHESS *and* ANTONIO.

Cariola —

Whether the spirit of greatness or of woman
Reign most in her, I know not; but it shows
A fearful madness: I owe her much of pity. [*Exit.*

LOVE'S VITALITY.

BY MICHAEL DRAYTON.

[1563–1631.]

SINCE there's no hope, come, let us kiss and part, —
Nay, I have done, you get no more of me;
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,
That thus so clearly I myself can free;
Shake hands together, cancel all our vows,
And when we meet in any place again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain.
Now, at the last gasp of Love's failing breath,
When, his pulse failing, passion speechless lies,
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And Innocence is closing up his eyes, —
Now, if thou wouldst, when all have given him over,
From death to life thou yet mightst him recover!

A "CHARACTER."

By Sir THOMAS OVERBURY.

[Sir Thomas Overbury's terrible end, one of the leading *causes célèbres* of English history, has at once caused and overshadowed the remembrance of his literary work. He was a squire's son, born in 1581; took B.A. at Queen's College, Oxford, in 1598, and made the "grand tour," coming back reputed a finished gentleman, witty and brilliant. Robert Carr, a young page of the Earl of Dunbar, becoming intimate with him in Scotland, followed him to London, became James I.'s favorite and Viscount Rochester, had Overbury knighted and did him other favors, while Overbury counseled Carr and stood between him and popular hatred. But Rochester fell into an adulterous intrigue with the promiscuous Lady Essex, and wished to get her divorced and marry her; Overbury advised against it, saying she would do for a mistress but not a wife; Rochester told her of it, and in revenge she tried to have Overbury assassinated, and at length had Rochester arrest him on a trifling pretext and throw him into the Tower, where he was poisoned by her contrivance, dying September 15, 1613; and Rochester (now Earl of Somerset) married the woman. The truth leaked out, and James had them prosecuted; they were condemned, but pardoned, though left in permanent disgrace and obscurity. Overbury's best-known work is the "Characters" (1614), in imitation of Theophrastus; he wrote also "The Wife," a poem, and "Crumms Fallen from King James's Table."]

A Meere Common Lawyer

Is THE best shadow to make a discreet one shew the fairer. Hee is a *materia prima* informed by reports, actuated by statutes, and hath his motion by the favorable intelligence of the court. His law is alwayes furnisht with a commission to arraigne his conscience: but upon judgement given, he usually sets it at large. Hee thinks no language worth knowing but his *Barragouin*. Onely for that point he hath beene a long time at warres with Priscian for a northerne province. He imagines that by super excellency his profession onely is learning, and that it's a prophanation of the temple to his Themis dedicated, if any of the liberall arts be there admitted to offer strange incense to her. For indeed he is all for mony. Seven or eight yeares squires him out, some of his nation lesse standing: and ever since the night of his call, he forgot much what he was at dinner. The next morning his man (in *actua* or *potentia*) injoyes his pickadels. His landresse is then shrewdly troubled in fitting him a ruffe; his perpetuall badge. His love-letters of the last yeare of his gentlemanship are stuft with discontinuances, remitters, and uncore prists: but now be-

ing enabled to speake in proper person, hee talks of a French-hood, in stead of a joynture, wages his law, and joynes issue. Then he begins to sticke his letters in his ground chamber-window; that so the superscription may make his squire-ship transparent. His herauldry gives him place before the minister, because the law was before the gospell. Next tearme he walkes his hoopsleeve gowne to the hall; there it proclaimes him. He feeds fat in the reading, and till it chances to his turne, dislikes no house order so much, as that the month is so contracted to a fortnight. 'Mongst his countrey neighbours, he arrogates as much honor for being reader of an Inne of Chancery, as if it had beene of his owne house. For they, poore soules, take law and conscience, Court and Chancery for all one. He learn'd to frame his cases from putting riddles, and imitating Merlins prophecies, and to set all the crosse-row together by the eares. Yet his whole law is not able to decide Lucans one old controversie 'twixt Tau and Sigma. He accounts no man of his cap and coat idle, but who trots not the circuit. Hee affects no life or quality for it selfe, but for gaine; and that at least, to the stating him in a justice of peace-ship, which is the first quickning soule superadded to the elementary and inanimate forme of his new title. His tearmes are his wives vacations. Yet she then may usurpe divers court-daies, and hath her returnes *in mensem*, for writs of entry: often shorter. His vacations are her termers. But in assise time (the circuit being long) he may have a tryall at home against him by *nisi prius*. No way to heaven he thinkes, so wise, as through Westminster Hall; and his clarkes commonly through it visit both heaven and hell. Yet then hee oft forgets his journeyes end, although hee looke on the Starre-Chamber. Neither is he wholly destitute of the arts. Grammar hee hath enough to make termination of those words which his authority hath endenizon'd. Rhetoricke some; but so little, that its thought a concealement. Logicke enough to wrangle. Arithmetic enough for the ordinals of his yeare books; and number-roles: but he goes not to multiplication; there's a statute against it. So much geometrie, that he can advise in a *perambulatione facienda*, or a *rationalibus divisis*. In astronomy and astrology he is so far seene, that by the Dominicall letter, he knows the holy dayes, and finds by calculation that Michaelmas terme will be long and dirty. Marry hee knowes so much in musicke, that he affects only the most and cunningest discords; rarely a perfect

concord, especially song, except in fine. His skill in perspective endeavors much to deceive the eye of the law, and gives many false colours. He is specially practised in necromancy, (such a kind as is out of the statute of Primo) by raising many dead questions. What sufficiency he hath in criticisme, the foule copies of his speciall pleas will tell you.

Many of the same coat, which are much to be honoured, partake of divers of his indifferent qualities: but so, that discretion, vertue, and sometimes other good learning, concurring and distinguishing ornaments to them, make them as a foyle to set their worth on.

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

By Sir HENRY WOTTON.

[Sir Henry Wotton was born in Kent, 1568, educated at Winchester and Oxford; resided on the Continent 1590–1598, then became secretary to Essex, and an envoy on various important missions; in 1624 provost of Eton College. He wrote poems and pamphlets, "The Elements of Architecture," and "The State of Christendom."]

How happy is he born and taught
  That serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
  And simple truth his utmost skill;

Whose passions not his masters are;
  Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the world by care
  Of public fame or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise
  Nor vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
  Nor rules of state, but rules of good;

Who hath his life from rumors freed;
  Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
  Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise or fear to fall:
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And, having nothing, yet hath all.

POEMS BY GEORGE WITHER.

[GEORGE WITHER, a poet of enormous volume, who lives indestructibly by a few short pieces, was born in Hampshire, England, in 1588, and graduated from Magdalen College, Oxford; heir of a wealthy squire, and educated as a lawyer, but engaging in letters instead. He was a firm Puritan, and raised a troop of horse for the Civil War, in which he became major, and came near being executed on capture; after the Restoration he was sent to the Tower, impeached, and narrowly escaped execution again. He died in 1667. His best considerable work is the "Shepherd's Hunting." He was a fertile hymnologist; he wrote satirical poems and pamphlets, which more than once landed him in prison; but the sweetness and grace of his short secular poems preserve his memory.]

THE AUTHOR'S RESOLUTION IN A SONNET.

(From "Fidelia.")

SHALL I, wasting in despaire,
Dye, because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with car
'Cause another's Rosie are?
Be she fairer than the Day,
Or the flowry Meads in May,
If she thinke not well of me,
What care I *how* faire she be?

Shall my seely heart be pin'd
'Cause I see a woman kind?
Or a well-disposèd Nature
Joynèd with a lovely feature?
Be she Meeker, Kinder than
Turtledove or Pellican:
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's Vertues move
Me to perish for her Love?
Or her well deservings knowne
Make me quite forget mine own?
Be she with that Goodness blest
Which may merit name of best:
If she be not such to me,
What care I how Good she be?

'Cause her *Fortune* seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?
She that beares a Noble mind,
If not outward helpes she find,
Thinks what with them he wold do,
That without them dares her woo;
And unlesse that *Minde* I see,
What care I how great she be?

Great, or Good, or Kind, or Faire,
I will ne'er the more despaire:
If she love me (this beleeve)
I will Die ere she shall grieve.
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorne and let her goe;
For if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be?

A Christmas Carol.

So now is come our joyfulst feast;
Let every man be jolly,
Each room with ivy leaves is drest
And every post with holly.
Though some churls at our mirth repine,
Round your foreheads garlands twine,
Drown sorrow in a cup of wine,
And let us all be merry.

Now all our neighbors' chimneys smoke,
And Christmas blocks are burning;
Their ovens they with baked meats choke,
And all their spits are turning.
Without the door let Sorrow lie;
And if for cold it hap to die,
We'll bury't in a Christmas pie,
And evermore be merry.

Now every lad is wondrous trim,
And no man minds his labor;
Our lasses have provided them
A bagpipe and a tabor.
Young men and maids and girls and boys
Give life to one another's joys,
And you anon shall by their noise
Perceive that they are merry.

Rank misers now do sparing shun,
Their hall of music soundeth;
And dogs thence with whole shoulders run,
So all things here aboundeth.
The country folk themselves advance,
For Crowdy-mutton's come out of France,
And Jack shall pipe, and Jill shall dance,
And all the town be merry.

Ned Swash hath fetched his bands from pawn,
And all his best apparel;
Brisk Nell hath bought a ruff of lawn
With droppings of the barrel.
And those that hardly all the year
Had bread to eat or rags to wear,
Will have both clothes and dainty fare,
And all the day be merry.

Now poor men to the justices
With capons make their arrants,
And if they hap to fail of these,
They plague them with their warrants.
But now they find them with good cheer,
And what they want, they take in beer;
For Christmas comes but once a year,
And then they shall be merry.

Good farmers in the country nurse
The poor, that else were undone;
Some landlords spend their money worse,
On lust and pride at London.
There the roysters they do play,
Drab and dice their lands away,
Which may be ours another day;
And therefore let's be merry.

The client now his suit forbears,
  The prisoner's heart is eased,
The debtor drinks away his cares,
  And for the time is pleased.
Though others' purses be more fat,
Why should we pine or grieve at that?
Hang sorrow, care will kill a cat,
  And therefore let's be merry.

Hark, how the wags abroad do call
  Each other forth to rambling!
Anon you'll see them in the hall,
  For nuts and apples scrambling.
Hark, how the roofs with laughters sound!
Anon they'll think the house goes round,
For they the cellar's depth have found,
  And there they will be merry.

The wenches with their wassail bowls
  About the street are singing,
The boys are come to catch the owls,
  The wild mare in is bringing.
Our kitchen boy hath broke his box,
And to the dealing of the ox
Our honest neighbors come by flocks,
  And here they will be merry.

Now kings and queens poor sheep-cotes have,
  And mate with everybody;
The honest now may play the knave,
  And wise men play at Noddy.
Some Youths will now a mumming go;
Some others play at Rowlandhoe,
And twenty other game boys mo,
  Because they will be merry.

Then wherefore in these merry days
  Should we I pray be duller?
No, let us sing our roundelays
  To make our mirth the fuller;
And whilest thus inspired we sing
Let all the streets with echoes ring:
Woods. and hills, and everything
  Bear witness we are merry.

BASIA.

By THOMAS CAMPION.

[Born about 1550, died 1619. A highly cultivated and fashionable London physician, lyric poet, and songwright of high quality.]

Turn back, you wanton flyer,
And answer my desire
With mutual greeting.
Yet bend a little nearer, —
True beauty still shines clearer
In closer meeting!
Hearts with hearts delighted
Should strive to be united,
Each other's arms with arms enchaining, —
Hearts with a thought,
Rosy lips with a kiss still entertaining.

What harvest half so sweet is
As still to reap the kisses
Grown ripe in sowing?
And straight to be receiver
Of that which thou art giver,
Rich in bestowing?
There is no strict observing
Of times' or seasons' swerving,
There is ever one fresh spring abiding; —
Then what we sow with our lips
Let us reap, love's gains dividing.

LONGING FOR DIVINE UNION.

By THOMAS CAMPION.

Never weather-beaten sail more willing bent to shore,
Never tired pilgrim's limbs affected slumber more,
Than my wearied sprite now longs to fly out of my troubled breast.
O come quickly, sweetest Lord, and take my soul to rest!

Ever blooming are the joys of heaven's high Paradise;
Cold age deafs not there our ears, nor vapor dims our eyes:
Glory there the sun outshines, whose beams the Blessèd only see —
Oh, come quickly, glorious Lord, and raise my sprite to thee!

THE SONG OF TAVY.

By WILLIAM BROWNE.

[1591 to about 1643; Devonshire; wrote "Britannia's Pastorals" (1613-1616), "The Shepherd's Pipe" (1614), and others.]

As careful merchants do expecting stand
(After long time and merry gales of wind)
Upon the place where their brave ship must land,
So wait I for the vessel of my mind.

Upon a great adventure is it bound,
Whose safe return will valued be at more
Than all the wealthy prizes which have crowned
The golden wishes of an age before,

Out of the East jewels of wealth she brings.
Th' unvalued diamond of her sparkling eye
Wants in the treasure of all Europe's kings;
And were it mine, they nor their crowns should buy.

The sapphires ringèd on her panting breast
Run as rich veins of ore about the mold,
And are in sickness with a pale possest
So true, for them I should disvalue gold.

The melting rubies on her cherry lip
Are of such power to hold; that as one day
Cupid flew thirsty by, he stooped to sip,
And fastened there could never get away.

The sweets of Candie are no sweets to me,
When hers I taste; nor the perfumes of price,
Robbed from the happy shrubs of Araby,
As her sweet breath, so powerful to entice.

Oh hasten then, and if thou be not gone
Unto that wishèd traffic through the main,
My powerful sighs shall quickly drive thee on,
And then begin to draw thee back again.

If in the mean rude waves have it opprest
It shall suffice, I ventured at the best.

SEPARATISM AND THE SCROOBY CHURCH.[1]

By EDWARD EGGLESTON.

(From "The Beginners of a Nation.")

[Edward Eggleston: An American Methodist clergyman (1856–79), editor, historian, and novelist; born in Vevay, Ind., December 10, 1837. He edited the *Sunday School Teacher*, *Independent*, *Hearth and Home*, and other papers; and wrote the novels: "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" (1871), and "The Hoosier Schoolboy" (1883), "The End of the World" (1872), "The Mystery of Metropolisville" (1873), "The Circuit Rider" (1874), "Roxy" (1878), "The Graysons" (1887), "The Faith Doctor" (1891), with others, and collections of short stories, besides several popular works on United States history, especially in the colonial times.]

Puritanism [was] the party of a stern and conservative orthodoxy, as opposed to the newer Arminianism which spread so quickly among the High-Church clergy. Standing for ultra Protestantism, for good morals, for an ascetic Sabbath, for a high, dogmatic orthodoxy, Puritanism could not but win the allegiance of the mass of the English people, and especially of the middle class.

To the great brotherhood of Puritans who formed a party within the church there was added a little fringe of Separatists or "Brownists," as they were commonly called, who did not stop with rejecting certain traits of the Anglican service, but spurned the church itself. Upon these ultraists fell the merciless hand of persecution. They were imprisoned, hanged, exiled. They were mostly humble people, and were never numerous; but by their superior boldness in speech and writing, by their attempts to realize actual church organizations on apostolic models, they rendered themselves considerable if not formidable. From this advance guard and forlorn hope of Puritanism, inured to hardship and the battle front, came at length the little band of New England pioneers who made a way into the wilderness over the dead bodies of half their company. The example of these contemned Brownists led to the Puritan settlement of New England. Their type of ecclesiastical organization ultimately dominated the Congregationalism of New England and the nonconformity of the mother country. For these reasons, if for no other, Brownism, however obscure it may have been, is not a negligible element in history.

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The great body of the Puritans seem to have agreed with Bishop Hall that it was "better to swallow a ceremony than to rend a church," and they agreed with him in regarding Separatism as criminal. They were, indeed, too intent on reforming the Church of England to think of leaving it. They made no scruple of defying ecclesiastical regulations when they could, but in the moral code of that day schism was the deadliest of sins.

In the earliest part of Elizabeth's reign, before the beginning of the rule of Whitgift and the High Commission Courts, Puritan divines slighted or omitted the liturgy in many parishes. This became more common after the rise of Cartwright and the Presbyterian movement, about 1570. For example, in the town of Overston, in 1573, there was no divine service according to the Book of Common Prayer, "but insteade thereof two sermons be preached" by men whom the bishop had refused to license. The village of Whiston was also a place of Puritan assemblage, "where it is their joye," writes the Bishop of Peterborough, "to have manie owte of divers parishes, principallie owte of Northampton towne and Overston aforesaid, with other townes thereaboute, there to receive the sacramentes with preachers and ministers to their owne liking, and contrarie to the forme prescribed by the publique order of the realme." Thomas Rogers says, "The brethren (for so did they style them-selves) would neither pray, nor say service, nor baptize, nor celebrate the Lord's Supper, nor marry, nor bury, nor do any other ecclesiastical duty according to law."

At this time some of the Puritan divines held high positions in the church. Whittingham, who had been on the Puritan side of the quarrels in Frankfort, and who had received only a Genevan ordination, succeeded in holding his deanery of Durham until his death in 1579. In 1563 Dr. Turner was sneering at bishops as "white coats" and "tippett gentlemen," while himself Dean of Durham.

But Elizabeth after a while filled the bishoprics with men to her liking, whose heavy hands made the lot of Puritans in the church harder and harder. Many ministers were silenced, but there were many who, by evasion or by straining their consciences, held their benefices. Some Puritan clergymen, when they were to preach, preferred "to walk in the churchyard until sermon time rather than be present at public prayer." Some Puritan laymen had their own way of conforming to the

church. "There is a sort of Semi-Separatist," says Pagitt, as late as 1646, "that will heare our Sermons but not our Common-prayers; and of these you may see every Sunday in our streets sitting and standing about our doores; who, when Prayers are done, rush into our Churches to hear our Sermons."

The growth of Separatist churches was due to two causes. An almost incredible reverence for the letter of the Scriptures had taken the place of older superstitions. There was a strong tendency to revert to the stern spirit of the Old Testament and to adopt the external forms of the New. Religious idealists saw a striking contrast between the discipline of the primitive and almost isolated bands of enthusiastic believers in the apostolic time and the all-inclusive parishes of the hierarchical state church. And in that age of externalism the difference in organic form between the Anglican church and the little synagogues of Christian seceders founded by Paul in the Levant weighed heavily upon the minds of earnest people. It did not occur to them that this primitive organization was probably brought over from the neighboring Jewish congregations from which the converts had withdrawn, and that there might not be any obligation to imitate it under different skies and in a remote age. The Separatist was an idealist. "He lives by the aire," said an opponent, "and there he builds Castles and Churches; none on earth will please him; . . . he must finde out Sir Thomas More's Utopia, or rather Plato's Community, and bee an Elder there." But Separatism was undoubtedly promoted by persecution. Bradford says that the sufferings inflicted on them by the bishops helped some of the Puritans "to see further into things by the light of the word of God. How not only these base and beggerly ceremonies were unlawfull, but also that the lordly and tiranous power of the prelats ought not to be submitted unto." Drawn thus by the letter of the biblical record, while stung by the cruel oppression and galled by the opposition of the constituted authorities to what they deemed the truth divine, it is not strange that religious enthusiasts began to long for societies organized like those of the apostolic age, from which the profane should be excluded by a strict discipline.

The beginning of Separatism has been commonly attributed to Robert Browne, a contentious and able advocate of Separatist doctrines. After a brief and erratic career as an advocate

of these opinions, and after suffering the penalty of his zeal and proving the sincerity of his belief in thirty-two different prisons, in some of which he could not see his hand at noonday, Browne at length began to waver — now inclined to return to the church, now recoiling toward dissent. Worn out in nerves by controversy and persecution, this eccentric man was so alarmed by a solemn sentence of excommunication from a bishop, that he repented and made peace with the English church. He accepted a benefice, but employed a curate to preach for him. Browne lingered on to an unhonored age, imperious and contentious, not able to live with his wife, and held in no reverence by churchmen, while he was despised by Separatists. He died at eighty, in Northampton jail, to which he had been carried on a feather bed laid in a cart. The old man had been committed to prison this thirty-third time in his life for striking a constable who sought to collect a rate.

Separatism in some form existed before Browne's zeal made it a thorn in the side of the bishops. Something like a separation existed in 1567. In 1571 there was an independent church of which we know little but the pastor's name. Bradford even dates independency back to the reign of Mary. In truth, the rise of this sect, from which came the earliest New England colony, appears to be lost in obscurity. Significant movements are usually cradled in rustic mangers, to which no learned magi think it worth their while to journey. The beginning of Separatism was probably in the little conventicles held by devout Puritans who, in the words of one of their own writers, "met together to sing a psalm or to talk of God's word." But Browne, so far as we know, was one of the earliest to organize independent churches, with officers named and classified after those of the petty hierarchies of the early Christian congregations, or rather according to such deductions regarding them as he was able to make from the Epistles of Paul. Separatism, though it owed something to Browne's activity, was not founded by him. Browne's labors began about 1581, and his fiery career as a Brownist had lasted only four or five years when he began to vacillate. A great part of this time was spent in exile, much of it in prison, and very little of it about London. But before 1587 London seems to have been the center of the Separatists, from which they had "sparsed their companies into severall partes of the Realme."

It seems that their rise in London came from the devout

meetings of those who had begun to repudiate the Church of England as antichristian. Without any officers or organization apparently, these people, when we first get sight of them, were wont to assemble in the summer time in the fields about London, sitting down upon a bank while the Bible was expounded now by one and now by another of the company. In the winter it was their custom to spend the whole Sunday together from five o'clock in the morning, eating dinner in company and paying for it by a collection. They responded in prayer only by spontaneous groans or sobs, much after the fashion of the early Quakers, Methodists, and other enthusiasts of a later time. If one of their members returned to a parish assembly, they pronounced him an apostate and solemnly delivered him over to Satan until he should repent.

When they began to organize themselves formally into a church the London Separatists in their turn resorted to the apostolic epistles. These had already been treated like the magician's bottle that is made to yield white wine or red at pleasure. From them whatsoever form of discipline was desired by Anglican, Presbyterian, or Brownist had been derived, and now a still different discipline was deduced, a mean betwixt Presbyterian and Brownist theories. This is known now as Barrowism. It was the form of church government brought by the Pilgrims to Plymouth, and substantially that which prevailed in New England throughout the seventeenth century.

The London Separatists suffered miserably from persecution. Many of them languished and died in prison. Barrow and Greenwood, their leaders, were hanged at Tyburn. A part of them migrated to Amsterdam, while the rest maintained a furtive church in London. Those in Amsterdam, having no lingering abuses of the English church to reform, set every man's conscience to watch his neighbor's conduct. Having seceded from the communion of the Church of England on account of scandals, they were scandalized with the least variation from their rigorous standard by any of their own church members, and they were soon torn asunder with dissensions as the result of this vicariousness of conscience. The innocent vanity of the pastor's wife who could never forego a "toppish" hat and high-heeled shoes was the principal stumbling-block.

Though Separatism had been almost extirpated from England by the close of Elizabeth's reign, there remained even yet

one vigorous society in the north which was destined to exert a remarkable influence on the course of history.

On the southern margin of Yorkshire the traveler alights to-day at the station of Bawtry. It is an uninteresting village, with a rustic inn. More than a mile to the southward, in Nottinghamshire, lies the pleasant but commonplace village of Scrooby. About a mile to the north of Bawtry is Austerfield, a hamlet of brick cottages crowded together along the road. It has a picturesque little church built in the middle ages, the walls of which are three feet thick. This church will seat something more than a hundred people nowadays by the aid of a rather modern extension. In the seventeenth century it was smaller, and there was no ceiling. Then one could see the rafters of the roof while shuddering with cold in the grottolike interior. The country around is level and unpicturesque.

But one is here in the cradle of great religious movements. In Scrooby and in Austerfield were born the Pilgrims who made the first successful settlement in New England. A little to the east lies Gainsborough, from which migrated to Holland in 1606 the saintly Separatist John Smyth, who gave form to a great Baptist movement of modern times. A few miles to the northeast of Bawtry, in Lincolnshire, lies Epworth, the nest from which the Wesleys issued more than a hundred years later to spread Methodism over the world. Religious zeal seems to have characterized the people of this region even before the Reformation, for the country round about Scrooby was occupied at that time by an unusual number of religious houses.

The little Austerfield church and the old church at Scrooby are the only picturesque or romantic elements of the environment, and on these churches the Pilgrims turned their backs as though they had been temples of Baal. In the single street of Austerfield the traveler meets the cottagers of to-day, and essays to talk with them. They are heavy and somewhat stolid, like most other rustic people in the north country, and an accent to which their ears are not accustomed amuses and puzzles them. No tradition of the Pilgrims lingers among them. They have never heard that anybody ever went out of Austerfield to do anything historical. They listen with a bovine surprise if you speak to them of this exodus, and they refer you to the old clerk of the parish, who will know about it. The venerable clerk is a striking figure, not unlike that

parish clerk painted by Gainsborough. This oracle of the hamlet knows that Americans come here as on a pilgrimage, and he tells you that one of them, a descendant of Governor Bradford, offered a considerable sum for the disused stone font at which Bradford the Pilgrim was baptized. But the traveler turns away at length from the rustic folk of Austerfield and the beer drinkers over their mugs in the inn at Bawtry, and the villagers at Scrooby, benumbed by that sense of utter commonplaceness which is left on the mind of a stranger by such an agricultural community. The Pilgrims, then, concerning whom poems have been written, and in whose honor orations without number have been made, were just common country folk like these, trudging through wheat fields and along the muddy clay highways of the days of Elizabeth and James. They were just such men as these and they were not. They were such as these would be if they were vivified by enthusiasm. We may laugh at superfluous scruples in rustic minds, but none will smile at brave and stubborn loyalty to an idea when it produces such steadfast courage as that of the Pilgrims.

And yet, when the traveler has resumed his journey, and recalls Scrooby and Bawtry and Austerfield, the stolid men and gossiping women, the narrow pursuits of the plowman and the reaper, and remembers the flat, naked, and depressing landscape, he is beset by the old skepticism about the coming of anything good out of Nazareth. Nor is he helped by remembering that at the time of Bradford's christening at the old stone font the inhabitants of Austerfield are said to have been "a most ignorant and licentious people," and that earlier in that same century John Leland speaks of "the meane townlet of Scrooby."

But Leland's description of the village suggests the influence that caused Scrooby and the wheat fields thereabout to send forth, in the beginning of the seventeenth century and of a new reign, men capable of courage and fortitude sufficient to make them memorable, and to make these three townlets places of pilgrimage in following centuries.

"In the meane townlet of Scrooby, I marked two things," — it is Leland who writes, — "the parish church not big but very well builded; the second was a great manor place, standing within a moat, and longing to the Archbishop of York." This large old manor place he describes with its outer and inner court. In this manor place, about half a century after

Leland saw it, there lived William Brewster. He was a man of education, who had been for a short time in residence at Cambridge; he had served as one of the under secretaries of state for years; had been trusted beyond all others by Secretary Davison, his patron; and, when Elizabeth disgraced Davison, in order to avoid responsibility for the death of Mary of Scotland, Brewster had been the one friend who clung to the fallen secretary as long as there was opportunity to do him service. Making no further effort to establish himself at court, Brewster went after a while "to live in the country in good esteeme amongst his freinds and the good gentle-men of those parts, espetially the godly and religious." His abode after his retirement was the old manor place now destroyed, but then the most conspicuous building at Scrooby. It belonged in his time to Sir Samuel Sandys, the elder brother of Sir Edwin Sandys, whose work as the master spirit in the later history of the Virginia Company has already been recounted. At Scrooby Brewster succeeded his father in the office of "Post," an office that obliged him to receive and deliver letters for a wide district of country, to keep relays of horses for travelers by post on the great route to the north, and to furnish inn accommodations. In the master of the post at Scrooby we have the first of those influences that lifted a group of people from this rustic region into historic importance. He had been acquainted with the great world, and had borne a responsible if not a conspicuous part in delicate diplomatic affairs in the Netherlands. At court, as at Scrooby, he was a Puritan, and now in his retirement his energies were devoted to the promotion of religion. He secured earnest ministers for many of the neighboring parishes. But that which he builded the authorities tore down. Whitgift was archbishop, and the High Commission Courts were proceeding against Puritans with the energy of the Spanish Inquisition. "The godly preachers" about him were silenced. The people who followed them were proscribed, and all the pains and expense of Brewster and his Puritan friends in establishing religion as they understood it were likely to be rendered futile by the governors of the church. "He and many more of those times begane to looke further into things," says Bradford. Persecution begot Separatism. The theory was the result of conditions, as new theories are wont to be.

Here, as elsewhere, the secession appears to have begun with meetings for devotion. By this supposition we may

reconcile two dates which have been supposed to conflict, conjecturing that in 1602, when Brewster had lived about fifteen years in the old manor house, his neighbors, who did not care to attend the ministry of ignorant and licentious priests, began to spend whole Sundays together, now in one place and now in another, but most frequently in the old manor house builded within a moat, and reached by ascending a flight of stone steps. Here, Brewster's hospitality was dispensed to them freely. They may or may not have been members of the Separatist church at Gainsborough, as some have supposed. It was not until 1606 that these people formed the fully organized Separatist church of Scrooby. It was organized after the Barrowist pattern that had originated in London — it was after a divine pattern, according to their belief. Brewster, the nucleus of the church, became their ruling elder.

It was in these all-day meetings at the old manor house that the Separatist rustics of Scrooby were molded for suffering and endeavor. The humble, modest, and conscientious Brewster was the king post of the new church — the first and longest enduring of the influences that shaped the character of these people in England, Holland, and America. Brewster could probably have returned to the court under other auspices after Davison's fall, but as master of the post at Scrooby, then as a teacher and as founder of a printing office of prohibited English books in Leyden, and finally as a settler in the wilderness, inuring his soft hands to rude toils, until he died in his cabin an octogenarian, he led a life strangely different from that of a courtier. But no career possible to him at court could have been so useful or so long remembered.

But Brewster was not the master spirit. About the time the Separatists of Scrooby completed their church organization, in 1606, there came to it John Robinson. He had been a fellow of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and a beneficed clergyman of Puritan views. He, too, had been slowly propelled to Separatist opinion by persecution. For fourteen years before the final migration he led the Pilgrims at Scrooby and Leyden. Wise man of affairs, he directed his people even in their hard struggle for bread in a foreign country. He was one of the few men, in that age of debate about husks and shells, who penetrated to those teachings concerning character and conduct which are the vital and imperishable elements of religion. Even when assailed most roughly in debate he was magnani-

mous and forbearing. He avoided the bigotry and bitterness of the early Brownists, and outgrew as years went on the narrowness of rigid Separatism. He lived on the best terms with the Dutch and French churches. He opposed rather the substantial abuses than the ceremonies of the Church of England, and as life advanced he came to extend a hearty fellowship and communion to good men in that church. Had it been his lot to remain in the national church and rise, as did his opponent, Joseph Hall, to the pedestal of a bishopric or to other dignity, he would have been one of the most illustrious divines of the age, — wanting something of the statesmanly breadth of Hooker, but quite outspreading and overtopping the Whitgifts, Bancrofts, and perhaps even the Halls. Robert Baillie, who could say many hard things against Separatists, is forced to confess that "Robinson was a man of excellent parts, and the most learned, polished, and modest spirit that ever separated from the Church of England;" and long after his death the Dutch theologian Hornbeeck recalls again and again his integrity, learning, and modesty.

Shall we say that when subjected to this great man's influence the rustics of Scrooby and Bawtry and Austerfield were clowns no longer? Perhaps we shall be truer to the probabilities of human nature if we conclude that Robinson was able to mold a few of the best of them to great uses, and that these became the significant digits which gave value to the ciphers.

THE WILD ROSE OF PLYMOUTH.

By JONES VERY.

[1813–1880.]

Upon the Plymouth shore the wild rose blooms,
As when the Pilgrim lived beside the bay,
And scents the morning air with sweet perfumes,
Though new this hour, more ancient far than they;
More ancient than the wild, yet friendly race
That roved the land before the Pilgrims came,
And here for ages found a dwelling place,
Of whom our histories tell us but a name!
Though new this hour, out from the past it springs,
Telling this summer morning of earth's prime;

And happy visions of the future brings,
That reach beyond, e'en to the verge of time,
Wreathing earth's children in one flowery chain
Of love and beauty, ever to remain.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

By FELICIA D. HEMANS.

[Felicia Dorothea Browne, afterwards Hemans: born 1793, died 1835.]

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;—
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band;—
Why had *they* come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

The Landing of the Pilgrims

Photogravure from the painting by Charles Lucey

There was a woman's fearless eye,
  Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
  And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
  Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
  They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
  The soil where first they trod.
They have left unstained what there they found—
  Freedom to worship God.

BETTY ALDEN AND HER COMPANIONS.[1]

By JANE G. AUSTIN.

[JANE GOODWIN AUSTIN, American novelist, was born in Worcester, Mass., February 25, 1831; died in Boston, March 30, 1894. Her books are: "Fairy Dreams" (1860), "Moonfolk" (1874), "Mrs. Beauchamp Brown" (1880), "A Nameless Nobleman" (1881), "The Desmond Hundred" (1882), "Nantucket Scraps" (1882), "Standish of Standish" (1889), "Betty Alden" (1891), "David Alden's Daughter and Other Stories" (1892).]

How Mistress Alice Bradford introduced her Sister Priscilla Carpenter to Plymouth Society.

"GOODMAN, I've heavy news for you; so set your mind to bear it as best you may."

"Nay, goodwife, your winsome face is no herald of bad news, and certes, I'll not cross the bridge until it comes in sight."

"Well, then, since words won't daunt you, here's a fact, sir! We are to have a merrymaking, and gather all the young folk of the village, and Master Bradford will have to lay off the governor's mantle of thought and worry, that he may be jocund with the rest."

[1] Copyright, 1897, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"Nay, then, Alice, 'tis indeed heavy news!" And the governor pulled a long face, and looked mock miserable with all his might. "And is it a dispensation not to be gainsaid? Is there good cause that we should submit ourselves to an affliction that might, as it would seem, be spared?"

"Well, dear, you know that my sister Pris has come ——"

"Do you tell me so! Now *there* is news in very deed! And how did Mistress Priscilla Carpenter reach these parts?"

"Now, Will! if you torment me so, I'll e'en call in Priscilla Alden to take my part. *She'll* give you quip or crank, I'll warrant me."

"Nay, nay, wife, I'll be meek and good as your cosset lamb, so you'll keep me under your own hand. Come now, let us meet this enemy face to face. What is it all?"

Alice, who, tender soul that she was, loved not even playful and mock contention, sighed a little, and folding her hands in her lap gently said: —

"It is all just as thou pleasest, Will, but my thought was to call together all the young people and make a little feast to bring those acquainted with Pris, who, poor maid, has found it a trifle dull and straitened here, after leaving her merry young friends in England."

"Ever thinking of giving pleasure to others even at cost of much toil to thyself, sweetheart!" And the governor, placing a hand under his wife's round chin, raised her face and kissed it tenderly again and again, until the soft pink flushed to the roots of the fair hair.

"Do as thou wilt, darling, in this and everything, and call upon me for what thy men and maids cannot accomplish."

"Nay, I've help enough. Christian Penn is equal to two women, and sister Pris herself is very notable. Then Priscilla Alden will kindly put her hand to some of the dainty dishes, and she is a wonder at cooking, as you know."

"Yes, she proved it in — early days," interrupted Bradford, the smile fading off his face. "Had it not been for her skill in putting a savory touch to the coarsest food, I believe some of our sick folk would have died, — I am sure Dame Brewster would."

"Oh, you poor souls! How you suffered, and I there in England eating and drinking of the best, and — oh, Will, you should have married good dear Priscilla to reward her care of what I held so carelessly."

"Wonderful logic, madam! I should, to reward Mistress Molines for her care, have married her, when she loved another man, and I another woman, which latter was to thus be punished for carelessness in a matter she knew naught about!"

And with a tender little laugh, the governor pressed another kiss upon his wife's smooth cheek, before he went out to his fields, while she flew at once to her kitchen and set the domestic engine throbbing at double quick time. Then she stepped up the hill to John Alden's house, and found Priscilla, her morning work already done, washing and dressing her little Betty, while John and Jo watched the operation with unflagging interest.

"Come and help you, Alice? I shall be gay and glad to do it, dear, just as soon as Betty is in her cradle, and I have told Mary-à-Becket what to do about the noon meat. John, you and Jo run up the hill to the captain's, and ask Mistress Standish if Alick and Myles may come down and play with you in front of the governor's house so I may keep an eye on you."

"Two fine boys, those of Barbara's," said the governor's wife, and then affectionately, "yet no finer than your sturdy little knaves."

"Oh, ours are well enough for little yeomen, but the captain says his Alick is heir to a great estate, and is a gentleman born!" And the two young women laughed good-naturedly, while Priscilla laid her baby in the cradle, and Alice turned toward the door saying, "Well, I must be at home to mind the maids."

"And I'll be there anon. I trust you've good store of milk and cream. We did well enow without it for four years, but now we've had it for a while, one might as well be dead as lack it."

"I've plenty, and butter beside, both Dutch and fresh," replied Alice from outside the door, and in another ten minutes the wide kitchen recently added to William Bradford's house on the corner of Leyden Street and the King's Highway, now called Main Street, hummed again with the merry sounds of youthful voices, of the whisking of eggs, and grinding of spices, and stirring of golden compounds in wooden bowls, and chopping suet, and stoning raisins, and slicing citron, and the clatter of pewter dishes, which, by the way, with wooden ware were nearly all the "pottery" the Pilgrims possessed, hypothetical teapots and china cups to the contrary; for,

since we all know that tea and coffee were never heard of in England until about the year 1666, and the former herb was sold for many years after at from ten to fifteen dollars per pound (Pepys in 1671 mentions it as a strange and barbaric beverage just introduced), it is improbable that either tea, tea-pot, or teacups ever reached America until after Mary Allerton, the last survivor of the "Mayflower," rested upon Burying Hill.

All that day and part of the next the battle raged in the Bradford kitchen, for delicate appetites were in those times rather a defect than a grace, and hospitality largely consisted in first providing great quantities and many varieties of food, and then overpressing the guests to partake of it. An "afternoon tea" with diaphanous bread and butter, wafer cakes, and Cambridge salts, as the only solid refreshment, would have seemed to Alice Bradford and her guests either a comic pretense or a niggardly insult; and very different was the feast to which as many as could sat down at a very early hour of the evening of the second day.

The company was large, for in the good Old Colony fashion it included both married and single persons, and would, if possible, have made no distinctions of age or position; but this catholicity had in the growth of the colony become impossible, and Mistress Bradford's invitations were, with much searching of spirit and desire to avoid offense, confined principally to young persons, married and unmarried, likely to become associates of her sister Priscilla, a fair-haired, sweet-lipped, and daintily colored lass, reproducing Dame Alice's own early charms.

"The Brewster girls must come, although I cannot yet be reconciled to Fear's having married Isaac Allerton, and calling herself mother to Bart, and Mary and Remember — great grown girls!" exclaimed the hostess in consultation with her husband, and he pleasantly replied: —

"Oh, well, dame, we must not hope to guide all the world by our own wisdom; and certes, if Fear's marriage is a little incongruous, her sister Patience is well and fitly mated with Thomas Prence. It does one good to see such a comely and contented pair of wedded sweethearts."

"True enough, Will, and your thought is a rebuke to mine."

"Nay, wife, 'tis you that teach me to be charitable."

And the two, come together to reap in the glorious St.

Martin's summer of their days the harvest sown amid the chill tears of spring, looked in each other's eyes with a smile of deep content. The woman was the first to set self aside, and cried : —

"Come, come, Sir Governor! To business! Mistress Allerton, and her *daughters*, Mary and Remember, Bartholomew, and the Prences, Constance Hopkins with Nicholas Snow, whom she will marry, the Aldens, the captain and his wife —— "

"He is hardly to be ranked with the young folk, is he?"

"No, dear, no more than Master Allerton, or, for that matter, the governor and his old wife; but there, there, no more waste of time, sir! Who else is to come, and who to be left at home?"

"Nay, wife, I'm out of my depth already and will e'en get back to firm land, which means I leave all to your discretion. Call Barbara and Priscilla Alden to council, and let me know in time to put on my new green doublet and hose, for I suppose I am to don them."

"Indeed you are, and your ruffles and your silk stockings that I brought over. I will not let you live altogether in hodden gray, since even the Elder goes soberly fine on holidays."

"Well, well, I leave it all to you, and must betake myself to the woods. Good-by for a little."

"Good-by, dear."

And as the governor with an ax on his shoulder strode away down Market Street and across the brook to Watson's Hill, Dame Alice, a kerchief over her head, once more ran up the hill to Priscilla Alden's.

As the great gun upon the hill boomed out the sunset hour, and Captain Standish himself carefully covered it from the dews of night, Alice Bradford stood in the great lower room of her house and looked about her. All was done that could be done to put the place in festal array, and although the fair dame sighed a little at the remembrance of her stately home in Duke's Place, London, with its tapestries and carvings and carpets and pictures, she bravely put aside the regret, and affectionately smoothed and patted the fine damask "cubboard cloth" covering the lower shelf of the sideboard, or, as she called it, the "buffet," at one side of the room, and placed and replaced the precious properties set out thereon : —

A silver wine cup, a porringer that had been her mother's, nine silver teaspoons, and, crown of all, four genuine Venetian

wineglasses, tall and twisted of stem, gold-threaded and translucent of bowl, fragile and dainty of shape, and yet, like their as dainty owner, brave to make the pilgrimage from the home of luxury and art to the wilderness, where a shelter from the weather and a scant supply of the coarsest food was all to be hoped for.

But Dame Bradford, fingering her Venice glasses, and softly smiling at the touch, murmured to herself and to them, "'Tis our exceeding gain."

"What, Elsie, not dressed!" cried Priscilla Carpenter's blithe voice, as that young lady, running down the stairs leading to her little loft chamber, presented herself to her sister's inspection with a smile of conscious deserving.

"My word, Pris, but you are fine!" exclaimed Dame Alice, examining with an air of unwilling admiration the young girl's gay apparel and ornaments. It was indeed a pretty dress, consisting of a petticoat of cramoisie satin, quilted in an elaborate pattern of flowers, leaves, and birds; an open skirt of brocade turned back from the front, and caught high upon the hips with great bunches of cramoisie ribbons; a "waistcoat" of the satin, and a little open jacket of the brocade. Around the soft white throat of the wearer was loosely knotted a satin cravat of the same dull red tint with the skirt, edged with a deep lace, upon which Alice Bradford at once laid a practiced finger.

"Pris, that *jabot* is of Venice point! Where did you get it?"

"Ah! That was a present from ——"

"Well, from whom?"

"Nay, never look so cross on't, my lady sister! Might not I have a sweetheart as well as you?"

"Priscilla, I'm glad you're here rather than with those gay friends of yours in London. I suppose Lady Judith Carr or her daughters gave you these clothes, did they not?"

"Well, I earned them hard enough putting up with all my lady's humors and the girls' jealous fancies," pouted Pris. "I was glad enough when you and brother Will wrote and offered me a home, — not but what Lady Judith was good to me and called me her daughter; but, Elsie, 'twas not they who gave me the laced cravat, 'twas — 'twas ——"

"Well, out with it, little sister! Who was it, if not our mother's old friend?"

"Why, Elsie, 'twas a noble gentleman that I met with then

down at Bath, and — sister — he is coming over here to marry me right soon."

"Nay, then, but that's news indeed! And what may be his name, pet?"

"Sir Christopher Gardiner, and he's a Knight of the Holy Sepulcher."

And Pris, fondling the lace of her cravat, smiled proudly into her sister's astonished face; but before either could speak, Barbara Standish and Priscilla Alden appeared at the open door, the latter exclaiming in her blithe voice: —

"What, Alice, still in your workaday kirtle! Barbara and I came thus betimes to see if aught remained that we might do before the folk gather."

"Thank you, both; I — I — nay, then, I'm a little put about, dear friends; I hardly know, — well, well! Priscilla Carpenter, come you into my bedroom and help me do on my clothes, and if you two will look about and see what is ready and what is lacking, I shall be more than grateful. Come, Pris!"

"Something has chanced more than we know about!" suggested Priscilla Alden, as the bedroom door closed behind the sisters.

"Likely. But 'tis their affair and not ours," replied Barbara, quietly. "Now let us see. Would you set open the case holding the twelve ivory-handled knives?"

"Yes, they're a rarity, and some of the folk may not have seen them. Alice says that in London they put a knife to every man's trencher now, and nobody uses his own sheath knife as has been the wont."

"You tell me so! Well, one knife's enough for Myles and me, yes, and the boys to boot. But then I cut the meat in morsels, and spread the bread with butter, or ever it goes on the table."

"Of course; so we all do, I suppose. Well there, all is ready now, and here come the folk; there's Patty Brewster, or Patience Prence as she must now be called, and along with her Fear Allerton and Remember and Mary — her daughters indeed! Marry come up! *I* might have had Isaac Allerton for myself, but ——"

"And there is Constance Hopkins, and Nicholas Snow," interrupted Barbara, who was a deadly foe to gossip, "and John and Elizabeth Howland; then there's Stephen Dean with

Betsey Ring, and Edward Bangs and Lyddy Hicks, and Mary Warren and Robert Bartlett, three pair of sweethearts together, and here they all are at the door."

But as the more lively Priscilla ran to open it, the governor's hearty voice was heard without, crying : —

"Welcome! Welcome, friends! I was called out for a moment, but have come home just in the nick of time and brought the captain with me."

"Now I do hope Myles has put on his ruff, and his other doublet that I laid out," murmured Barbara in Priscilla's ear. "When the governor and he get together, the world's well lost for both of them."

"Nay, he's all right, and a right proper man, as he always was," returned Priscilla, with a quick glance at the square figure and commanding head of the Captain of Plymouth, as he entered the room and smiled in courtly fashion at Dame Bradford's greeting.

"And here's your John, a head and shoulders above all the rest," added Barbara, good-naturedly, as Alden, the Saxon giant, strode into the room and looked fondly across it at his wife.

Another half hour and all were gathered about the three long tables improvised from boards and barrels, but all covered with the fine napery brought from Holland by Alice Bradford, who had the true housewife's love of elegant damask, and during Edward Southworth's life was able to indulge it, laying up such store of table damask, of fine Holland "pillowbers," and "cubboard cloths," towels of Holland, of dowlas, and of lockorum, and sheets of various qualities from "fine Holland" to tow (the latter probably spun and woven at home), that the inventory of her personal estate is as good reading to her descendants as a cookery book to a hungry man.

Plenty of trenchers both of pewter and wood lined the table, and by each lay a napkin and a spoon, but neither knives nor forks, the latter implements not having yet been invented, except in the shape of a powerful trident to lift the boiled beef from the kettle, while table knives, as Priscilla Alden had intimated, were still regarded as curious implements of extreme luxury. A knife of a different order, sometimes a clash knife, sometimes a sheath knife, or even a dagger, was generally carried by each man, and used upon certain *pièces de resistance*, such as boar's head, a roasted peacock, a shape of brawn, a

powdered and cloved and browned ham, or such other triumphs of the culinary art as must be served whole.

Such dishes were carried around the table, and every guest, taking hold of the morsel he coveted with his napkin, sliced it off with his own knife, displaying the elegance of his table manners by the skill with which he did it. But as saffron was a favorite condiment of the day, and pearline was not yet invented, one sighs in contemplating the condition of these napkins, and ceases to wonder at the store of them laid up by thrifty housekeepers.

Ordinarily, however, the meat was divided into morsels before appearing on the table, and thus was easily managed with the spoon, — *or* with the fingers.

Between each two plates stood a pewter or wooden basin of clam chowder, prepared by Priscilla Alden, who was held in Plymouth to possess a magic touch for this and several other dishes.

From these each guest transferred a portion to his own plate, except when two supped merrily from the same bowl in token of friendly intimacy. This first course finished and the bowls removed, all eyes turned upon the governor, who rose in his place at the head of the principal table, where were gathered the more important guests, and, looking affectionately up and down the board, said : —

"Friends, it hardly needs that I should say that you are welcome, for I see none that are ever less than welcome beneath this roof ; but I well may thank you for the cheer your friendly faces bring to my heart to-night, and I well may pray you, of your goodness, to bestow upon my young sister here the same hearty kindness you have ever shown to me and mine." A murmur of eager assent went round the board, and the governor smiled cordially, as he grasped in both hands the great two-handled loving cup standing before him, — a grand cup, a noble cup, of the measure of two quarts, of purest silver, beautifully fashioned, and richly carved, as tradition said, by the hand of Benvenuto Cellini himself ; so precious a property that Katharine White, daughter of an English bishop, was proud to bring it as almost her sole dowry to John Carver, her husband. With him it came to the New World, and was used at the Feast of Treaty between the colonists and Massasoit, chief of the native owners of the soil. Katharine Carver, dying broken-hearted six weeks after her husband, bequeathed

the cup to William Bradford, his successor in the arduous post of Governor of the Colony, and from him it passed down into that Hades of lost and all but forgotten treasures, which may, for aught we know, become the recreation ground for the spirits of antiquarians.

Filled to the brim with generous Canary, a pure and fine wine in those days, it crowned the table, and William Bradford, steadily raising it to his lips, smiled gravely upon his guests, adding to his little speech of welcome: —

"I pledge you my hearty good will, friends!" then drank sincerely yet modestly, and giving one handle to Myles Standish, who sat at his left hand, he retained his hold at the other side while the captain drank, and in turn gave one handle to Mistress Winslow, who came next; and so, all standing to honor the pledge of love and good will, the cup passed round the board and came to Elder Brewster, at the governor's right hand; but he, having drunk, looked around with his paternal smile and said: —

"There is yet enough in the loving cup, friends, for each one to wet his lips, if nothing more, and I propose that we do so with our hearty welcome and best wishes to Mistress Priscilla Carpenter."

Once more the cup went gayly round, and reached the Elder so dry that he smiled, as he placed it to his lips, with a bow toward Pris savoring more of his early days in the court of Queen Bess than of New England's solitudes.

"And now to work, my friends, to work!" cried the governor. "I for one am famished, sith my dame was so busy at noontide with that wonderful structure yonder that she gave me naught but bread and cheese."

Everybody laughed, and Alice Bradford colored like a red, red rose, yet bravely answered: —

"The governor will have his jest, but I hope my raised pie will suffer roundly for its interference with his dinner."

"Faith, dame, but we'll all help to punish it," exclaimed Stephen Hopkins, gazing fondly at the elaborate mass of pastry representing, not inartistically, a castle with battlements and towers, and a floating banner of silk bearing an heraldic device. "Standish! we call upon you to lead us to the assault!"

"Nay, if Captain Standish is summoned to the field, my fortress surrenders without even a parley," said Alice Bradford, as she gracefully drew the little banner from its place,

and, laying it aside, removed a tower, a bastion, and a section of the battlement from the doomed fortress, and, loading a plate with the spoils of its treasury, planted the banner upon the top, and sent it to the captain, who received it with a bow and a smile, but never a word.

"Speak up, man!" cried Hopkins, boisterously. "Make a gallant speech in return for the courtesy of so fair a castellaine."

"Mistress Bradford needs no speech to assure her of my devoir," replied the captain, simply, and the governor added: —

"Our captain speaks more by deeds than words, and Gideon is his most eloquent interpreter. You have not brought him to-day, Captain."

"No; Gideon sulks in these days of peace, and seldom stirs abroad."

"Long may he be idle!" exclaimed the Elder, and a gentle murmur around the board told that the women at least echoed the prayer.

But Hopkins, seated next to Mistress Bradford, and watching her distribution of the pie, cared naught for war or peace until he secured a trencher of its contents, and presently cried: —

"Now, by my faith, I did not know such a pye as this could be concocted out of Yorkshire! 'Tis perfect in all its parts: fowl, and game, and pork, and forcemeat, and yolks of eggs, and curious art of spicery, and melting bits of pastry within, and stout-built walls without; in fact, there is naught lacking to such a pye as my mother used to make before I had the wit to know such pyes sing not on every bush."

"You're Yorkshire, then, Master Hopkins?" asked John Howland, who with his young wife, once Elizabeth Tilley, sat opposite.

"Yes, I'm Yorkshire, root and branch, and you're Essex, and the captain and the governor Lancashire, but all shaken up in a bag now, and turned into New Englanders, and since the Yorkshire pye has come over along with us I'm content for one."

A general laugh indorsed this patriotic speech, but Myles Standish, toying with the silken banner of the now sacked and ruined fortress, said in Bradford's ear: —

"All very well for a man who has naught to lose in the old country. But for my part I mean to place at least my oldest son in the seat of his fathers."

The governor smiled, and then sighed. "Nor can I quite forget the lands of Austerfield held by Bradfords and Hansons for more than one century, and the path beside the Idle, where Brewster and I walked and talked in the days of my first awakening to the real things of life —— "

"Real things of life, say you, Governor?" broke in Hopkins' strident voice; "well, if there is aught more real in its merit than this roasted suckling, I wish that I might meet with it."

And seizing with his napkin the hind leg of the little roasted pig presented to him by Christian Penn, the old campaigner deftly sliced it off with his sheath knife and devoured it in the most inartificial manner possible.

It was probably about this epoch that our popular saying, "Fingers were made before forks," took shape and force.

To the chowder, and the "pye," and the roasted suckling succeeded a mighty dish of succotash, that compound of dried beans, hulled corn, salted beef, pork, and chicken which may be called the charter dish of Plymouth; then came wild fowl dressed in various ways, a great bowl of "sallet," of Priscilla Alden's composition, and at last various sweet dishes, still served at the end of a meal, although soon after it was the mode to take them first.

"Oh, dear, when will the dignitaries stop eating and drinking and making compliments to each other?" murmured Priscilla Carpenter to Mary Warren at the side table where the girls and lads were grouped together, enjoying themselves as much as their elders, albeit in less ceremonious fashion.

"There! Your sister has laid down her napkin, and is gazing steadfastly at the governor, with 'Get up and say Grace' in her eye," replied Mary, nudging Jane Cooke to enforce silence; whereat that merry maid burst into a giggle, joined by Sarah and Elizabeth Warren, and Mary Allerton, and Betsey Ring, while Edward Bangs, and Robert Bartlett, and Sam Jenney, and Philip De la Noye, and Thomas Clarke, and John Cooke chuckled in sympathy, yet knew not what at.

A warning yet very gentle glance from Dame Bradford's eyes stifled the noise, and nearly did as much for its authors, who barely managed to preserve sobriety, while the governor returned thanks to the Giver of all good; so soon, however, as the elder party moved away, the painfully suppressed giggle burst into a storm of merriment, which as it subsided, was renewed in fullest vigor by Sarah Warden's bewildered inquiry,—

"What *are* we all laughing at?"

"Never mind, we'll laugh first, and find the wherefore at our leisure," suggested Jane Cooke, and so the dear old foolish fun that seems to spring up in spontaneous growth where young folk are gathered together, and is sometimes scorned and sometimes coveted by their elders, went on, and, after the tables were cleared, took form in all sorts of old English games, not very intellectual, not even very refined, but as satisfactory to those who played as Buried Cities, and Twenty Questions, and Intellectual Salad, and capping Browning quotations are to the children of culture and æsthetics. . . .

At ten o'clock the company broke up, and with many a blithe good night, and assurance of the pleasure they had enjoyed, betook themselves to their own homes.

Thus, then, was Priscilla Carpenter introduced into Plymouth society.

THE GOLDEN REIGN OF WOUTER VAN TWILLER.

By WASHINGTON IRVING.

(From "Knickerbocker's History of New York.")

[Washington Irving was the son of an Orkney Islands emigrant merchant, and born in New York city, April 3, 1783. He studied law but found literature more congenial, and after a visit to Europe undertook with James K. Paulding the publication of *Salmagundi*, a humorous magazine; and in 1809 brought out "The History of New York, by Diedrich Knickerbocker," as pure a fantasy as if laid in fairy-land, but its pictures of Dutch life are still accepted by most as authentic. It placed him at once at the head of American letters. Entering into a commercial partnership with his brothers, in 1815 he went to Europe, and remained abroad for seventeen years, traveling widely. About 1817 the house failed, and he devoted himself to literature for a subsistence. He became secretary of the American embassy (1829); Minister to Spain (1842); and after his return, four years later, passed the rest of his days at Sunnyside, on the banks of the Hudson river, near Tarrytown, N.Y., where he died Nov. 28, 1859. His other works are: "The Sketch Book" (1820), "Bracebridge Hall" (1822), "Tales of a Traveller" (1824), "Life and Voyages of Columbus" (1828), "Conquest of Granada" (1829), "Voyages of the Companions of Columbus" (1831), "The Alhambra" (1832), "Astoria" (1836), "Adventures of Captain Bonneville" (1837), "Life of Goldsmith" (1849), "Mahomet and his Successors" (1850), "Wolfert's Roost" (1855), "Life of Washington" (1855–1859).]

Grievous and very much to be commiserated is the task of the feeling historian who writes the history of his native land. If it fall to his lot to be the sad recorder of calamity or crime, the mournful page is watered with his tears — nor can he recall

the most prosperous and blissful era, without a melancholy sigh at the reflection that it has passed away forever! I know not whether it be owing to an immoderate love for the simplicity of former times, or to that certain tenderness of heart incident to all sentimental historians; but I candidly confess that I cannot look back on the happier days of our city, which I now describe, without a sad dejection of the spirits. With a faltering hand do I withdraw the curtain of oblivion that veils the modest merit of our venerable ancestors, and as their figures rise to my mental vision, humble myself before the mighty shades.

Such are my feelings when I revisit the family mansion of the Knickerbockers, and spend a lonely hour in the chamber where hang the portraits of my forefathers, shrouded in dust, like the forms they represent. With pious reverence do I gaze on the countenances of those renowned burghers who have preceded me in the steady march of existence — whose sober and temperate blood now meanders through my veins, flowing slower and slower in its feeble conduits, until its current shall soon be stopped forever!

These, say I to myself, are but frail memorials of the mighty men who flourished in the days of the patriarchs; but who, alas, have long since moldered in that tomb towards which my steps are insensibly and irresistibly hastening! As I pace the darkened chamber, and lose myself in melancholy musings, the shadowy images around me almost seem to steal once more into existence — their countenances to assume the animation of life — their eyes to pursue me in every movement! Carried away by the delusions of fancy, I almost imagine myself surrounded by the shades of the departed, and holding sweet converse with the worthies of antiquity! Ah, hapless Diedrich! born in a degenerate age, abandoned to the buffetings of fortune — a stranger and a weary pilgrim in thy native land — blest with no weeping wife, nor family of helpless children; but doomed to wander neglected through those crowded streets, and elbowed by foreign upstarts from those fair abodes where once thy ancestors held sovereign empire!

Let me not, however, lose the historian in the man, nor suffer the doting recollections of age to overcome me, while dwelling with fond garrulity on the virtuous days of the patriarchs — on those sweet days of simplicity and ease, which nevermore will dawn on the lovely island of Manna-hata!

The renowned Wouter (or Walter) Van Twiller was descended from a long line of Dutch burgomasters, who had successively dozed away their lives, and grown fat upon the bench of magistracy in Rotterdam; and who had comported themselves with such singular wisdom and propriety, that they were never either heard or talked of — which, next to being universally applauded, should be the object of ambition of all sage magistrates and rulers.

The surname of Twiller is said to be a corruption of the original *Twijfler*, which in English means *doubter*, a name admirably descriptive of his deliberative habits. For, though he was a man shut up within himself like an oyster, and of such a profoundly reflective turn that he scarcely ever spoke except in monosyllables, yet did he never make up his mind on any doubtful point. This was clearly accounted for by his adherents, who affirmed that he always conceived every object on so comprehensive a scale, that he had not room in his head to turn it over and examine both sides of it, so that he always remained in doubt, merely in consequence of the astonishing magnitude of his ideas!

There are two opposite ways by which some men get into notice — one by talking a vast deal and thinking a little, and the other by holding their tongues, and not thinking at all. By the first, many a vaporing, superficial pretender acquires the reputation of a man of quick parts — by the other, many a vacant dunderpate, like the owl, the stupidest of birds, comes to be complimented by a discerning world with all the attributes of wisdom. This, by the way, is a mere casual remark, which I would not for the universe have it thought I apply to Governor Van Twiller. On the contrary, he was a very wise Dutchman, for he never said a foolish thing — and of such invincible gravity, that he was never known to laugh, or even to smile, through the course of a long and prosperous life. Certain, however, it is, there never was a matter proposed, however simple, and on which your common narrow-minded mortals would rashly determine at the first glance, but what the renowned Wouter put on a mighty, mysterious, vacant kind of look, shook his capacious head, and, having smoked for five minutes with redoubled earnestness, sagely observed that "he had his doubts about the matter" — which in process of time gained him the character of a man slow in belief, and not easily imposed on.

The person of this illustrious old gentleman was as regularly formed, and nobly proportioned, as though it had been molded by the hands of some cunning Dutch statuary, as a model of majesty and lordly grandeur. He was exactly five feet six inches in height, and six feet five inches in circumference. His head was a perfect sphere, and of such stupendous dimensions, that dame Nature, with all her sex's ingenuity, would have been puzzled to construct a neck capable of supporting it; wherefore she wisely declined the attempt, and settled it firmly on the top of his backbone, just between the shoulders. His body was of an oblong form, particularly capacious at bottom; which was wisely ordered by Providence, seeing that he was a man of sedentary habits, and very averse to the idle labor of walking. His legs, though exceeding short, were sturdy in proportion to the weight they had to sustain; so that when erect he had not a little the appearance of a robustious beer barrel, standing on skids. His face, that infallible index of the mind, presented a vast expanse, perfectly unfurrowed or deformed by any of those lines and angles which disfigure the human countenance with what is termed expression. Two small gray eyes twinkled feebly in the midst, like two stars of lesser magnitude in the hazy firmament; and his full-fed cheeks, which seemed to have taken toll of everything that went into his mouth, were curiously mottled and streaked with dusky red, like a Spitzenberg apple.

His habits were as regular as his person. He daily took his four stated meals, appropriating exactly an hour to each; he smoked and doubted eight hours, and he slept the remaining twelve of the four and twenty. Such was the renowned Wouter Van Twiller — a true philosopher, for his mind was either elevated above, or tranquilly settled below, the cares and perplexities of this world. He had lived in it for years, without feeling the least curiosity to know whether the sun revolved round it, or it round the sun; and he had watched, for at least half a century, the smoke curling from his pipe to the ceiling, without once troubling his head with any of those numerous theories, by which a philosopher would have perplexed his brain, in accounting for its rising above the surrounding atmosphere.

In his council he presided with great state and solemnity. He sat in a huge chair of solid oak, hewn in the celebrated forest of the Hague, fabricated by an experienced timmerman of Amsterdam, and curiously carved about the arms and feet,

into exact imitations of gigantic eagle's claws. Instead of a scepter, he swayed a long Turkish pipe, wrought with jasmin and amber, which had been presented to a Stadtholder of Holland, at the conclusion of a treaty with one of the petty Barbary powers. In this stately chair would he sit, and this magnificent pipe would he smoke, shaking his right knee with a constant motion, and fixing his eye for hours together upon a little print of Amsterdam, which hung in a black frame against the opposite wall of the council chamber. Nay, it has even been said that when any deliberation of extraordinary length and intricacy was on the carpet, the renowned Wouter would absolutely shut his eyes for full two hours at a time, that he might not be disturbed by external objects — and at such times the internal commotion of his mind was evinced by certain regular guttural sounds, which his admirers declared were merely the noise of conflict, made by his contending doubts and opinions.

It is with infinite difficulty I have been enabled to collect these biographical anecdotes of the great man under consideration. The facts respecting him were so scattered and vague, and divers of them so questionable in point of authenticity, that I have had to give up the search after many, and decline the admission of still more, which would have tended to heighten the coloring of his portrait.

I have been the more anxious to delineate fully the person and habits of the renowned Van Twiller, from the consideration that he was not only the first, but also the best, governor that ever presided over this ancient and respectable province; and so tranquil and benevolent was his reign that I do not find throughout the whole of it a single instance of any offender being brought to punishment — a most indubitable sign of a merciful governor, and a case unparalleled, excepting in the reign of the illustrious King Log, from whom, it is hinted, the renowned Van Twiller was a lineal descendant.

The very outset of the career of this excellent magistrate was distinguished by an example of legal acumen, that gave flattering presage of a wise and equitable administration. The morning after he had been solemnly installed in office, and at the moment that he was making his breakfast, from a prodigious earthen dish, filled with milk and Indian pudding, he was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of one Wandle Schoonhoven, a very important old burgher of New Amster-

dam, who complained bitterly of one Barent Bleecker, inasmuch as he fraudulently refused to come to a settlement of accounts, seeing that there was a heavy balance in favor of the said Wandle. Governor Van Twiller, as I have already observed, was a man of few words; he was likewise a mortal enemy to multiplying writings — or being disturbed at his breakfast. Having listened attentively to the statement of Wandle Schoonhoven, giving an occasional grunt, as he shoveled a spoonful of Indian pudding into his mouth — either as a sign that he relished the dish, or comprehended the story — he called unto him his constable, and pulling out of his breeches pocket a huge jackknife, dispatched it after the defendant as a summons, accompanied by his tobacco box as a warrant.

This summary process was as effectual in those simple days as was the seal ring of the great Haroun Alraschid among the true believers. The two parties being confronted before him, each produced a book of accounts written in a language and character that would have puzzled any but a High Dutch commentator, or a learned decipherer of Egyptian obelisks, to understand. The sage Wouter took them one after the other, and having poised them in his hands, and attentively counted over the number of leaves, fell straightway into a very great doubt, and smoked for half an hour without saying a word; at length, laying his finger beside his nose, and shutting his eyes for a moment, with the air of a man who has just caught a subtle idea by the tail, he slowly took his pipe from his mouth, puffed forth a column of tobacco smoke, and with marvelous gravity and solemnity pronounced — that having carefully counted over the leaves and weighed the books, it was found that one was just as thick and as heavy as the other — therefore it was the final opinion of the court that the accounts were equally balanced — therefore Wandle should give Barent a receipt, and Barent should give Wandle a receipt — and the constable should pay the costs.

This decision, being straightway made known, diffused general joy throughout New Amsterdam, for the people immediately perceived that they had a very wise and equitable magistrate to rule over them. But its happiest effect was, that not another lawsuit took place throughout the whole of his administration — and the office of constable fell into such decay, that there was not one of those losel scouts known in the province for many years. I am the more particular in

dwelling on this transaction, not only because I deem it one of the most sage and righteous judgments on record, and well worthy the attention of modern magistrates, but because it was a miraculous event in the history of the renowned Wouter —being the only time he was ever known to come to a decision in the whole course of his life.

In treating of the early governors of the province, I must caution my readers against confounding them, in point of dignity and power, with those worthy gentlemen who are whimsically denominated governors in this enlightened republic—a set of unhappy victims of popularity, who are in fact the most dependent, henpecked beings in the community: doomed to bear the secret goadings and corrections of their own party, and the sneers and revilings of the whole world beside; — set up, like geese at Christmas holidays, to be pelted and shot at by every whipster and vagabond in the land. On the contrary, the Dutch governors enjoyed that uncontrolled authority vested in all commanders of distant colonies or territories. They were in a manner absolute despots in their little domains, lording it, if so disposed, over both law and gospel, and accountable to none but the mother country; which it is well known is astonishingly deaf to all complaints against its governors, provided they discharge the main duty of their station —squeezing out a good revenue. This hint will be of importance, to prevent my readers from being seized with doubt and incredulity, whenever, in the course of this authentic history, they encounter the uncommon circumstance of a governor acting with independence, and in opposition to the opinions of the multitude.

To assist the doubtful Wouter in the arduous business of legislation, a board of magistrates was appointed, which presided immediately over the police. This potent body consisted of a schout or bailiff, with powers between those of the present mayor and sheriff — five burgermeesters, who were equivalent to aldermen, and five schepens, who officiated as scrubs, subdevils, or bottle holders to the burgermeesters, in the same manner as do assistant aldermen to their principals at the present day; it being their duty to fill the pipes of the lordly burgermeesters — hunt the markets for delicacies for corporation dinners, and to discharge such other little offices of kindness as were occasionally required. It was, moreover, tacitly

understood, though not specifically enjoined, that they should consider themselves as butts for the blunt wits of the burgermeesters, and should laugh most heartily at all their jokes; but this last was a duty as rarely called in action in those days as it is at present, and was shortly remitted, in consequence of the tragical death of a fat little schepen — who actually died of suffocation, in an unsuccessful effort to force a laugh at one of the burgermeester Van Zandt's best jokes.

In return for these humble services, they were permitted to say *yes* and *no* at the council board, and to have that enviable privilege, the run of the public kitchen — being graciously permitted to eat, and drink, and smoke, at all snug junketings and public gormandizings, for which the ancient magistrates were equally famous with their modern successors. The post of schepen, therefore, like that of assistant alderman, was eagerly coveted by all your burghers of a certain description, who have a huge relish for good feeding, and an humble ambition to be great men in a small way — who thirst after a little brief authority, that shall render them the terror of the almshouse and the bridewell — that shall enable them to lord it over obsequious poverty, vagrant vice, outcast prostitution, and hunger-driven dishonesty — that shall give to their beck a houndlike pack of catchpoles and bumbailiffs — tenfold greater rogues than the culprits they hunt down! — My readers will excuse this sudden warmth, which I confess is unbecoming of a grave historian — but I have a moral antipathy to catchpoles, bumbailiffs, and little great men.

The ancient magistrates of this city corresponded with those of the present time no less in form, magnitude, and intellect, than in prerogative and privilege. The burgomasters, like our aldermen, were generally chosen by weight — and not only the weight of the body, but likewise the weight of the head. It is a maxim practically observed in all honest, plain-thinking, regular cities, that an alderman should be fat — and the wisdom of this can be proved to a certainty. That the body is in some measure an image of the mind, or rather that the mind is molded to the body, like melted lead to the clay in which it is cast, has been insisted on by many philosophers, who have made human nature their peculiar study — for as a learned gentleman of our own city observes, "there is a constant relation between the moral character of all intelligent creatures,

and their physical constitution — between their habits and the structure of their bodies." Thus we see that a lean, spare, diminutive body is generally accompanied by a petulant, restless, meddling mind — either the mind wears down the body, by its continual motion; or else the body, not affording the mind sufficient houseroom, keeps it continually in a state of fretfulness, tossing and worrying about from the uneasiness of its situation. Whereas your round, sleek, fat, unwieldy periphery is ever attended by a mind like itself, tranquil, torpid, and at ease; and we may always observe that your well-fed, robustious burghers are in general very tenacious of their ease and comfort; being great enemies to noise, discord, and disturbance — and surely none are more likely to study the public tranquillity than those who are so careful of their own. Who ever hears of fat men heading a riot, or herding together in turbulent mobs? — no — no — it is your lean, hungry men, who are continually worrying society, and setting the whole community by the ears.

The divine Plato, whose doctrines are not sufficiently attended to by philosophers of the present age, allows to every man three souls — one immortal and rational, seated in the brain, that it may overlook and regulate the body — a second consisting of the surly and irascible passions, which, like belligerent powers, lie encamped around the heart — a third mortal and sensual, destitute of reason, gross and brutal in its propensities, and enchained in the belly, that it may not disturb the divine soul by its ravenous howlings. Now, according to this excellent theory, what can be more clear than that your fat alderman is most likely to have the most regular and well-conditioned mind. His head is like a huge spherical chamber, containing a prodigious mass of soft brains, whereon the rational soul lies softly and snugly couched, as on a feather bed; and the eyes, which are the windows of the bedchamber, are usually half closed, that its slumberings may not be disturbed by external objects. A mind thus comfortably lodged, and protected from disturbance, is manifestly most likely to perform its functions with regularity and ease. By dint of good feeding, moreover, the mortal and malignant soul, which is confined in the belly, and which, by its raging and roaring, puts the irritable soul in the neighborhood of the heart in an intolerable passion, and thus renders men crusty and quarrelsome when hungry, is completely pacified, silenced, and put to rest — whereupon a host of

honest good-fellow qualities and kind-hearted affections, which had lain perdue, slyly peeping out of the loopholes of the heart, finding this Cerberus asleep, do pluck up their spirits, turn out one and all in their holiday suits, and gambol up and down the diaphragm — disposing their possessor to laughter, good humor, and a thousand friendly offices towards his fellow-mortals.

As a board of magistrates, formed on this model, think but very little, they are less likely to differ and wrangle about favorite opinions — and as they generally transact business upon a hearty dinner, they are naturally disposed to be lenient and indulgent in the administration of their duties. Charlemagne was conscious of this, and, therefore (a pitiful measure, for which I can never forgive him) ordered in his cartularies that no judge should hold a court of justice, except in the morning, on an empty stomach — a rule which, I warrant, bore hard upon all the poor culprits in his kingdom. The more enlightened and humane generation of the present day have taken an opposite course, and have so managed that the aldermen are the best-fed men in the community ; feasting lustily on the fat things of the land, and gorging so heartily oysters and turtles, that in process of time they acquire the activity of the one, and the form, the waddle, and the green fat of the other. The consequence is, as I have just said, these luxurious feastings do produce such a dulcet equanimity and repose of the soul, rational and irrational, that their transactions are proverbial for unvarying monotony — and the profound laws which they enact in their dozing moments, amid the labors of digestion, are quietly suffered to remain as dead letters, and never enforced, when awake. In a word, your fair, round-bellied burgomaster, like a full-fed mastiff, dozes quietly at the house door, always at home, and always at hand to watch over its safety — but as to electing a lean, meddling candidate to the office, as has now and then been done, I would as lief put a greyhound to watch the house, or a race horse to drag an ox wagon.

The burgomasters then, as I have already mentioned, were wisely chosen by weight, and the schepens, or assistant aldermen, were appointed to attend upon them, and help them eat ; but the latter, in the course of time, when they had been fed and fattened into sufficient bulk of body and drowsiness of brain, became very eligible candidates for the burgomasters' chairs, having fairly eaten themselves into office, as a mouse eats

his way into a comfortable lodgment in a goodly, blue-nosed, skimmed-milk, New England cheese.

Nothing could equal the profound deliberations that took place between the renowned Wouter and these his worthy compeers, unless it be the sage divans of some of our modern corporations. They would sit for hours smoking and dozing over public affairs, without speaking a word to interrupt that perfect stillness so necessary to deep reflection. Under the sober sway of Wouter Van Twiller, and these his worthy coadjutors, the infant settlement waxed vigorous apace, gradually emerging from the swamps and forests, and exhibiting that mingled appearance of town and country customary in new cities, and which at this day may be witnessed in the city of Washington — that immense metropolis, which makes so glorious an appearance on paper.

It was a pleasing sight, in those times, to behold the honest burgher, like a patriarch of yore, seated on the bench at the door of his whitewashed house, under the shade of some gigantic sycamore or overhanging willow. Here would he smoke his pipe of a sultry afternoon, enjoying the soft southern breeze, and listening with silent gratulation to the clucking of his hens, the cackling of his geese, and the sonorous grunting of his swine; that combination of farmyard melody which may truly be said to have a silver sound, inasmuch as it conveys a certain assurance of profitable marketing.

The modern spectator, who wanders through the streets of this populous city, can scarcely form an idea of the different appearance they presented in the primitive days of the Doubter. The busy hum of multitudes, the shouts of revelry, the rumbling equipages of fashion, the rattling of accursed carts, and all the spirit-grieving sounds of brawling commerce, were unknown in the settlement of New Amsterdam. The grass grew quietly in the highways — the bleating sheep and frolicsome calves sported about the verdant ridge where now the Broadway loungers take their morning stroll — the cunning fox or ravenous wolf skulked in the woods where now are to be seen the dens of Gomez and his righteous fraternity of money brokers — and flocks of vociferous geese cackled about the fields where now the great Tammany wigwam and the patriotic tavern of Martling echo with the wranglings of the mob.

In these good times did a true and enviable equality of rank and property prevail, equally removed from the arrogance of

wealth, and the servility and heartburnings of repining poverty — and what in my mind is still more conducive to tranquillity and harmony among friends, a happy equality of intellect was likewise to be seen. The minds of the good burghers of New Amsterdam seemed all to have been cast in one mold, and to be those honest, blunt minds which, like certain manufactures, are made by the gross, and considered as exceedingly good for common use.

Thus it happens that your true dull minds are generally preferred for public employ, and especially promoted to city honors, — your keen intellects, like razors, being considered too sharp for common service. I know that it is common to rail at the unequal distribution of riches, as the great source of jealousies, broils, and heartbreakings; whereas, for my part, I verily believe it is the sad inequality of intellect that prevails, that embroils communities more than anything else; and I have remarked that your knowing people, who are so much wiser than anybody else, are eternally keeping society in a ferment. Happily for New Amsterdam, nothing of the kind was known within its walls — the very words of learning, education, taste, and talents were unheard of — a bright genius was an animal unknown, and a bluestocking lady would have been regarded with as much wonder as a horned frog or a fiery dragon. No man, in fact, seemed to know more than his neighbor, nor any man to know more than an honest man ought to know, who has nobody's business to mind but his own; the parson and the council clerk were the only men that could read in the community, and the sage Van Twiller always signed his name with a cross.

Thrice happy and ever to be envied little burgh! existing in all the security of harmless insignificance — unnoticed and unenvied by the world, without ambition, without vainglory, without riches, without learning, and all their train of carking cares — and as of yore, in the better days of man, the deities were wont to visit him on earth and bless his rural habitations, so we are told, in the sylvan days of New Amsterdam, the good St. Nicholas would often make his appearance in his beloved city, of a holiday afternoon, riding jollily among the tree tops, or over the roofs of the houses, now and then drawing forth magnificent presents from his breeches pockets, and dropping them down the chimneys of his favorites. Whereas in these degenerate days of iron and brass, he never shows us the light

of his countenance, nor ever visits us, save one night in the year; when he rattles down the chimneys of the descendants of the patriarchs, confining his presents merely to the children, in token of the degeneracy of the parents.

Such are the comfortable and thriving effects of a fat government. The province of the New Netherlands, destitute of wealth, possessed a sweet tranquillity that wealth could never purchase. There were neither public commotions, nor private quarrels; neither parties, nor sects, nor schisms; neither persecutions, nor trials, nor punishments; nor were there counselors, attorneys, catchpoles, or hangmen. Every man attended to what little business he was lucky enough to have, or neglected it if he pleased, without asking the opinion of his neighbor. In those days, nobody meddled with concerns above his comprehension, nor thrust his nose into other people's affairs; nor neglected to correct his own conduct, and reform his own character, in his zeal to pull to pieces the characters of others — but in a word, every respectable citizen ate when he was not hungry, drank when he was not thirsty, and went regularly to bed when the sun set, and the fowls went to roost, whether he were sleepy or not; all which tended so remarkably to the population of the settlement, that I am told every dutiful wife throughout New Amsterdam made a point of enriching her husband with at least one child a year, and very often a brace — this superabundance of good things clearly constituting the true luxury of life, according to the favorite Dutch maxim, that "more than enough constitutes a feast." Everything, therefore, went on exactly as it should do; and in the usual words employed by historians to express the welfare of a country, "the profoundest *tranquillity* and *repose* reigned throughout the province."

Manifold are the tastes and dispositions of the enlightened literati, who turn over the pages of history. Some there be whose hearts are brimful of the yeast of courage, and whose bosoms do work, and swell and foam, with untried valor, like a barrel of new cider, or a trainband captain, fresh from under the hands of his tailor. This doughty class of readers can be satisfied with nothing but bloody battles and horrible encounters; they must be continually storming forts, sacking cities, springing mines, marching up to the muzzles of cannon, charging bayonet through every page, and reveling in gun-

powder and carnage. Others, who are of a less martial but equally ardent imagination, and who, withal, are a little given to the marvelous, will dwell with wondrous satisfaction on descriptions of prodigies, unheard-of events, hairbreadth escapes, hardy adventures, and all those astonishing narrations that just amble along the boundary line of possibility. A third class, who, not to speak slightly of them, are of a lighter turn, and skim over the records of past times, as they do over the edifying pages of a novel, merely for relaxation and innocent amusement, do singularly delight in treasons, executions, Sabine rapes, Tarquin outrages, conflagrations, murders, and all the other catalogue of hideous crimes that, like cayenne in cookery, do give a pungency and flavor to the dull detail of history — while a fourth class, of more philosophic habits, do diligently pore over the musty chronicles of time, to investigate the operations of the human kind, and watch the gradual changes in men and manners effected by the progress of knowledge, the vicissitudes of events, or the influence of situation.

If the three first classes find but little wherewithal to solace themselves in the tranquil reign of Wouter Van Twiller, I entreat them to exert their patience for a while, and bear with the tedious picture of happiness, prosperity, and peace, which my duty as a faithful historian obliges me to draw; and I promise them that as soon as I can possibly light upon anything horrible, uncommon, or impossible, it shall go hard, but I will make it afford them entertainment. This being promised, I turn with great complacency to the fourth class of my readers, who are men, or, if possible, women, after my own heart: grave, philosophical, and investigating; fond of analyzing characters, of taking a start from first causes, and so hunting a nation down, through all the mazes of innovation and improvement. Such will naturally be anxious to witness the first development of the newly hatched colony, and the primitive manners and customs prevalent among its inhabitants, during the halcyon reign of Van Twiller, or the Doubter.

I will not grieve their patience, however, by describing minutely the increase and improvement of New Amsterdam. Their own imaginations will doubtless present to them the good burghers, like so many painstaking and persevering beavers, slowly and surely pursuing their labors — they will behold the prosperous transformation from the rude log hut to the stately Dutch mansion, with brick front, glazed win-

dows, and tiled roof, from the tangled thicket to the luxuriant cabbage garden, and from the skulking Indian to the ponderous burgomaster. In a word, they will picture to themselves the steady, silent, and undeviating march to prosperity, incident to a city destitute of pride or ambition, cherished by a fat government, and whose citizens do nothing in a hurry.

The sage council, as has been mentioned in a preceding chapter, not being able to determine upon any plan for the building of their city — the cows, in a laudable fit of patriotism, took it under their peculiar charge, and as they went to and from pasture, established paths through the bushes, on each side of which the good folks built their houses; which is one cause of the rambling and picturesque turns and labyrinths which distinguish certain streets of New York at this very day.

The houses of the higher class were generally constructed of wood, excepting the gable end, which was of small black and yellow Dutch bricks, and always faced on the street, as our ancestors, like their descendants, were very much given to outward show, and were noted for putting the best leg foremost. The house was always furnished with abundance of large doors and small windows on every floor; the date of its erection was curiously designated by iron figures on the front; and on the top of the roof was perched a fierce little weathercock, to let the family into the important secret which way the wind blew. These, like the weathercocks on the tops of our steeples, pointed so many different ways, that every man could have a wind to his mind; — the most stanch and loyal citizens, however, always went according to the weathercock on the top of the governor's house, which was certainly the most correct, as he had a trusty servant employed every morning to climb up and set it to the right quarter.

In those good days of simplicity and sunshine, a passion for cleanliness was the leading principle in domestic economy, and the universal test of an able housewife — a character which formed the utmost ambition of our unenlightened grandmothers. The front door was never opened except on marriages, funerals, new-year's days, the festival of St. Nicholas, or some such great occasion. It was ornamented with a gorgeous brass knocker, curiously wrought, sometimes in the device of a dog, and sometimes of a lion's head, and was daily burnished with such religious zeal, that it was ofttimes worn out by the very precautions

taken for its preservation. The whole house was constantly in a state of inundation, under the discipline of mops and brooms and scrubbing brushes; and the good housewives of those days were a kind of amphibious animal, delighting exceedingly to be dabbling in water — insomuch that a historian of the day gravely tells us that many of his townswomen grew to have webbed fingers like unto a duck; and some of them, he had little doubt, could the matter be examined into, would be found to have the tails of mermaids — but this I look upon to be a mere sport of fancy, or what is worse, a willful misrepresentation.

The grand parlor was the sanctum sanctorum, where the passion for cleaning was indulged without control. In this sacred apartment no one was permitted to enter, excepting the mistress and her confidential maid, who visited it once a week, for the purpose of giving it a thorough cleaning, and putting things to rights — always taking the precaution of leaving their shoes at the door, and entering devoutly in their stocking feet. After scrubbing the floor, sprinkling it with fine white sand, which was curiously stroked into angles, and curves, and rhomboids, with a broom — after washing the windows, rubbing and polishing the furniture, and putting a new bunch of evergreens in the fireplace — the window shutters were again closed to keep out the flies, and the room carefully locked up until the revolution of time brought round the weekly cleaning day.

As to the family, they always entered in at the gate, and most generally lived in the kitchen. To have seen a numerous household assembled around the fire, one would have imagined that he was transported back to those happy days of primeval simplicity, which float before our imaginations like golden visions. The fireplaces were of a truly patriarchal magnitude, where the whole family, old and young, master and servant, black and white, nay, even the very cat and dog, enjoyed a community of privilege, and had each a right to a corner. Here the old burgher would sit in perfect silence, puffing his pipe, looking in the fire with half-shut eyes, and thinking of nothing for hours together; the goede vrouw on the opposite side would employ herself diligently in spinning yarn or knitting stockings. The young folks would crowd around the hearth, listening with breathless attention to some old crone of a negro, who was the oracle of the family, and who, perched like a raven in a corner of the chimney, would croak forth for

a long winter afternoon a string of incredible stories about New England witches — grisly ghosts, horses without heads — and hairbreadth escapes and bloody encounters among the Indians.

In those happy days a well-regulated family always rose with the dawn, dined at eleven, and went to bed at sundown. Dinner was invariably a private meal, and the fat old burghers showed incontestable symptoms of disapprobation and uneasiness at being surprised by a visit from a neighbor on such occasions. But though our worthy ancestors were thus singularly averse to giving dinners, yet they kept up the social bands of intimacy by occasional banquetings, called tea parties.

These fashionable parties were generally confined to the higher classes, or noblesse, that is to say, such as kept their own cows, and drove their own wagons. The company commonly assembled at three o'clock, and went away about six, unless it was in winter time, when the fashionable hours were a little earlier, that the ladies might get home before dark. The tea table was crowned with a huge earthen dish, well stored with slices of fat pork, fried brown, cut up into morsels, and swimming in gravy. The company being seated around the genial board, and each furnished with a fork, evinced their dexterity in launching at the fattest pieces in this mighty dish — in much the same manner as sailors harpoon porpoises at sea, or our Indians spear salmon in the lakes. Sometimes the table was graced with immense apple pies, or saucers full of preserved peaches and pears; but it was always sure to boast an enormous dish of balls of sweetened dough, fried in hog's fat, and called doughnuts, or olykoeks — a delicious kind of cake, at present scarce known in this city, excepting in genuine Dutch families.

The tea was served out of a majestic delft teapot, ornamented with paintings of fat little Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses tending pigs — with boats sailing in the air, and houses built in the clouds, and sundry other ingenious Dutch fantasies. The beaux distinguished themselves by their adroitness in replenishing this pot from a huge copper teakettle, which would have made the pygmy macaronies of these degenerate days sweat merely to look at it. To sweeten the beverage, a lump of sugar was laid beside each cup — and the company alternately nibbled and sipped with great decorum, until an

improvement was introduced by a shrewd and economic old lady, which was to suspend a large lump directly over the tea table, by a string from the ceiling, so that it could be swung from mouth to mouth — an ingenious expedient which is still kept up by some families in Albany; but which prevails without exception in Communipaw, Bergen, Flatbush, and all our uncontaminated Dutch villages.

At these primitive tea parties the utmost propriety and dignity of deportment prevailed. No flirting nor coquetting — no gambling of old ladies, nor hoyden chattering and romping of young ones — no self-satisfied struttings of wealthy gentlemen, with their brains in their pockets — nor amusing conceits, and monkey divertisements, of smart young gentlemen with no brains at all. On the contrary, the young ladies seated themselves demurely in their rush-bottomed chairs, and knit their own woolen stockings; nor ever opened their lips, excepting to say, *yah Mynheer* or *yah yah Vrouw*, to any question that was asked them; behaving, in all things, like decent, well-educated damsels. As to the gentlemen, each of them tranquilly smoked his pipe, and seemed lost in contemplation of the blue and white tiles with which the fireplaces were decorated; wherein sundry passages of Scripture were piously portrayed — Tobit and his dog figured to great advantage; Haman swung conspicuously on his gibbet; and Jonah appeared most manfully bouncing out of the whale, like Harlequin through a barrel of fire.

The parties broke up without noise and without confusion. They were carried home by their own carriages, that is to say, by the vehicles Nature had provided them, excepting such of the wealthy as could afford to keep a wagon. The gentlemen gallantly attended their fair ones to their respective abodes, and took leave of them with a hearty smack at the door; which, as it was an established piece of etiquette, done in perfect simplicity and honesty of heart, occasioned no scandal at that time, nor should it at the present — if our great-grandfathers approved of the custom, it would argue a great want of reverence in their descendants to say a word against it.

OVERREACH OVERREACHED.

By PHILIP MASSINGER.

(From "A New Way to pay Old Debts.")

[Philip Massinger, English dramatist, was baptized at St. Thomas', Salisbury, November 24, 1583. He studied at Oxford, but quitted the university without taking a degree, and repaired to London about 1606. Little is known of his personal history beyond the fact that he wrote many plays both independently and in conjunction with Field, Dekker, Fletcher, and others; with Fletcher he was associated from 1613 to 1625. He was found dead in bed in his house at Southwark, March 1640. He wrote fifteen plays unaided — tragedies, tragi-comedies, and comedies — such as "The Bondman," "Duke of Milan," "Parliament of Love," "Maid of Honor," "City Madam," and "A New Way to pay Old Debts," which last keeps his name familiar through the powerful part of Sir Giles Overreach. Of his plays written in collaboration with other dramatists, the best are: "The Honest Man's Fortune," "The Fatal Dowry," "Sir John Van Olden Barnavelt," and "The Virgin Martyr."]

Enter Sir Giles Overreach, *with distracted looks, driving in* Marrall *before him, with a box.*

Overreach —
I shall *sol fa* you, rogue!
Marrall —
Sir, for what cause
Do you use me thus?
Overreach —
Cause, slave! why, I am angry,
And thou a subject only fit for beating,
And so to cool my choler. Look to the writing;
Let but the seal be broke upon the box
That has slept in my cabinet these three years,
I'll rack thy soul for't.
Marrall —
I may yet cry quittance,
Though now I suffer, and dare not resist. [*Aside.*
Overreach [*to Lady Allworth*] —
Lady, by your leave, did you see my daughter, lady?
And the lord her husband? are they in your house?
If they are, discover, that I may bid them joy;
And, as an entrance to her place of honor,
See your ladyship on her left hand, and make courtesies,
When she nods on you; which you must receive
As a special favor.
Lady Allworth —
When I know, Sir Giles,

Her state requires such ceremony, I shall pay it;
But, in the mean time, as I am myself,
I give you to understand, I neither know
Nor care where her honor is.

Overreach —
When you once see her
Supported, and led by the lord her husband,
You'll be taught better. — Nephew.

Wellborn —
Sir.

Overreach —
No more!

Wellborn —
'Tis all I owe you.

Overreach —
Have your redeemed rags
Made you thus insolent?

Wellborn —
Insolent to you!
Why, what are you, sir, unless in your years,
At the best, more than myself?

Overreach —
His fortune swells him:
'Tis rank, he's married. [*Aside.*

Lady Allworth —
This is excellent!

Overreach —
Sir, in calm language, though I seldom use it,
I am familiar with the cause that makes you
Bear up thus bravely; there's a certain buzz
Of a stolen marriage, do you hear? of a stolen marriage,
In which, 'tis said, there's somebody hath been cozened;
I name no parties.

Wellborn —
Well, sir, and what follows?

Overreach —
Marry, this; since you are peremptory. Remember,
Upon mere hope of your great match, I lent you
A thousand pounds: put me in good security,
And suddenly, by mortgage or by statute,
Of some of your new possessions, or I'll have you
Dragged in your lavender robes to the jail: you know me,
And therefore do not trifle.

Wellborn —
Can you be

So cruel to your nephew, now he's in
The way to rise? was this the courtesy
You did me "in pure love, and no ends else"?

Overreach —

End me no ends! engage the whole estate,
And force your spouse to sign it, you shall have
Three or four thousand more, to roar and swagger
And revel in bawdy taverns.

Wellborn —

And beg after;
Mean you not so?

Overreach —

My thoughts are mine, and free.
Shall I have security?

Wellborn —

No, indeed you shall not,
Nor bond, nor bill, nor bare acknowledgment;
Your great looks fright not me.

Overreach —

But my deeds shall.
Outbraved! [*Both draw.*

Lady Allworth —

Help, murder! murder! [*Enter* Servants.

* * * * * * *

Marrall —

Now put him to
The showing of the deed. [*Aside to* WELLBORN.

Wellborn —

This rage is vain, sir;
For fighting, fear not, you shall have your hands full,
Upon the least incitement; and whereas
You charge me with a debt of a thousand pounds,
If there be law (howe'er you have no conscience),
Either restore my land, or I'll recover
A debt that's truly due to me from you,
In value ten times more than what you challenge.

Overreach —

I in thy debt! O impudence! did I not purchase
The land left by thy father, that rich land,
That hath continuèd in Wellborn's name
Twenty descents; which, like a riotous fool,
Thou didst make sale of? Is not here, inclosed,
The deed that does confirm it mine?

Marrall —
Now, now!
Wellborn —
I do acknowledge none; I ne'er passed over
Any such land: I grant, for a year or two
You had it in trust; which if you do discharge,
Surrendering the possession, you shall ease
Yourself and me of chargeable suits in law,
Which, if you prove not honest, as I doubt it,
Must of necessity follow.
Lady Allworth —
In my judgment,
He does advise you well.
Overreach —
Good! good! conspire
With your new husband, lady; second him
In his dishonest practices; but when
This manor is extended to my use,
You'll speak in an humbler key, and sue for favor.
Lady Allworth —
Never: do not hope it.
Wellborn —
Let despair first seize me.
Overreach —
Yet, to shut up thy mouth, and make thee give
Thyself the lie, the loud lie, I draw out
The precious evidence; if thou canst forswear
Thy hand and seal, and make a forfeit of
[*Opens the box and displays the bond.*
Thy ears to the pillory, see! here's that will make
My interest clear — ha!
Lady Allworth —
A fair skin of parchment.
Wellborn —
Indented, I confess, and labels too;
But neither wax nor words. How! thunderstruck?
Not a syllable to insult with? My wise uncle,
Is this your precious evidence, this that makes
Your interest clear?
Overreach —
I am o'erwhelmed with wonder!
What prodigy is this? what subtle devil
Hath razed out the inscription? the wax
Turned into dust! — the rest of my deeds whole
As when they were delivered, and this only

Made nothing! do you deal with witches, rascal?
There is a statute for you, which will bring
Your neck in an hempen circle; yes, there is;
And now 'tis better thought for, cheater, know
This juggling shall not save you.

Wellborn —

To save thee,
Would beggar the stock of mercy.

Overreach —

Marrall!

Marrall —

Sir!

Overreach —

Though the witnesses are dead, your testimony
Help with an oath or two: and for thy master,
Thy liberal master, my good honest servant,
I know thou wilt swear anything, to dash
This cunning sleight: besides, I know thou art
A public notary, and such stand in law
For a dozen witnesses: the deed being drawn too
By thee, my careful Marrall, and delivered
When thou wert present, will make good my title.
Wilt thou not swear this? [*Aside to* MARRALL.

Marrall —

I! no, I assure you:
I have a conscience not seared up like yours;
I know no deeds.

Overreach —

Wilt thou betray me?

Marrall —

Keep him
From using of his hands, I'll use my tongue,
To his no little torment.

Overreach —

Mine own varlet
Rebel against me!

Marrall —

Yes, and uncase you too.
"The idiot, the patch, the slave, the booby,
The property fit only to be beaten
For your morning exercise," your "football" or
"The unprofitable lump of flesh," your "drudge,"
Can now anatomize you, and lay open
All your black plots, and level with the earth
Your hill of pride, and, with these gabions guarded,

Unload my great artillery, and shake,
Nay, pulverize, the walls you think defend you.
Lady Allworth —
How he foams at the mouth with rage!
Wellborn —
To him again.
Overreach —
O that I had thee in my gripe, I would tear thee
Joint after joint!
Marrall —
I know you are a tearer,
But I'll have first your fangs pared off, and then
Come nearer to you; when I have discovered,
And made it good before the judge, what ways,
And devilish practices, you used to cozen with
An army of whole families, who yet alive,
And but enrolled for soldiers, were able
To take in Dunkirk.
Wellborn —
All will come out.
Lady Allworth —
The better.
Overreach —
But that I will live, rogue, to torture thee,
And make thee wish, and kneel in vain, to die,
These swords that keep thee from me should fix here,
Although they made my body but one wound,
But I would reach thee.
Lovell —
Heaven's hand is in this;
One bandog worry the other! [*Aside.*
Overreach —
I play the fool,
And make my anger but ridiculous:
There will be a time and place, there will be, cowards,
When you shall feel what I dare do.
Wellborn —
I think so:
You dare do any ill, yet want true valor
To be honest, and repent.
Overreach —
They are words I know not,
Nor e'er will learn. Patience, the beggar's virtue,

Enter GREEDY *and* PARSON WILLDO.

Shall find no harbor here: — after these storms
At length a calm appears. Welcome, most welcome!
There's comfort in thy looks; is the deed done?
Is my daughter married? say but so, my chaplain,
And I am tame.

Willdo —
Married! yes, I assure you.

Overreach —
Then vanish all sad thoughts! there's more gold for thee.
My doubts and fears are in the titles drowned
Of my honorable, my right honorable daughter.

Greedy —
Here will be feasting! at least for a month,
I am provided: empty guts, croak no more.
You shall be stuffed like bagpipes, not with wind,
But bearing dishes.

Overreach —
Instantly be here? [*Whispering to* WILLDO.
To my wish! to my wish! Now you that plot against me,
And hoped to trip my heels up, that contemned me,
Think on't and tremble: — [*Loud music*] — they come! I hear the music.
A lane there for my lord!

Wellborn —
This sudden heat
May yet be cooled, sir.

Overreach —
Make way there for my lord!

Enter ALLWORTH *and* MARGARET.

Margaret —
Sir, first your pardon, then your blessing, with
Your full allowance of the choice I have made.
As ever you could make use of your reason, [*Kneeling.*
Grow not in passion; since you may as well
Call back the day that's past, as untie the knot
Which is too strongly fastened: not to dwell
Too long on words, this is my husband.

Overreach —
How!

Allworth —
So I assure you; all the rites of marriage,
With every circumstance, are past. Alas! sir,

Although I am no lord, but a lord's page,
Your daughter and my loved wife mourns not for it;
And, for right honorable son-in-law, you may say,
Your dutiful daughter.

Overreach —

Devil! are they married?

Willdo —

Do a father's part, and say, Heaven give them joy!

Overreach —

Confusion and ruin! speak, and speak quickly,
Or thou art dead.

Willdo —

They are married.

Overreach —

Thou hadst better
Have made a contract with the king of fiends,
Than these: — my brain turns!

Willdo —

Why this rage to me?
Is not this your letter, sir, and these the words?
"Marry her to this gentleman."

Overreach —

It cannot —
Nor will I e'er believe it, 'sdeath! I will not;
That I, that in all passages I touched
At worldly profit have not left a print
Where I have trod for the most curious search
To trace my footsteps, should be gulled by children,
Baffled and fooled, and all my hopes and labors
Defeated and made void.

Wellborn —

As it appears,
You are so, my grave uncle.

Overreach —

Village nurses
Revenge their wrongs with curses; I'll not waste
A syllable, but thus I take the life
Which, wretched, I gave to thee.

[*Attempts to kill* MARGARET.

Lovell [*coming forward*] —

Hold, for your own sake!
Though charity to your daughter hath quite left you,
Will you do an act, though in your hopes lost here,
Can leave no hope for peace or rest hereafter?
Consider; at the best you are but a man,

And cannot so create your aims, but that
They may be crossed.

Overreach —

Lord! thus I spit at thee,
And at thy counsel; and again desire thee,
And as thou art a soldier, if thy valor
Dares show itself where multitude and example
Lead not the way, let's quit the house, and change
Six words in private.

Lovell —

I am ready.

Lady Allworth —

Stay, sir,
Contest with one distracted!

Wellborn —

You'll grow like him,
Should you answer his vain challenge.

Overreach —

Are you pale?
Borrow his help, though Hercules call it odds,
I'll stand against both as I am, hemmed in —
Thus!
Since, like a Libyan lion in the toil,
My fury cannot reach the coward hunters,
And only spends itself, I'll quit the place:
Alone I can do nothing; but I have servants
And friends to second me; and if I make not
This house a heap of ashes (by my wrongs,
What I have spoke I will make good!) or leave
One throat uncut, — if it be possible,
Hell, add to my afflictions! [*Exit.*

Marrall —

Is't not brave sport?

Greedy —

Brave sport! I am sure it has ta'en away my stomach;
I do not like the sauce.

Allworth —

Nay, weep not, dearest,
Though it express your pity; what's decreed
Above, we cannot alter.

Lady Allworth —

His threats move me
No scruple, madam.

Marrall —

Was it not a rare trick,

An it please your worship, to make the deed nothing?
I can do twenty neater, if you please
To purchase and grow rich; for I will be
Such a solicitor and steward for you,
As never worshipful had.

Wellborn —
I do believe thee;
But first discover the quaint means you used
To raze out the conveyance?

Marrall —
They are mysteries
Not to be spoke in public: certain minerals
Incorporated in the ink and wax —
Besides, he gave me nothing, but still fed me
With hopes and blows; and that was the inducement
To this conundrum. If it please your worship
To call to memory, this mad beast once caused me
To urge you or to drown or hang yourself;
I'll do the like to him, if you command me.

Wellborn —
You are a rascal! he that dares be false
To a master, though unjust, will ne'er be true
To any other. Look not for reward
Or favor from me; I will shun thy sight
As I would do a basilisk's; thank my pity,
If thou keep thy ears; howe'er, I will take order
Your practice shall be silenced.

Greedy —
I'll commit him,
If you'll have me, sir.

Wellborn —
That were to little purpose;
His conscience be his prison. Not a word,
But instantly begone.

Order (the Steward) —
Take this kick with you.

Amble (the Usher) —
And this.

Furnace (the Cook) —
If that I had my cleaver here,
I would divide your knave's head.

Marrall —
This is the haven
False servants still arrive at. [*Exit.*

Reënter OVERREACH.

Lady Allworth —
Come again!
Lovell —
Fear not, I am your guard.
Wellborn —
His looks are ghastly.
Willdo —
Some little time I have spent, under your favors,
In physical studies, and if my judgment err not,
He's mad beyond recovery: but observe him,
And look to yourselves.
Overreach —
Why, is not the whole world
Included in myself? to what use then
Are friends and servants? Say there were a squadron
Of pikes, lined through with shot, when I am mounted
Upon my injuries, shall I fear to charge them?
No: I'll through the battalia, and that routed,
[*Flourishing his sword sheathed.*
I'll fall to execution. — Ha! I am feeble:
Some undone widow sits upon mine arm,
And takes away the use of't; and my sword,
Glued to my scabbard with wronged orphans' tears,
Will not be drawn. Ha! what are these? sure, hangmen,
That come to bind my hands, and then to drag me
Before the judgment seat: now they are new shapes,
And do appear like Furies, with steel whips
To scourge my ulcerous soul. Shall I then fall
Ingloriously, and yield? no; spite of Fate,
I will be forced to hell like to myself.
Though you were legions of accursèd spirits,
Thus would I fly among you.
[*Rushes forward and flings himself on the ground.*
Wellborn —
There's no help;
Disarm him first, then bind him.
Greedy —
Take a *mittimus*,
And carry him to Bedlam.
Lovell —
How he foams!
Wellborn —
And bites the earth!

Willdo —
Carry him to some dark room,
There try what art can do for his recovery.
Margaret —
O my dear father! [*They force* OVERREACH *off.*

THE POWERS OF THE AIR.

BY ROBERT BURTON.

(From the "Anatomy of Melancholy.")

[ROBERT BURTON was a scholar and bookworm, born in Leicestershire in 1576, who took orders for a living, but spent all his life at his alma mater, Christ Church, Oxford, where he died in 1640; a mathematician and philologist, and curious about astrology, but whose life was in reading, of which the "Anatomy of Melancholy" (1621) is a digest.]

A DIGRESSION OF THE NATURE OF SPIRITS, BAD ANGELS, OR DEVILS, AND HOW THEY CAUSE MELANCHOLY.

AS FOR those orders of good & bad Devils, which the Platonists hold, [it] is altogether erroneous, & those Ethnicks' *boni & mali Genii* are to be exploded. These heathen writers agree not in this point among themselves, as *Dandinus* notes, *an sint mali non conveniunt*, some will have all spirits good or bad to us by a mistake: as if an ox or horse could discourse, he would say the butcher was his enemy because he kill'd him, the grazier his friend because he fed him; an hunter preserves and yet kills his game, and is hated nevertheless of his game; *nec piscatorem piscis amare potest*, &c. But *Iamblicus*, *Psellus*, *Plutarch*, & most Platonists acknowledge bad, *& ab eorum maleficiis cavendum*, for they are enemies of man-kind, & this *Plato* learned in Egypt, that they quarreled with *Jupiter*, and were driven by him down to hell. That which *Apuleius*, *Xenophon*, & *Plato* contend of *Socrates'* *Dæmonium* is most absurd; that which *Plotinus* of his, that he had likewise *Deum pro Dæmonio:* and that which Porphyry concludes of them all in general, if they be neglected in their sacrifice they are angry; nay more, as *Cardan* in his *Hyperchen* will, they feed on men's souls, *elementa sunt plantis elementum*, *animalibus plantæ*, *hominibus*

animalia, erunt & homines aliis, non autem diis, nimis remota est eorum natura à nostrâ, quapropter dæmonibus: and so, belike, that we have so many battles fought in all ages, countries, is to make them a feast, and their sole delight. But to return to that I said before, if displeased, they fret and chafe (for they feed, belike, on the souls of beasts, as we do on their bodies), & send many plagues amongst us; but, if pleased, they do much good; is as vain as the rest, & confuted by *Austin, l.* 9, *c.* 8, *de Civ. Dei; Euseb. l.* 4, *præpar. Evan. c.* 6; & others. Yet thus much I find, that our Schoolmen & other Divines make 9 kinds of bad Spirits, as *Dionysius* hath done of Angels.

In the first rank are those false gods of the Gentiles, which were adored heretofore in several Idols, and gave Oracles at *Delphi*, and elsewhere; whose Prince is *Beelzebub*. The second rank is of Liars, and Equivocators, as *Apollo Pythias*, and the like. The third are those vessels of anger, inventors of all mischief; as that *Theuth* in *Plato; Esay* calls them vessels of fury; their Prince is *Belial*. The fourth are malicious revenging Devils; and their Prince is *Asmodæus*. The fifth are cozeners, such as belong to Magicians and Witches; their Prince is *Satan*. The sixth are those aerial devils that corrupt the air, & cause plagues, thunders, fires, *&c.*, spoken of in the *Apocalypse*, and *Paul* to the *Ephesians* names them the Princes of the air; *Meresin* is their Prince. The seventh is a destroyer, Captain of the Furies, causing wars, tumults, combustions, uproars, mentioned in the *Apocalypse*, [ix. 11], and called *Abaddon*. The eighth is that accusing or calumniating Devil, whom the Greeks call Διάβολος, that drives men to despair, The ninth are those tempters in several kinds, and their Prince is *Mammon*.

Psellus makes six kinds, yet none above the Moon. *Wierus*, in his *Pseudomonarchiâ Dœmonis*, out of an old book, makes many more divisions and subordinations, with their several names, numbers, offices, &c. But *Gazæus* cited by *Lipsius* will have all places full of Angels, Spirits, and Devils, above and beneath the Moon, ætherial and aerial, which *Austin* cites out of *Varro, l.* 7, *de Civ. Dei, c.* 6. *The celestial Devils above & aerial beneath*, or, as some will, gods above, *Semidei* or half Gods beneath, *Lares, Heroes, Genii*, which climb higher, if they lived well, as the *Stoicks* held, but grovel on the ground as they were baser in their lives, nearer to the earth: & are *Manes, Lemures, Lamiæ*, &c. They will have no place void,

but all full of Spirits, Devils, or some other inhabitants ; *plenum cœlum, aer, aqua, terra, & omnia sub terrâ*, saith *Gazæus* ; though *Anthony Rusca*, in his book *de Inferno, lib.* 5, *C.* 7, would confine them to the middle Region, yet they will have them everywhere. Not so much as an hair breadth empty in heaven, earth, or waters, above or under the earth. The air is not so full of flies in summer, as it is at all times of invisible devils : this *Paracelsus* stiffly maintains, and that they have every one their several *Chaos ;* others will have infinite worlds, and each world his peculiar Spirits, Gods, Angels, and Devils, to govern and punish it.

> Singula nonnulli credunt quoque sidera posse
> Dici orbes, terramque appellant sidus opacum,
> Cui minimus divûm præsit. —
>
> [Some persons think that every star's a world,
> And call this earth of ours an opaque star,
> Presided over by the least of gods.]

Gregorius Tholosanus makes seven kinds of ætherial Spirits or Angels, according to the number of the seven Planets, Saturnine, Jovial, Martial [etc.], of which *Cardan* discourseth, *lib.* 20, *de subtil.* he calls them *substantias primas, Olympicos dæmones Trithemius, qui præsunt Zodiaco, &c.* and will have them to be good Angels above, Devils beneath the Moon, their several names and offices he there sets down, and, which *Dionysius* of Angels, will have several spirits for several countries, men, offices, &c., which live about them, & as so many assisting powers cause their operations ; will have in a word innumerable, as many of them as there be stars in the skies. *Marcilius Ficinus* seems to second this opinion, out of *Plato*, or from himself, I know not (still ruling their inferiors, as they do those under them again, all subordinate, and the nearest to the earth rule us, whom we subdivide into good and bad Angels, call Gods or Devils, as they help or hurt us, and so adore, love, or hate), but it is most likely from *Plato*, for he, relying wholly on *Socrates, quem mori potius quam mentiri voluisse scribit* [who (he writes) would rather die than tell a lie], out of *Socrates* authority alone, made nine kinds of them . which opinion, belike, *Socrates* took from *Pythagoras*, & he from *Trismegistus*, he from *Zoroaster*, first God, secondly Ideæ ; 3. Intelligences, 4. Arch-Angels, 5. Angels, 6. Devils, 7. Heroes, 8. Principalities,

9. Princes: of which some were absolutely good, as Gods, some bad, some indifferent *inter deos & homines*, as heroes and *dæmones*, which ruled men, and were called *genii*, or, as *Proclus* and *Iamblicus* will, the middle betwixt God and men, Principalities and Princes, which commanded & swayed Kings and countries, and had several places in the Spheres, perhaps, for as every Sphere is higher, so hath it more excellent inhabitants: which, belike, is that *Galilæus à Galilæo* and *Kepler* aims at in his *Nuncio Siderio*, when he will have *Saturnine* and *Jovial* inhabitants: and which *Tycho Brahe* doth in some sort touch or insinuate in one of his Epistles: but these things *Zanchius* justly explodes, *cap.* 3, *lib.* 4, *P. Martyr. in* 4. *Sam.* 28. So that, according to these men, the number of ætherial Spirits must needs be infinite: for if that be true that some of our Mathematicians say: if a stone could fall from the starry heaven, or eighth sphere, and should pass every hour an hundred miles, it would be 65 years, or more, before it would come to ground, by reason of the great distance of heaven from earth, which contains, as some say, 170 millions 803 miles, besides those other heavens, whether they be crystalline or watery, which *Maginus* adds, which peradventure hold as much more, how many such spirits may it contain? And yet, for all this. *Thomas*, *Albertus*, and most hold that there be far more Angels than Devils.

But be they more or less, *Quod supra nos nihil ad nos.* Howsoever, as *Martianus* foolishly supposeth, *Ætherii Dæmones non curant res humanas*, they care not for us, do not attend our actions, or look for us, those ætherial spirits have other worlds to reign in belike, or business to follow.

Their Offices, Operations, Study.

How far their power doth extend, it is hard to determine; what the Ancients held of their effects, force, and operations, I will briefly shew you. *Plato in Critias*, and after him his followers, gave out that these spirits or devils *were men's governors and keepers, our lords and masters, as we are of our cattle. They govern Provinces and Kingdoms by oracles, auguries*, dreams, rewards and punishments, prophecies, inspirations, sacrifices, and religious superstitions, varied in as many forms as there be diversity of spirits; they send wars, plagues, peace, sickness, health, dearth, plenty, *adstantes hic jam nobis, spectantes &*

arbitrantes, &c., as appears by those histories of *Thucydides*, *Livy*, *Dionysius Halicarnasseus*, with many others that are full of their wonderful stratagems, and were therefore by those *Roman* and *Greek* Commonwealths adored and worshiped for gods, with prayers and sacrifices, &c. In a word, *nihil magis quærunt quam metum & admirationem hominum;* and, as another hath it, *dici non potest, quam impotenti ardore in homines dominium, & divinos cultus, maligni spiritus affectent. Trithemius*, in his book, *de septem secundis*, assigns names to such Angels as are Governors of particular Provinces, by what authority I know not, and gives them several jurisdictions. *Asclepiades* a *Grecian*, *Rabbi Achiba*, the Jew, *Abraham Avenezra*, and *Rabbi Azariel*, Arabians (as I find them cited by *Cicogna*), farther add that they are not our Governors only, *sed ex eorum concordiâ & discordiâ boni & mali affectus promanant*, but as they agree, so do we and our Princes, or disagree, stand or fall. *Juno* was a bitter enemy to *Troy*, *Apollo* a good friend, *Jupiter* indifferent, *Æqua Venus Teucris, Pallas iniqua fuit;* some are for us still, some against us, *Premente Deo, fert Deus alter opem.* Religion, policy, publick and private quarrels, wars are procured by them, and they are delighted perhaps to see men fight, as men are with cocks, bulls and dogs, bears, &c. Plagues, dearths, depend on them, our *benè* and *malè esse*, and almost all our other peculiar actions, (for, as *Anthony Rusca* contends, *lib.* 5, *cap.* 18, every man hath a good and a bad Angel attending of him in particular all his life long, which *Iamblicus* calls *dæmonem*), preferments, losses, weddings, deaths, rewards, and punishments, and, as *Proclus* will, all offices whatsoever, *alii genetricem, alii opificem potestatem habent, &c.*, and several names they give them according to their offices, as *Lares*, *Indigetes*, *Præstites*, *&c.* When the *Arcades* in that battle at *Chæronea*, which was fought against King *Philip* for the liberty of *Greece*, had deceitfully carried themselves, long after, in the very same place, *diis Græciæ ultoribus* (saith mine Author) they were miserably slain by *Metellus* the *Roman:* so likewise, in smaller matters, they will have things fall out, as these *boni and mali Genii* favor or dislike us. *Saturnini non conveniunt Jovialibus, &c.* He that is *Saturninus* shall never likely be preferred. That base fellows are often advanced, underserving Gnathos, and vicious parasites, when as discreet, wise, virtuous, and worthy men are neglected, and unrewarded, they refer to those domineering spirits, or subordinate *Genii;*

as they are inclined, or favor men, so they thrive, are ruled & overcome, for, as *Libanius* supposeth, in our ordinary conflicts and contentions, *Genius Genio cedit & obtemperat*, one *Genius* yields and is overcome by another. All particular events almost they refer to these private spirits; & (as *Paracelsus* adds) they direct, teach, inspire, and instruct men. Never was any man extraordinarily famous in any art, action, or great commander, that had not *familiarem dæmonem*, to inform him, as *Numa*, *Socrates*, and many such, as *Cardan* illustrates, *cap.* 128. *Arcanis prudentiæ civilis, speciali siquidem gratia, se à Deo donari asserunt magi, à Geniis cœlestibus instrui, ab iis doceri.* But these are most erroneous paradoxes, *ineptæ & fabulosæ nugæ*, rejected by our Divines & Christian Churches. 'Tis true, they have, by God's permission, power over us, and we find by experience that they can hurt not our fields only, cattle, goods, but our bodies and minds. At *Hammel* in *Saxony*, An. 1484, 20 *Junii*, the Devil, in likeness of a pied piper, carried away 130 children, that were never after seen. Many times men are affrighted out of their wits, carried away quite, as *Scheretzius* illustrates, *lib.* 1, *c.* 4, and severally molested by his means. *Plotinus* the Platonist, *lib.* 14, *advers. Gnost.*, laughs them to scorn, that hold the Devil or Spirits can cause any such diseases. Many think he can work upon the body, but not upon the mind. But experience pronounceth otherwise, that he can work both upon body and mind. *Tertullian* is of this opinion, *c.* 22, *that he can cause both sickness and health*, and that secretly. *Taurellus* adds, *by clancular poisons he can infect the bodies, & hinder the operations of the bowels, though we perceive it not, closely creeping into them*, saith *Lipsius*, & so crucify our souls: *et nociva melancholia furiosos efficit.* For being a spiritual body, he struggles with our spirits, saith *Rogers*, and suggests (according to *Cardan*) *verba sine voce, species sine visu*, envy, lust, anger, &c., as he sees men inclined.

Of Witches and Magicians, how they cause Melancholy.

You have heard what the Devil can do of himself, now you shall hear what he can perform by his instruments, who are many times worse (if it be possible) than he himself, and to satisfy their revenge and lust cause more mischief. *Multa enim mala non egisset Dæmon, nisi provocatus à Sagis*, as *Erastus*

thinks; much harm had never been done [by him] had he not been provoked by Witches to it. He had not appeared in *Samuel's* shape, if the Witch of *Endor* had let him alone; or represented those Serpents in *Pharaoh's* presence, had not the Magicians urged him unto it: *nec morbos vel hominibus vel brutis infligeret* (*Erastus* maintains) *si Sage quiescerunt;* men and cattle might go free, if the Witches would let him alone. Many deny Witches at all, or, if there be any, they can do no harm. Of this opinion is *Wierus, lib.* 3, *cap.* 53, *de præstig. dæm. Austin Lerchemer*, a dutch writer, *Biarmannus, Ewichius, Euwaldus*, our countryman *Scot;* with him in *Horace*,

> Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,
> Nocturnos Lemures, portentaque Thessala risu
> Excipiunt.
>
> [Dreams, magic terrors, miracles, and witches,
> And nightly spectres, and Thessalian portents,
> All these they laugh at.]

They laugh at all such stories; but on the contrary are most Lawyers, Divines, Physicians, Philosophers, *Austin, Hemingius, Danæus, Chytræus, Zanchius, Aretius, &c., Delrio, Springer, Niderius, lib.* 5, *Formicar. Cuiatius, Bartolus, consil.* 6, *tom.* 1, *Bodine, dæmoniant. lib.* 2, *cap.* 8, *Godelman, Damhoderius, &c., Paracelsus, Erastus, Scribanius, Camerarius, &c.* The parties by whom the Devil deals, may be reduced to these two, such as command him in shew at least, as Conjurers, and Magicians, whose detestable and horrid mysteries are contained in their book called *Arbatell; dæmones enim advocati præsto sunt, seque exorcismis & conjurationibus quasi cogi patiuntur, ut miserum mayorum genus in impietate detineant;* or such are commanded, as Witches, that deal *ex parte implicite*, or *explicité*, as the *King* hath well defined. Many subdivisions there are, & several species of Sorcerers, Witches, Enchanters, Charmers, &c. They have been tolerated heretofore some of them; and Magick hath been publickly professed in former times, in *Salamanca, Cracovia*, and other places, though after censured by several Universities, and now generally contradicted, though practiced by some still, maintained and excused, *tanquam res secreta, quæ non nisi viris magnis & peculiari beneficio de cœlo instructis communicatur* (I use *Boissardus* his words): and so far approved by some Princes, *ut nihil ausi aggredi in politicis, in sacris, in consiliis*

sine eorum arbitrio; they consult still with them, and dare indeed do nothing without their advice. *Nero* and *Heliogabalus Maxentius*, and *Julianus Apostata*, were never so much addicted to Magick of old, as some of our modern Princes and Popes themselves are nowadays. *Erricus*, King of *Sweden*, had an enchanted Cap, by virtue of which, and some magical murmur or whispering terms, he could command spirits, trouble the air, and make the wind stand which way he would, insomuch that when there was any great wind or storm, the common people were wont to say, the King now had on his conjuring Cap. But such examples are infinite. That which they can do, is as much almost as the Devil himself, who is still ready to satisfy their desires, to oblige them the more unto him. They can cause tempests, storms, which is familiarly practised by Witches in *Norway*, *Iceland*, as I have proved. They can make friends enemies, and enemies friends, by philters; *turpes amores conciliare*, enforce love, tell any man where his friends are, about what employed, though in the most remote places; and, if they will, *bring their sweethearts to them by night, upon a goat's back flying in the air* (*Sigismund Scheretzius, part.* 1, *cap.* 9, *de spect.* reports confidently that he conferred with sundry such, that had been so carried many miles, and that he heard Witches themselves confess as much); hurt, and infect men and beasts, vines, corn, cattle, plants, make women abortive, not to conceive, *barren*, men and women unapt and *unable*, married and unmarried, fifty several ways, saith *Bodine, lib.* 2, *c.* 2, fly in the air, meet when and where they will, as *Cicogna* proves, and *Lavat. de spect. part.* 2. *c.* 17, *steal young children out of their cradles*, ministerio dæmonum, *and put deformed in their rooms, which we call changelings*, saith *Scheretzius, part.* 1, *c.* 6, make men victorious, fortunate, eloquent; and therefore in those ancient monomachies and combats they were searched of old, they had no magical charms; they can make stick frees, such as shall endure a rapier's point, musket shot, and never be wounded: of which read more in *Boissardus, cap.* 6, *de Magiâ*, the manner of the adjuration, and by whom 'tis made, where and how to be used *in expeditionibus bellicis, prœliis, duellis. &c.*, with many peculiar instances and examples; they can walk in fiery furnaces, make men feel no pain on the rack, *aut alias torturas sentire;* they can stanch blood, represent dead men's shapes, alter and turn themselves and others into several forms at their pleasures. *Agaberta*, a famous Witch in *Lapland*, would

do as much publickly to all spectators, *modò pusilla*, *modò anus*, *modò procera ut quercus*, *modò vacca*, *avis*, *coluber*, *&c.*, now young, now old, high, low, like a cow, like a bird, a snake, and what not? She could represent to others what forms they most desired to see, shew them friends absent, reveal secrets, *maximâ omnium admiratione*, *&c.* And yet for all this subtlety of theirs, as *Lipsius* well observes, *Physiolog. Stoicor. lib.* 1, *cap.* 17, neither these Magicians nor Devils themselves can take away gold or letters out of mine or *Crasssus*' chest, and *clientelis suis largiri*, for they are base, poor, contemptible, fellows most part. As *Bodine* notes, they can do nothing *in Judicum decreta aut pœnas*, *in Regum Concilia vel arcana*, *nihil in rem nummariam aut thesauros*, they cannot give money to their Clients, alter Judges' decrees, or Councels of Kings, these *minuti Genii* cannot do it, *altiores Genii hoc sibi adservârunt*, the higher powers reserve these things to themselves. Now and then peradventure there may be some famous Magicians, like *Simon Magus*, *Apollonius Tyanœus*, *Pases*, *Iamblicus*, *Eudo de Stellis*, that for a time can build castles in the air, represent armies, &c., as they are said to have done, command wealth and treasure, feed thousands with all variety of meats upon a sudden, protect themselves and their followers from all Princes' persecutions, by removing from place to place in an instant, reveal secrets, future events, tell what is done in far countries, make them appear that died long since, &c. and do many such miracles, to the world's terror, admiration, and opinion of Deity to themselves; yet the Devil forsakes them at last, they come to wicked ends, and *rarò aut nunquam* such Impostors are to be found. The vulgar sort of them can work no such feats. But to my purpose, they can, last of all, cure and cause most diseases to such as they love or hate, and this of *Melancholy* amongst the rest. *Paracelsus*, *Tom.* 4, *de morbus amentrum*, *Tract.* 1, in express words affirms *multi fascinatur in melancholiam*, many are bewitched into melancholy, out of his experience. The same, saith *Danœus lib.* 3, *de sortiariis*. *Vidi*, *inquit*, *qui melancholicos morbos gravissimos induxerunt:* I have seen those that have caused melancholy in the most grievous manner, *dried up women's paps*, *cured gout*, *palsy*, *this and apoplexy*, *falling sickness*, *which no physick could help*, *solo tactu*, by touch alone. *Ruland*, *in his* 3. *Cent. Cura* 91, gives an instance of one *David Helde*, a young man, who, by eating cakes which a Witch gave him, *mox delirare cœpit*, began to dote on a sudden, and was instantly mad. *F. H. D.* in *Hildes-*

heim, consulted about a melancholy man, thought his disease was partly magical and partly natural, because he vomited pieces of iron and lead, and spake such languages as he had never been taught; but such examples are common in *Scribanius*, *Hercules de Saxonia*, and others. The means by which they work, are usually charms, images, as that in *Hector Boethius* of King *Duff;* characters stamped of sundry metals, and at such and such constellations, knots, amulets, words, philters, &c., which generally make the parties affected melancholy; as *Monavius* discourseth at large in an Epistle of his to Acolsius, giving instance in a *Bohemian* Baron that was so troubled by a philter taken. Not that there is any power at all in those spells, charms, characters, and barbarous words; but that the Devil doth use such means to delude them; *ut fideles inde magos* (saith *Libanius*) *in officio retineat, tum in consortium malefactorum vocet.*

ANGELO AND DOROTHEA.

By THOMAS DEKKER.

(From "The Virgin Martyr.")

[Thomas Dekker: An English dramatist and pamphleteer, who lived during the latter part of the sixteenth and the first half of the seventeenth century. There is very little information regarding his personal history, but he seems to have been several times imprisoned for debt. He wrote alone the comedies: "Old Fortunatus"; "Satiromastix," a satirical attack on Ben Jonson; "The Shoemaker's Holiday"; and in collaboration with Massinger, Middleton, Ford, Rowley, etc., produced among other plays: "Westward Ho!" "The Virgin Martyr," "Witch of Edmonton," "The Roaring Girl." His best-known pamphlets are: "The Bachelor's Banquet," "Lanthorne and Candlelight," and "Gull's Hornbook."]

Dorothea —

My book and taper.

Angelo —

Here, most holy mistress.

Dorothea —

Thy voice sends forth such music, that I never
Was ravished with a more celestial sound.
Were every servant in the world like thee,
So full of goodness, angels would come down
To dwell with us: thy name is *Angelo*,

And like that name thou art. Get thee to rest;
Thy youth with too much watching is opprest.

Angelo —

No, my dear lady. I could weary stars,
And force the wakeful moon to lose her eyes,
By my late watching, but to wait on you.
When at your prayers you kneel before the altar,
Methinks I'm singing with some choir in heaven,
So blest I hold me in your company.
Therefore, my most loved mistress, do not bid
Your boy, so serviceable, to get hence:
For then you break his heart.

Dorothea —

Be nigh me still, then.
In golden letters down I'll set that day
Which gave thee to me. Little did I hope
To meet such worlds of comfort in thyself,
This little, pretty body, when I, coming
Forth of the temple, heard my beggar boy,
My sweet-faced, godly beggar boy, crave an alms,
Which with glad hand I gave, with lucky hand;
And when I took thee home, my most chaste bosom
Methought was filled with no hot wanton fire,
But with a holy flame, mounting since higher,
On wings of cherubims, than it did before.

Angelo —

Proud am I that my lady's modest eye
So likes so poor a servant.

Dorothea —

I have offered
Handfuls of gold but to behold thy parents.
I would leave kingdoms, were I queen of some,
To dwell with thy good father; for, the son
Bewitching me so deeply with his presence,
He that begot him must do't ten times more.
I pray thee, my sweet boy, show me thy parents;
Be not ashamed.

Angelo —

I am not: I did never
Know who my mother was; but, by yon palace
Filled with bright heavenly courtiers, I dare assure you,
And pawn these eyes upon it, and this hand,
My father is in heaven; and, pretty mistress,
If your illustrious hourglass spend his sand
No worse than yet it doth, upon my life,

You and I both shall meet my father there,
And he shall bid you welcome.
Dorothea —
A blessed day!

HAYMAKERS' SONG.

By DEKKER

Haymakers, rakers, reapers, and mowers,
Wait on your Summer Queen!
Dress up with musk rose her eglantine bowers,
Daffodils strew the green!
Sing, dance, and play,
'Tis holiday!
The Sun does bravely shine
On our ears of corn.
Rich as a pearl
Comes every girl.
This is mine, this is mine, this is mine.
Let us die ere away they be borne.

Bow to our Sun, to our Queen, and that fair one
Come to behold our sports:
Each bonny lass here is counted a rare one,
As those in princes' courts.
These and we
With country glee,
Will teach the woods to resound,
And the hills with echoes hollow.
Skipping lambs
Their bleating dams
'Mongst kids shall trip it round;
For joy thus our wenches we follow.

Wind, jolly huntsmen, your neat bugles shrilly,
Hounds make a lusty cry;
Spring up, you falconers, partridges freely
Then let your brave hawks fly!
Horses amain
Over ridge, over plain,
The dogs have the stag in chase:
'Tis a sport to content a king.

So ho! ho! through the skies
How the proud bird flies,
And sousing, kills with a grace!
Now the deer falls; hark! how they ring.

EXEQUY.

By HENRY KING, Bishop of Chichester.

[1592–1669; Chaplain to James I.]

Accept, thou shrine of my dead saint,
Instead of dirges, this complaint;
And for sweet flowers to crown thy hearse
Receive a strew of weeping verse
From thy grieved friend, whom thou might'st see
Quite melted into tears for thee.

Dear loss! since thy untimely fate,
My task hath been to meditate
On thee, on thee; thou art the book,
The library whereon I look,
Though almost blind; for thee (loved clay)
I languish out, not live, the day,
Using no other exercise
But what I practice with mine eyes,
By which wet glasses I find out
How lazily Time creeps about
To one that mourns; this, only this,
My exercise and business is:
So I compute the weary hours
With sighs dissolvèd into showers.

Nor wonder if my time go thus
Backward and most preposterous;
Thou hast benighted me; thy set
This eve of blackness did beget,
Who wast my day (though overcast
Before thou hadst thy noontide passed),
And I remember must in tears
Thou scarce hadst seen so many years
As day tells hours: by thy clear sun
My love and fortune first did run:

But thou wilt never more appear
Folded within my hemisphere,
Since both thy light and motion
Like a fled star is fallen and gone,
And 'twixt me and my soul's dear wish
The earth now interposèd is,
Which such a strange eclipse doth make
As ne'er was read in almanac.

I could allow thee for a time
To darken me and my sad clime:
Were it a month, or year, or ten,
I would thy exile live till then.
And all that space my mirth adjourn,
So thou wouldst promise to return,
And, putting off thy ashy shroud,
At length disperse this sable cloud!

But woe is me! the longest date
Too narrow is to calculate
These empty hopes: never shall I
Be so much blessed as to descry
A glimpse of thee, till that day come
Which shall the earth to cinders doom,
And a fierce fever must calcine
The body of this world like thine,
(My little world!) that fit of fire
Once off, our bodies shall aspire
To our souls' bliss: then we shall rise,
And view ourselves with clearer eyes
In that calm region where no night
Can hide us from each other's sight.

Meantime thou hast her, Earth: much good
May my harm do thee! Since it stood
With Heaven's will I might not call
Her longer mine, I give thee all
My short-lived right and interest
In her whom living I loved best;
With a most free and bounteous grief
I give thee what I could not keep.
Be kind to her, and, prithee, look
Thou write into thy doomsday book
Each parcel of this Rarity
Which in thy casket-shrined doth lie.

See that thou make thy reckoning straight,
And yield her back again by weight:
For thou must audit on thy trust
Each grain and atom of this dust,
As thou wilt answer Him that lent,
Not gave thee, my dear monument.
So, close the ground, and 'bout her shade
Black curtains draw: my bride is laid.

Sleep on, my love, in thy cold bed
Never to be disquieted!
My last good night! Thou wilt not wake
Till I thy fate shall overtake:
Till age or grief or sickness must
Marry my body to that dust
It so much loves, and fill the room
My heart keeps empty in thy tomb.
Stay for me there: I will not fail
To meet thee in that hollow vale.
And think not much of my delay;
I am already on the way,
And follow thee with all the speed
Desire can make, or sorrows breed.
Each minute is a short degree,
And every hour a step toward thee.
At night when I betake to rest,
Next morn I rise nearer my west
Of life, almost by eight hours' sail,
Than when Sleep breathed his drowsy gale.
Thus from the sun my bottom steers,
And my day's compass downward bears;
Nor labor I to stem the tide
Through which to thee I swiftly glide.

'Tis true, with shame and grief I yield;
Thou, like the van, first took'st the field,
And gotten hast the victory,
In thus adventuring to die
Before me, whose more years might crave
A just precedence in the grave.
But hark! my pulse, like a soft drum,
Beats my approach, tells thee I come:
And slow howe'er my marches be,
I shall at last sit down by thee.

The thought of this bids me go on,
And wait my dissolution
With hope and comfort. Dear (forgive
The crime), I am content to live,
Divided, with but half a heart,
Till we shall meet and never part.

PURCHAS TO HIS READERS.

(Introduction to the "Pilgrimes.")

[Samuel Purchas, born in Essex in 1577, graduated from St. John's College in 1600, and became a London rector, and chaplain to Abbot, archbishop of Canterbury. He gave his time mostly to geographical work: publishing in 1613 "Purchas, his Pilgrimage"; 1619, "Purchas, his Pilgrim" — both these original works; in 1625 "Purchas, his Pilgrimes," 4 vols., a continuation of Hakluyt's "Voyages," bound in manuscript, left him by Hakluyt, and differing wholly from the others in that the voyages are related by the actors themselves. He died in 1626, apparently in severe pecuniary trouble.]

Wisdome is said to bee the Science of things Divine and humane. Divine things are either naturall or supernaturall: these such, as the naturall man knoweth not, nor can know, because they are spiritually (with a spirituall Eye) discerned; called wisedome to salvation, the proper subject of Theologie, and not the peculiar argument of this Worke; which notwithstanding beeing the labour of a professed Divine, doth not abhorre from the same; but occasionally every where by Annotations, and in some parts professedly by speciall Discourses, insinuateth both the Historie and Mystery of Godlinesse, the right use of History, and all other Learning.

Naturall things are the more proper Object, namely the ordinary Workes of God in the Creatures, preserving and disposing by Providence that which his Goodnesse and Power had created, and dispersed in the divers parts of the World, as so many members of this great Bodie. Such is the History of Men in their diversified hewes and colours, quantities and proportions; of Beasts, Fishes, Fowles, Trees, Shrubs, Herbs, Minerals, Seas, Lands, Meteors, Heavens, Starres, with their naturall affections: in which many both of the Antient and Moderne have done worthily; but if neernesse of the Object deceive me not, this surmounteth them all in two Privilidges,

the veritie and varietie, especially of things in this kind remotest and rarest.

It is true, that as every member of the bodie hath somewhat eminent, whereby it is serviceable to the whole ; so every Region excelleth all others in some peculiar Raritie, which may be termed extraordinary respectively, though otherwise most common and ordinary in its owne place. So Our England in the naturall temper, accidentall want of Wolves, artificiall Rings of Bels, Sheepe not at all or seldome drinking, Lands and Waters turning Wood in some parts to Stone, Wonders of the Peke and other parts, doth not degenerate from nature, but hath a peculiar nature, almost miraculous to other Countries, as the naturall Wonders of their Regions are to us : so also Irelands want of venome in Creatures, fulnesse of it, and barbarousnesse in many of her wilder Natives, after so long trayning in Civilitie, and so ancient Renowme for Sanctitie : and so each part is to the other part in some or other part, and particular respect admirable.

What a World of Travellers have by their owne eyes observed in this kinde, is here (for the most part in their owne words transcribed or translated) delivered, not by one professing Methodically to deliver the Historie of Nature according to rules of Art, nor Philosophically to discusse and dispute ; but as in way of Discourse, by each Traveller relating what in kinde he hath seene. And as David prepared materials for Salomons Temple ; or (if that be too arrogant) as Alex. furnished Aristotle with Huntsmen and Observers of Creatures, to acquaint him with their diversified kinds and natures ; or (if that also seeme too ambitious) as Sense by Induction of particulars yeeldeth the premisses to Reasons Syllogisticall arguing ; or if we shall be yet more homely, as Pioners are employed by Enginers, and Labourers serve Masons, and Bricklayers, and these the best Surveyers and Architects : so here Purchas and his Pilgrimes minister individuall and sensible materials (as it were with Stones, Brickes, and Mortar) to those universall Speculators for their Theoricall structures. And well may the Author be ranked with such Labourers (howsoever here a Masterbuilder also) for that he hath beene forced as much to the Hod, Barrow and Trowel, as to contemplative survaying : neither in so many Labyrinthian Perambulations thorow, and Circumnavigations about the World in this and his other Workes, was ever enabled to maintaine a Vicarian or

Subordinate Scribe, but his own hands to worke, as well as his head to contrive these voluminous Buildings; except in some few Transcriptions or Translations, the most else of them by his sonne S. P. that one and the same name might both father and further the whole.

As for Master Hakluyts many yeeres Collections, and what stocke I received from him in written Papers, in the Table of Authors you shall find: whom I will thus farre honour, that though it be but materials, and that many Bookes have not one Chapter in that kind, yet that stocke encouraged me to use my endevours in and for the rest. I was therein a labourer also, both to get them (not without hard conditions) and to forme and frame those Materials to their due place and order in this Ædifice, the whole Artifice (such as it is) being mine owne. Traduce mee not, nor let any impute to boasting what I have said of my sole working (I know there is a *væ poli*) but I am compelled to doe it to prevent an Objection of my promised Europæan supply to my Pilgrimage. I confesse, I was too forward to promise, because others have beene so backward to assist: which I have in former Editions signified, but to blind Eyes and deafe Eares. Whose Librarie, whose Purse hath beene opened to me, let his mouth be opened against me also: Europe otherwise could not, nor now upon any price (it is too late) can be Purchased. I would not be misconstrued to ungratitude. Many have applauded my endevours, but *probitas laudatur alget*. If I had not lived in great part upon Exhibition of charitable friends, and on extraordinary labours of Lecturing (as the terme is) the Pilgrime had beene a more agreeing name to me then Purchas. Yet let my name be forever forgotten, if I remember not his, which the Adverseries have (seeking to steale him from us after his death) by their calumnie made more memorable; I meane, my decessed Patron Doctor King, late Lord Bishop of London, to whose bountie under God, I willingly ascribe my life, delivered from a sickly Habitation, and consequently (as also by opportunities of a London Benefice) whatsoever additions in my later Editions of my Pilgrimage; these present Pilgrimes also with their peregrinations. Yet such is ordinarily the greatnesse of the Epha, and smalnesse of the Shekel, in London Cures (especially within the wals) that wee are inabled thereby to disablings for workes of that kinde, whiles we must preach in season and out of season (I say not out of reason) that we may live.

One wing that Reverend and bountifull hands gave me in hope that some blessed hand would adde the other, to fit me for an Europæan flight, wherein not finding his hopes seconded, he promised to right me himselfe (these were his syllables) but death righted him, and I am forced to wrong the World. I speake not to accuse any, for of whom, to whom can I complaine, but to plaine and excuse my selfe, and with all to dedicate my thankefulnesse with the continuance of this Monument to that worthy Name.

But to returne to our Philosopher; I also have beene an Athenian with these Athenians, one delighting to tell, the others to heare from some new thing. I have therefore either wholly omitted or passed dry foot things neere and common; Far fetched and deare bought are the Lettice sutable to our lips. Common and ordinarie plants I remit to Herbarists. Europæan Rarities (except in the remoter Regions both from our habitation and knowledge, as Island, Norway, Sweden, Constantinople, the Mediterranean Ilands, &c.) to the Historians peculiar to each countrey therin. My Genius delights rather in by-wayes, then high-wayes, and hath therein by Tracts and Tractates of Travellers made Causies and High wayes, every where disposing these Pilgrime-Guides, that men without feare may travell to and over the most uncouth Countries of the World; and there be shewed with others Eyes, the Rarities of Nature, and such things also as are not against Nature, but either above it, Miracles, or beside the ordinarie course of it, in the extraordinary Wonders, which Gods Providence hath therein effected according to his good and just pleasure. And thus much for the workes of God.

Things humane, are such as men are, or have, or have done or suffered in the World. Here therefore the various Nations, Persons, Shapes, Colours, Habits, Rites, Religions, Complexions, Conditions, Politike and Oeconomike Customes, Languages, Letters, Arts, Merchandises, Wares, and other remarkeable Varieties of Men and humane Affaires are by Eye-witnesses related more amply and certainly than any Collector ever hath done, or perhaps without these helpes could doe. And thus we have shewed the scope of the Author, and so profitable use of Worke: which could not but be voluminous, having a World for the subject, and a World of Witnesses for the Evidence: and yet (except where the Author or Worke it selfe permitted not) these vast Volumes are contracted, and Epitomised, that

the nicer Reader might not be cloyed. Here also both Elephants may swimme in deepe voluminous Seas, and such as want either lust or leisure, may single out, as in a Library of Books, what Author or Voyage shall best be fitted for his profit or pleasure. I might adde that such a Worke may seeme necessarie to these times, wherein not many Scholers are so studious of Geographie, and of Naturall and Universall knowledge in the diversified varieties which the various Seas and Lands in the World produce, seeming as exceptions to Generall Rules, which Aristotle the best Scholer in Natures Schoole and her principall Secretarie could not so punctually and individually see in the Ocean, the Remoter Lands and the New Worlds, none of which he ever saw, nor till this last Age were knowne. And for the most part, those which are studious know not either to get, or to read the Authors of this kinde, of which so few speake Latine.

As for Gentlemen, Travell is accounted an excellent ornament to them; and therefore many of them comming to their Lands sooner then to their Wits, adventure themselves to see the Fashions of other Countries, where their soules and bodies find temptation to a twofold Whoredom, whence they see the World as Adam had knowledge of good and evill, with the losse or lessening of their estate in this English (and perhaps also in the heavenly Paradise) & bring home a few smattering termes, flattering garbes, Apish crings, foppish fancies, foolish guises and disguises, the vanities of Neighbour Nations (I name not Naples) without furthering of their knowledge of God, the World, or themselves. I speake not against Travell, so usefull to usefull men, I honour the industrious of the liberall and ingenuous in arts, bloud, education: and to prevent exorbitancies of the other, which cannot travell farre, or are in danger to travell from God and themselves, at no great charge I offer a World of Travellers to their domestike entertainment, easie to be spared from their Smoke, Cup, or Butter-flie vanities and superfluities, and fit mutually to entertaine them in a better Schoole to better purposes. And for the price, as I cannot set it, so I must acknowledge the adventurous courage of the Stationer Master Henry Fetherstone (like Hercules helping Atlas) so long to beare this my heavy World at such expenses.

ESSAYS OF LORD BACON.

[Francis Bacon: An English philosophical writer and essayist, and man of affairs; born in London, January 22, 1561; died in 1626. He was educated at Cambridge, spent several years in Paris, was admitted to the bar in 1582, and entered Parliament in 1584. He became a knight under James I., solicitor general, attorney general, keeper of the great seal, and finally lord high chancellor of England. In addition he was created Baron Verulam and Viscount St. Albans. In 1621 he was ruined as to material affairs by a conviction of bribery, the fairest discussion of which is in Spedding's "Evenings with a Reviewer." Bacon's chief writings are: "The Advancement of Learning" (1605); "Novum Organum," intended to form the second part of a never completed work, "Instauratio Magna," or the Great Restoration; the famous "Essays" (1597, 1612, 1625); "On the Wisdom of the Ancients" (in Latin).]

Envy.

There be none of the affections which have been noted to fascinate or bewitch, but love and envy: they both have vehement wishes; they frame themselves readily into imaginations and suggestions, and they come easily into the eye, especially upon the presence of the objects which are the points that conduce to fascination, if any such thing there be.

But leaving these curiosities (though not unworthy to be thought on in fit place), we will handle what persons are apt to envy others, what persons are most subject to be envied themselves, and what is the difference between public and private envy.

A man that hath no virtue in himself ever envieth virtue in others; for men's minds will either feed upon their own good, or upon others' evil; and who wanteth the one will prey upon the other; and whoso is out of hope to attain to another's virtue, will seek to come at even hand, by depressing another's fortune.

A man that is busy and inquisitive is commonly envious; for to know much of other men's matters cannot be, because all that ado may concern his own estate; therefore it must needs be that he taketh a kind of play pleasure in looking upon the fortunes of others: neither can he that mindeth but his own business find much matter for envy; for envy is a gadding passion, and walketh the street, and does not keep home: "There is no person a busybody but what he is ill-natured too."

Men of noble birth are noted to be envious towards new men when they rise; for the distance is altered: and it is like a deceit of the eye, that when others come on they think themselves go back.

Deformed persons and eunuchs, and the old men and bastards, are envious; for he that cannot possibly mend his own case, will do what he can to impair another's; except these defects light upon a very brave and heroic nature, which thinketh to make his natural wants part of his honor; in that it should be said, "That a eunuch, or a lame man, did such great matters," affecting the honor of a miracle: As it was in Narses the eunuch, and Agesilaus and Tamerlane, that were lame men.

The same is the case of men that rise after calamities and misfortunes; for they are as men fallen out with the times, and think other men's harms a redemption of their own sufferings.

They that desire to excel in too many matters, out of levity and vainglory, are ever envious, for they cannot want work: it being impossible, but many, in some of those things, should surpass them; which was the character of Adrian the emperor, that mortally envied poets and painters, and artificers in works, wherein he had a vein to excel.

Lastly, near kinsfolk and fellows in office, and those that have been bred together, are more apt to envy their equals when they are raised; for it doth upbraid unto them their own fortunes, and pointeth at them, and cometh often into their remembrance, and incurreth likewise more into the note of others; and envy ever redoubleth from speech and fame. Cain's envy was the more vile and malignant towards his brother Abel, because when his sacrifice was better accepted, there was nobody to look on. Thus much for those that are apt to envy.

Concerning those that are more or less subject to envy: First, persons of eminent virtue, when they are advanced, are less envied, for their fortune seemeth but due unto them; and no man envieth the payment of a debt, but rewards and liberality rather. Again, envy is ever joined with the comparing of a man's self; and where there is no comparison, no envy; and therefore kings are not envied but by kings. Nevertheless, it is to be noted that unworthy persons are most envied at their first coming in, and afterwards overcome it better; whereas, contrariwise, persons of worth and merit are most envied when their fortune continueth long; for by that time, though their virtue be the same, yet it hath not the same luster; for fresh men grow up that darken it.

Persons of noble blood are less envied in their rising; for

it seemeth but right done to their birth; besides, there seemeth not so much added to their fortune; and envy is as the sunbeams, that beat hotter upon a bank or steep rising ground, than upon a flat; and, for the same reason, those that are advanced by degrees are less envied than those that are advanced suddenly, and "per saltum."

Those that have joined with their honor great travels, cares, or perils, are less subject to envy; for men think that they earn their honors hardly, and pity them sometimes; and pity ever healeth envy: wherefore you shall observe, that the more deep and sober sort of politic persons, in their greatness, are ever bemoaning themselves what a life they lead, chanting a "quanta patimur" [how much we suffer]; not that they feel it so, but only to abate the edge of envy: but this is to be understood of business that is laid upon men, and not such as they call unto themselves; for nothing increaseth envy more than an unnecessary and ambitious engrossing of business; and nothing doth extinguish envy more than for a great person to preserve all other inferior officers in their full rights and preëminences of their places; for, by that means, there be so many screens between him and envy.

Above all, those are most subject to envy which carry the greatness of their fortunes in an insolent and proud manner: being never well but while they are showing how great they are, either by outward pomp, or by triumphing over all opposition or competition: whereas wise men will rather do sacrifice to envy, in suffering themselves, sometimes of purpose, to be crossed and overborne in things that do not much concern them. Notwithstanding so much is true that the carriage of greatness in a plain and open manner (so it be without arrogancy and vainglory) doth draw less envy than if it be in a more crafty and cunning fashion; for in that course a man doth but disavow fortune, and seemeth to be conscious of his own want in worth, and doth but teach others to envy him.

Lastly, to conclude this part, as we said in the beginning that the act of envy had somewhat in it of witchcraft, so there is no other cure of envy but the cure of witchcraft; and that is, to remove the lot (as they call it), and to lay it upon another; for which purpose the wiser sort of great persons bring in ever upon the stage somebody upon whom to derive the envy that would come upon themselves; sometimes upon ministers and servants, sometimes upon colleagues and asso-

ciates, and the like ; and, for that turn, there are never wanting some persons of violent and undertaking natures, who, so they may have power and business, will take it at any cost.

Now, to speak of public envy: there is yet some good in public envy, whereas in private there is none ; for public envy is as an ostracism, that eclipseth men when they get too great ; and therefore it is a bridle also to great ones, to keep them within bounds.

This envy, being in the Latin word "invidia," goeth in the modern languages by the name of discontentment; of which we shall speak in handling sedition. It is a disease in a state like to infection ; for as infection spreadeth upon that which is sound, and tainteth it, so, when envy is gotten once into a state, it traduceth even the best actions thereof, and turneth them into an ill odor ; and therefore there is little won by intermingling of plausible actions ; for that doth argue but a weakness and a fear of envy, which hurteth so much the more, as it is likewise usual in infections, which, if you fear them, you call them upon you.

This public envy seemeth to beat chiefly upon principal officers or ministers, rather than upon kings and estates themselves. But this is a sure rule, that if the envy upon the minister be great, when the cause of it in him is small ; or if the envy be general in a manner upon all the ministers of an estate, then the envy (though hidden) is truly upon the state itself. And so much of public envy or discontentment, and the difference thereof from private envy, which was handled in the first place.

We will add this in general, touching the affection of envy, that of all other affections it is the most importune and continual ; for of other affections there is occasion given but now and then ; and therefore it was well said, "Envy keeps no holidays :" for it is ever working upon some or other. And it is also noted that love and envy do make a man pine, which other affections do not, because they are not so continual. It is also the vilest affection, and the most depraved; for which cause it is the proper attribute of the devil, who is called "The envious man, that soweth tares amongst the wheat by night;" as it always cometh to pass that envy worketh subtilely, and in the dark, and to the prejudice of good things, such as is the wheat.

Atheism.

I had rather believe all the fables in the legend, and the Talmud, and the Alcoran, than that this universal frame is without a mind; and, therefore, God never wrought miracle to convince atheism, because his ordinary works convince it. It is true that a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion; for while the mind of man looketh upon second causes scattered, it may sometimes rest in them, and go no further; but when it beholdeth the chain of them confederate, and linked together, it must needs fly to Providence and Deity: nay, even that school which is most accused of atheism doth most demonstrate religion: that is, the school of Leucippus, and Democritus, and Epicurus, for it is a thousand times more credible that four mutable elements, and one immutable fifth essence, duly and eternally placed, need no God, than that an army of infinite small portions, or seeds unplaced, should have produced this order and beauty without a divine marshal. The Scripture saith, "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God;" it is not said, "The fool hath thought in his heart;" so as he rather saith it by rote to himself, as that he would have, than that he can thoroughly believe it, or be persuaded of it; for none deny there is a God, but those for whom it maketh that there were no God. It appeareth in nothing more, that atheism is rather in the lip than in the heart of man, than by this, that atheists will ever be talking of that their opinion, as if they fainted in it within themselves, and would be glad to be strengthened by the consent of others; nay more, you shall have atheists strive to get disciples, as it fareth with other sects; and, which is most of all, you shall have of them that will suffer for atheism, and not recant; whereas, if they did truly think that there were no such thing as God, why should they trouble themselves? Epicurus is charged that he did but dissemble for his credit's sake, when he affirmed there were blessed natures, but such as enjoyed themselves without having respect to the government of the world; wherein they say he did temporize, though in secret he thought there was no God: but certainly he is traduced, for his words are noble and divine: "It is not profane to deny *the existence* of the Deities of the vulgar: but to apply to the Divinities the received notions of the vulgar is

profane." Plato could have said no more; and although he had the confidence to deny the administration, he had not the power to deny the nature. The Indians of the west have names for their particular gods, though they have no name for God: as if the heathens should have had the names Jupiter, Apollo, Mars, etc., but not the word Deus, which shows that even those barbarous people have the notion, though they have not the latitude and extent of it; so that against atheists the very savages take part with the very subtlest philosophers. The contemplative atheist is rare; a Diagoras, a Bion, a Lucian perhaps, and some others; and yet they seem to be more than they are; for that all that impugn a received religion, or superstition, are, by the adverse part, branded with the name of atheists; but the great atheists indeed are hypocrites, which are ever handling holy things but without feeling; so as they must needs be cauterized in the end. The causes of atheism are, divisions in religion, if they be many; for any one main division addeth zeal to both sides, but many divisions introduce atheism: another is, scandal of priests, when it is come to that which St. Bernard saith: "It is not for us now to say, 'Like priest like people,' for the people are not even so bad as the priest:" a third is, custom of profane scoffing in holy matters, which doth by little and little deface the reverence of religion; and lastly, learned times, specially with peace and prosperity; for troubles and adversities do more bow men's minds to religion. They that deny a God destroy a man's nobility; for certainly man is of kin to the beasts by his body; and if he be not of kin to God by his spirit, he is a base and ignoble creature. It destroys likewise magnanimity, and the raising of human nature; for take an example of a dog, and mark what a generosity and courage he will put on when he finds himself maintained by a man, who to him is instead of a God, "a superior nature"; which courage is manifestly such as that creature, without that confidence of a better nature than his own, could never attain. So man, when he resteth and assureth himself upon divine protection and favor, gathereth a force and faith which human nature in itself could not obtain; therefore, as atheism is in all respects hateful, so in this, that it depriveth human nature of the means to exalt itself above human frailty. As it is in particular persons, so it is in nations; never was there such a state for magnanimity as Rome. Of this state hear what Cicero saith: "We may admire ourselves, conscript fathers, as much as we please: still,

neither by numbers *did we vanquish* the Spaniards, nor by bodily strength the Gauls, nor by cunning the Carthaginians, nor through the arts the Greeks, nor, in fine, by the inborn and native good sense of this *our* nation, and this *our* race and soil, the Italians and Latins themselves; but through our devotion and our religious feeling, and this, the sole *true* wisdom, the having perceived that all things are regulated and governed by the providence of the immortal Gods, have we subdued all races and nations."

Riches.

I cannot call riches better than the baggage of virtue; the Roman word is better, "impedimenta"; for as the baggage is to an army, so is riches to virtue; it cannot be spared nor left behind, but it hindereth the march; yea, and the care of it sometimes loseth or disturbeth the victory: of great riches there is no real use, except it be in the distribution; the rest is but conceit; so saith Solomon, "Where much is, there are many to consume it; and what hath the owner but the sight of it with his eyes?" The personal fruition in any man cannot reach to feel great riches: there is a custody of them; or a power of dole and donative of them; or a fame of them: but no solid use to the owner. Do you not see what feigned prices are set upon little stones and rarities? and what works of ostentation are undertaken, because there might seem to be some use of great riches? But then you will say, they may be of use to buy men out of dangers or troubles; as Solomon saith, "Riches are as a stronghold in the imagination of the rich man;" but this is excellently expressed, that it is in imagination, and not always in fact: for, certainly, great riches have sold more men than they have bought out. Seek not proud riches, but such as thou mayest get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and leave contentedly; yet have no abstract or friarly contempt of them; but distinguished, as Cicero saith well of Rabirius Posthumus, "In his anxiety to increase his fortune, it was evident that not the gratification of avarice was sought, but the means of doing good." Hearken also to Solomon, and beware of hasty gathering of riches: "He who hastens to riches will not be without guilt." The poets feign that when Plutus (which is riches) is sent from Jupiter, he limps, and goes slowly; but when he is sent from Pluto, he runs, and is swift of foot; meaning that riches gotten by good means and just

labor pace slowly; but when they come by the death of others (as by the course of inheritance, testaments, and the like), they come tumbling upon a man: but it might be applied likewise to Pluto, taking him for the devil: for when riches come from the devil (as by fraud and oppression, and unjust means), they come upon speed. The ways to enrich are many, and most of them foul: parsimony is one of the best, and yet is not innocent; for it withholdeth men from works of liberality and charity. The improvement of the ground is the most natural obtaining of riches; for it is our great mother's blessing, the earth's; but it is slow; and yet, where men of great wealth do stoop to husbandry, it multiplieth riches exceedingly. I knew a nobleman in England that had the greatest audits of any man in my time, a great grazer, a great sheep master, a great timberman, a great collier, a great corn master, a great lead man, and so of iron, and a number of the like points of husbandry; so as the earth seemed a sea to him in respect of the perpetual importation. It was truly observed by one, "That himself came very hardly to a little riches, and very easily to great riches;" for when a man's stock is come to that, that he can expect the prime of markets, and overcome those bargains which for their greatness are few men's money, and be partner in the industries of younger men, he cannot but increase mainly. The gains of ordinary trades and vocations are honest, and furthered by two things, chiefly: by diligence, and by a good name for good and fair dealing; but the gains of bargains are of a more doubtful nature, when men shall wait upon others' necessity: broke by servants and instruments to draw them on, put off others cunningly that would be better chapmen, and the like practices, which are crafty and naught; as for the chopping of bargains, when a man buys not to hold, but to sell over again, that commonly grindeth double, both upon the seller and upon the buyer. Sharings do greatly enrich, if the hands be well chosen that are trusted. Usury is the certainest means of gain, though one of the worst; as that whereby a man doth eat his bread, "in the sweat of another's brow"; and besides, doth plow upon Sundays: but yet certain though it be, it hath flaws; for that the scriveners and brokers do value unsound men to serve their own turn. The fortune, in being the first in an invention, or in a privilege, doth cause sometimes a wonderful overgrowth in riches, as it was with the first sugar man in the Canaries: therefore if a man can play the true logician, to have as well judg-

ment as invention, he may do great matters, especially if the times be fit: he that resteth upon gains certain, shall hardly grow to great riches; and he that puts all upon adventures, doth oftentimes break and come to poverty: it is good, therefore, to guard adventures with certainties that may uphold losses. Monopolies, and coemption of wares for resale, where they are not restrained, are great means to enrich; especially if the party have intelligence what things are like to come into request, and so, store himself beforehand. Riches gotten by service though it be of the best rise, yet when they are gotten by flattery, feeding humors, and other servile conditions, they may be placed amongst the worst. As for fishing for testaments and executorships (as Tacitus saith of Seneca, "Wills and childless persons were caught by him as though with a hunting net"), it is yet worse, by how much men submit themselves to meaner persons than in service. Believe not much them that seem to despise riches, for they despise them that despair of them; and none worse when they come to them. Be not penny-wise; riches have wings, and sometimes they fly away of themselves, sometimes they must be set flying to bring in more. Men leave their riches either to their kindred or to the public; and moderate portions prosper best in both. A great state left to an heir is as a lure to all the birds of prey round about to seize on him, if he be not the better established in years and judgment: likewise, glorious gifts and foundations are like sacrifices without salt; and but the painted sepulchers of alms, which soon will putrefy and corrupt inwardly: therefore measure not thine advancements by quantity, but frame them by measure: and defer not charities till death; for, certainly, if a man weigh it rightly, he that doth so is rather liberal of another man's than of his own.

Studies.

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight, is in privateness and retiring: for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business; for expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one: but the general counsels, and the plots and marshaling of affairs come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in stories, is sloth: to use them too much for ornament, is affectation; to

make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humor of a scholar: they perfect nature, and are perfected by experience: for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom; without them and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man; and, therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend: "Studies become habits;" nay, there is no stand or impediment in the wit, but may be wrought out by fit studies: like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises; bowling is good, for the stone and reins, shooting for the lungs and breast, gentle walking for the stomach, riding for the head and the like; so if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics; for in demonstrations, his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again; if his wit be not apt to distinguish or find difference, let him study the schoolmen; for they are "Splitters of cumin seeds." If he be not apt to beat over matters and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' cases: so every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

LORD BACON.

By JAMES SPEDDING.

(From "Evenings with a Reviewer.")

[James Spedding, English biographer and historical student, was born in Cumberland, June, 1808; graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge. He was for a while in the Colonial Office, and in 1842 accompanied Lord Ashburton to America as secretary; but left public life and devoted his existence to vindicating Lord Bacon's memory. His best work is "Evenings with a Reviewer" (published posthumously, 1881), a thorough examination of the points raised by Macaulay's essay on Bacon; he published also the great "Works, Life, and Letters of Bacon" (1857–1874), "Publishers and Authors" (1867), "Life and Times of Bacon" (1878)," Reviews and Discussions not relating to Bacon" (1879), "Studies in English History" (with James Gairdner, 1881). He died March 9, 1881.]

It is in respect to that other part of his name and memory which he bequeathed to "Men's Charitable Speeches and Foreign Nations, and the Next Ages," that he would have been most painfully disappointed if to his other misfortunes had been added the misfortune of seeing far into the future. Up to the day when the charge of corruption was brought against him, I fancy that he had thought himself, in his dealings with other men, not only unimpeachable, but exemplary: a faithful and diligent servant; a considerate and indulgent master; a serviceable friend; a sound patriot, always meditating projects for the improvement and advancement of his country; an enthusiast of humanity, passionately ambitious to enlarge the powers, heal the diseases, and purify the conditions of the human race; in debate fair and courteous; in council free, careful, candid; anxious that all things should be carried with due consideration for the just interests of all parties and without just offense to any; seeking for himself scarcely anything except work and the wages of work which he was able to do and which he did well; receiving for himself nothing but what was freely offered, and giving more freely than he received; an honorable opponent, an indulgent censor, a faithful reporter, a laborious worker, an honest and unselfish adviser, an impartial and scrupulous judge, and filled (as himself could best witness) with tender consideration for all sentient creatures; — such being the ideal to which he had aspired, and, as he imagined, not wholly without success, meanness (in its modern

sense) was probably the very last word with which he expected his name to be associated. And to have foreseen that the next ages, while they regarded him as the meanest, would nevertheless honor him as the wisest and brightest of mankind, would have been to him the very reverse of consolation. To have been forgotten altogether would have been nothing; to be honored in that way was perpetually infamous; and (what was still worse) it could not but degrade the character of the very virtues for which the honor was to be awarded. The wisdom and brightness which could live for half a century in friendly relations with meanness in the superlative degree, must have been themselves mean. And though the currency of a quotable line by a popular poet cannot be taken as evidence of the serious judgment of posterity, the case is changed when it comes to be adopted, expounded, amplified, and justified by popular historians and biographers. Pope was merely preaching morality in sparkling couplets; he wanted a name to point his moral with; and if he could have thought of another that would have helped him to a better rhyme, he would no doubt have preferred it. But when Lord Macaulay, as the result of an elaborate historical and biographical inquiry, described Bacon as a man who, being intrusted with the highest gifts of Heaven, habitually abused them for the poorest purposes of earth — hired them out for guineas, places and titles in the service of injustice, coveteousness, and oppression, — adding that he (Lord Macaulay) had nevertheless no doubt that his name would be named with reverence to the latest ages and to the remotest ends of the civilized world, we must accept the responsibility of the opinion if we allow it to pass without a protest. If the later ages believe his description of the man to be correct, I hope for my own part that they will not name the name of that man with reverence; it would be a gross abuse either of the word or of the thing. But it is still possible that they will adopt a different interpretation of the character.

The other actions on which Lord Macaulay's interpretation is founded have been fully and I believe correctly related; and (the evidence being now within anybody's reach) they must be left to produce their impression.

To me, so far from seeming to justify his theory of the character, they do not seem to be reconcilable with it; if Bacon had been such a man as he takes him for, he would have acted differently at almost every crisis which offered him a choice. Nor

do I believe that they would have suggested such a theory to anybody, were it not for the discredit which the transactions revealed by his impeachment threw back upon all passages of his life. It must nevertheless be admitted that those transactions alone, — if Lord Macaulay's interpretation of them be accepted in its full extent, — would deprive his name of all title to anything that could be called "reverence," — his services in the field of philosophy and literature notwithstanding. And as all turns upon the question whether his offense implied the perversion of justice for the sake of reward, it is necessary to discuss the grounds of that interpretation more particularly.

Bacon admitted that he had more than once received a present from a suitor whose cause was not concluded: that the act could not be defended; that it amounted to corruption; and deserved punishment. But he denied that he had ever received such present upon any bargain or contract, or had ever had any "bribe or reward in his eye or thought when he pronounced any sentence or order." The Parliamentary sentence he allowed to be both just and fit; but he affirmed at the same time that he had been the justest judge that had sat in Chancery for half a century.

Lord Macaulay, on the contrary, represents him as practicing corruption on a large scale; as "having agents looking out in different quarters for prey"; as employing in his service "jackals" and "decoys"; as making "private bargains" with suitors as to the amounts of their presents: and in fact as selling judgments by the hundred.

The difference is not only large but vital; the question is, which are we to believe?

On the principle of giving the accused party the benefit of the doubt, it would be enough perhaps to say that before we believe such a charge we ought to be able to show some ground for it. Bacon, as we have seen, privately denied it: and if he did not deny it publicly, that may be sufficiently accounted for by the fact it was never publicly made. No accusation to that effect is implied in any of the articles which he was required to answer. They state merely that the presents had been taken, but say nothing of any contract, condition, or unjust judgment. That no evidence can be produced from which we should be obliged to conclude that some of these presents must have been given and received with the understanding that

the cause should go in favor of the giver, it is indeed impossible to say. But until it is produced, I do not see why we should believe it.

But I am myself prepared to go a little further. I think I see reasons why we should not believe it. The absence of all evidence that Bacon's decrees were unjust, coupled with the consideration that evidence could hardly have been wanting if they were, makes it in my opinion extremely improbable that they were bought. It would be absurd to suppose that the only suitors who attempted to gain their causes by bribery were those whose causes were good. If many decrees were bought, some must have been unjust. Now by every unjust decree, if one man "got what he had paid for," another lost what he was entitled to. Every man so aggrieved had some means of redress, and after Bacon's conviction he must have had every encouragement and advantage in pursuing it; for the practice of corruption being admitted, the presumption would be against the judgment. How many, then, of Bacon's decrees were appealed against? and of these how many were reversed? If none or few, how can we believe that he had sold them by hundreds? If many, where are they? Reversals of decrees in chancery must be recorded somewhere; and yet (except a somewhat loose assertion in a manuscript of Lord Chief Justice Hale's published by Hargrave) I find no mention of any sueh reversals anywhere. Lord Hale, it is true, in tracing the origin of the jurisdiction of the Lords in reversing equity decrees, mentions the censure of Bacon "for many decrees made upon most gross bribery and corruption," — words sufficiently justified by the terms of the sentence and submission, and grounded probably upon nothing more, — "and this," he adds, "gave such a discredit and brand to the decrees thus obtained, that they were easily set aside, and made way in the Parliament of 3 Car. for the like attempts against decrees made by other Chancellors." Now that the decrees made by Bacon upon the cases in which presents were admitted to have been received, were thereby discredited, we may safely conclude: the presumption, as I said, would of course be against them; and if by "easily set aside" be meant only that, their authority being lost, the right of appeal against them was easily admitted (and such may very well be the meaning, for this was the point Hale was considering), — I can easily believe that also. But if he means they were easily reversed on appeal, — that is, that

many of them were reversed — I still ask where the evidence is. Hale is so great an authority that — though manuscripts not published or left for publication by the writer are to be received with caution, as probably containing some loose suggestions which he intended to verify at more leisure — any assertion of his is well worth inquiry. But he was a boy when these things happened. He was writing, it would seem, after the Restoration. His information, so far as it rests upon his personal knowledge and judgment, must have been derived from documents which were then, and should be still, accessible. Where are we to look for these documents? From the passage I have quoted, I should have been led to look in the records of the proceedings of the House of Lords; for he is obviously speaking of reversals of decrees of chancery "by an inherent original jurisdiction" in that house; which jurisdiction, he tells us, had its rise upon three occasions: the first being this case of Bacon; whose decrees being made upon bribery and corruption were "easily set aside," and made way for the "like attempts" seven or eight years after; and this would certainly lead one to suppose that Bacon's decrees were set aside by the House of Lords in virtue of this supposed original jurisdiction, and to look in the Lords' Journal for traces of them.

But the next page seems to make this inquiry superfluous; for there he tells us that he "could never yet see any precedent" — he does not say *any other*, but *any* precedent — "of such proceeding in the Lords' house of greater antiquity than 3 Car. I." And how could that be if it was by *them* that "many of Bacon's decrees had been easily set aside?"

Moreover, that Hale had no records of such proceedings upon Bacon's decrees is made still clearer by the passage which immediately follows.

"I shall now," he proceeds, "show what was the first attempt of setting up this jurisdiction in the Lords' house, and what success it had.

"Before the parliament of 18 Jac., when the Lord Chancellor Bacon was censured for corruption, the course for reversal of decrees was, either by petition to the King, and thereupon a commission issued to examine the decree and proceedings, whereof there are some precedents; or else to set it aside by act of parliament; and such was the proceeding of 26 Maii 21 Jac. for reversing a decree for the felt makers and some others about that time."

This proceeding (I should observe) appears in the Commons' Journal; but I cannot gather from the notes by whom the decree in question was made. However, it was not one of those upon which Bacon was charged with corruption.

"But even in these later Parliaments in King James' time, the reversal of decrees by the inherent power of the House of Lords was *either not known*, or so new that it was scarce adventured upon by the Lords."

And he then goes on to relate the proceedings upon an appeal against a decree made not by Bacon, but by Bishop Williams, who succeeded him.

If, therefore, any of Bacon's decrees were reversed, it was not (so far as Hale could discover) by the House of Lords; but must have been either by act of parliament, or by the King's commission. Yet in the table of contents to the Statutes at Large a list is given of the titles of private acts; and I have searched in vain there for traces of any such reversals. From the Commons' Journal I find indeed that about the time of his fall several bills for the reversals of decrees of Chancery were brought in; but I cannot find that any of them reached a third reading. I find also that about three years later another bill of the same kind — and one which very nearly touches the point in question — was brought in; namely, "an act to avoid a decree procured indirectly and by corruption between the Lord and Lady Wharton, etc., and Edward Willoughby, Esquire." It was read a first time on the thirteenth of March, 1623–4; and this was one of the cases in which a present had been received by Bacon *pendente lite*. If this bill had passed, therefore, it would have been one case in point. But I cannot trace it beyond the second reading, and no such title is to be found among the private acts. I conclude, therefore, that it did not pass; and if so, the fact tells the other way.

Another fact which I cannot well reconcile with the supposition that many of Bacon's decrees were reversed in this way is supplied by a note of his own, set down about the end of the year 1622. It occurs in that sheet of memoranda for a conversation with Buckingham's mother, which will be found elsewhere in this volume, and runs thus: "You may observe that last Parliament," meaning the session which commenced on the fourteenth of November and ended on the eighteenth of December, 1621 — "though an high-coming Parliament, yet not a petition, not a clamor, not a motion, not a mention of me."

Upon this point, therefore, the records of Parliament tell distinctly and almost decisively in Bacon's favor. They show that the circumstances of his conviction did encourage suitors to attempt to get his decrees set aside; that several such attempts were made, but that they all failed; — thereby strongly confirming the popular tradition reported by Aubrey, — "His favorites took bribes; but his Lordship always gave judgment *secundum æquum et bonum*. His decrees in Chancery stand firm. There are fewer of his decrees reversed than any other chancellor."

If on the other hand they were reversed by a commission appointed for the purpose, we must surely have had some news of it. Yet I cannot suppose that either Hale himself or his editor, who prefaces the tract with an elaborate investigation of the whole subject, had heard of any such proceeding. They could not but have mentioned it if they had.

Upon the whole, therefore, I think I may conclude either that the decrees mentioned by Lord Hale were considered as *ipso facto* set aside by the admission of corruption (which could hardly be, and even if it were, could not be taken to prove more than is admitted in the confession), or that he used the words loosely, meaning only that they were easily allowed to be called in question (which might be true, and yet upon question they might all be found just), or, lastly, that he was speaking without book. And either way I may still ask, where is the evidence of justice perverted? Till some evidence is produced to that effect, I may still believe Bacon's own judgment upon his own case to be true. He expressed it on two occasions; privately indeed, but clearly and unequivocally. The first was in his letter to Buckingham, written from the Tower on the thirty-first of May, 1621; in which, after entreating him to procure his discharge and not let him die in that disgraceful place, he proceeds: —

"And when I am dead, he is gone that was always in one tenor, a true and perfect servant to his master, and one that was never author of any immoderate, no, nor unsafe, no (I will say it), nor unfortunate counsel; and one that no temptation could ever make other than a trust and honest and thrice-loving friend to your Lordship; and howsoever I acknowledge the sentence just, and for reformation's sake fit, the justest Chancellor that hath been in the five changes since Sir Nicholas Bacon's time."

This was written in the season of his deepest distress. The other occasion I cannot date. But I take the words to express his deliberate judgment imparted to the confidential friend of his latter days; — imparted privately, and (it would almost seem) under some injunction to keep it private; for Dr. Rawley, whose affectionate reverence preserved the record, took the precaution to write it in a cipher, and never published or alluded to it in print. It is found in a commonplace book, begun apparently soon after Bacon's death, and containing memoranda of various kinds, most of them, especially in the earlier part, relating to him and his works. The first few pages are filled almost entirely with apothegms; two or three of which were written in a simple cipher, the Greek character being used for the consonants, and the first five numerals for the vowels; the rest in Rawley's usual hand. Opposite to many of them is written "stet," with a number affixed; which means no doubt that they were to be included in the collection of Bacon's apothegms which were afterwards printed in the second edition of the "Resuscitatio." At the top of the first page stands this sentence, written in the cipher and not marked or numbered, a sentence which I suppose Rawley had been forbidden to publish, but could not allow to perish: —

"I was the justest judge that was in England these fifty years. But it was the justest censure in Parliament that was these two hundred years."

Now if instead of Lord Macaulay's view of the case the later ages should accept Bacon's own (and although he was a party so deeply interested, I really believe it to be much the more impartial of the two, — self-love in a mind which finds its highest pleasure in knowing and believing the truth being far less fatal to fairness of judgment than the love of rhetorical effect in a mind rhetorically disposed) — they will escape the other difficulties, and without refusing to believe anything to his disadvantage of which there is any pretense of proof, they may nevertheless "name his name with reverence," as that of a man to be respected for his moral, as well as respected for his intellectual qualities. For if his acts of corruption did not involve injustice or oppression to either party, whether in the form of extortion or deception or false judgment, they were acts compatible — not indeed with the highest moral condition, for a more sensitive morality joined with so clear a judgment would have started at and shrunk from them, — but certainly

with a high condition of all the other moral virtues. A man may be guilty of them and yet be just and brave and temperate and truthful and patient and diligent and generous and liberal and unselfish; he might have "bowels of mercy, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering"; he might be forbearing and forgiving, without "bitterness or wrath or anger or clamor or evil speaking or malice"; he might be a man who "fulfilled the law" by loving his neighbor as himself. I could feel respect for the moral condition of such a man though I thought in some things he had been negligent, thoughtless, or faulty, just as I can feel respect for the intellect of a man who is wise in most things though he may have made mistakes in some. And it is surely possible to conceive gifts both given and taken — even between suitor and judge while the cause is proceeding — without any thought of perverting justice either in the giver or the taker. In every suit both sides are entitled to favorable consideration — that is, to the attention of a mind open to see all that makes in their favor — and favorable consideration is all that the giver need be suspected of endeavoring to bespeak, or the receiver of engaging to bestow. The suitor almost always believes his cause to be just, though he is not always so sure, and in those days he had not always reason to be sure, that its merits would be duly considered if the favorable attention of the judge were not specially attracted toward them; and though the judge was rightly forbidden to lay himself under obligation to either party, it must be remembered that in all other offices of dignity and in all the gentlemanly professions, gifts of exactly the same kind — fees not fixed by law or defined as to amount by custom or recoverable as debts, but left to the discretion of the suitor, client, or patient — were in those days the ordinary remuneration for official or professional services of all kinds. It was not thought gentlemanly to bargain about terms or demand payment. The great man merely received freely what was assumed to be freely given. Lord Treasurer Burghley saw no impropriety in accepting a purse with a hundred guineas in it from a Bishop who felt thankful to him for furtherance in obtaining his bishopric. I do not suppose that his son Robert thought it wrong to receive "the £40 which Mr. Downing promised him for his friendship" in the Beccles cause; that is for moving his father "for his good and lawful favor in the Corporation's behalf," and so bringing the cause to a good end.

And when the Lord Treasurer Suffolk was questioned in the Star Chamber for having (among other things) taken money for favor in transactions with the Treasury, the charge was not for taking the money simply, but for taking it in such a manner as to make the payment of the money a condition of dispatching the business. The law officers of the crown derived, I fancy, a considerable part of their income from New Year's gifts and other gratuities presented to them both by individuals and corporations whom their office gave them opportunity of obliging; nor would the acceptance of those gratuities have been imputed as a fault so long as they were not employed as inducements to some unlawful act — some neglect or violation of duty. The practice was a bad one, and in the "New Atlantis" it was forbidden. But it was the practice in England up to the time of James the First at least, and the traces of it are still legible in the present state of the law with regard to fees; for I believe it is still true that the law will not help either the barrister or the physician to recover an unpaid fee, — the professions being too liberal to make charges, send in bills, or give receipts or do anything but take the money. In Bacon's time therefore almost all the men who rose to be judges had probably been accustomed in the course of their professional career to this kind of regular tribute; and an attorney general transferred to the woolsack, seeing nothing unusual in it, might the more easily overlook the impropriety. Indeed, in any man of the time except Bacon himself, such oversight would hardly have surprised me: it was not much more than neglecting to disturb a convenient arrangement to which he had always been accustomed. But I should have expected Bacon to have considered it, and to have seen beforehand all the objections to the practice which he saw so clearly as soon as he was called upon to justify it.

BACON'S APOTHEGMS.

Queen Elizabeth used to say of her instructions to great officers, that they were like to garments, strait at the first putting on, but did by and by wear easy enough.

A great officer at court, when my lord of Essex was first in trouble, and that he, and those that dealt for him, would talk

much of my lord's friends, and of his enemies, answered to one of them: "I will tell you, I know but one friend and one enemy my lord hath; and that one friend is the queen, and that one enemy is himself."

Queen Elizabeth was dilatory enough in suits, of her own nature; and the lord treasurer Burleigh being a wise man, and willing therein to feed her humor, would say to her, "Madam, you do well to let suitors stay; for I shall tell you, 'He gives twice who gives quickly:' if you grant them speedily, they will come again the sooner."

Sir Nicholas Bacon, who was keeper of the great seal of England, when Queen Elizabeth, in her progress, came to his house at Gorhambury, and said to him, "My lord, what a little house have you gotten!" answered her, "Madam, my house is well; but it is you that have made me too great for my house."

The lord keeper Sir Nicholas Bacon was asked his opinion by Queen Elizabeth, of one of these monopoly licenses. And he answered, "Madam, will you have me speak the truth? Licentia omnes deteriores sumus" — We are all the worse for licenses.

My lord of Essex, at the succor of Rouen, made twenty-four knights, which at that time was a great number. Divers of those gentlemen were of weak and small means; which, when Queen Elizabeth heard, she said, "My lord might have done well to have built his almshouse, before he made his knights."

There was a minister deprived for nonconformity, who said to some of his friends, that if they deprived him, it should cost a hundred men's lives. The party understood it, as if being a turbulent fellow, he would have moved sedition, and complained of him; whereupon being convented and opposed upon that speech, he said his meaning was that if he lost his benefice, he would practice physic, and then he thought he should kill a hundred men in time.

When Rabelais, the great jester of France, lay on his deathbed, and they gave him the extreme unction, a familiar friend of his came to him afterward and asked him how he did. Rabelais answered, "Even going my journey, they have greased my boots already."

Master Mason, of Trinity College, sent his pupil to another of the fellows, to borrow a book of him, who told him, "I am loath to lend my books out of my chamber; but if it pleases thy tutor to come and read it here, he shall as long as he will." It was winter, and some days after the same fellow sent to Mr. Mason to borrow his bellows; but Mr. Mason said, "I am loath to lend my bellows out of my chamber; but if thy tutor would come and use it here, he shall as long as he will."

In Flanders, by accident, a Flemish tiler fell from the top of a house upon a Spaniard, and killed him, though he escaped himself. The next of the blood prosecuted his death with great violence, and when he was offered pecuniary recompense, nothing would serve him but *lex talionis;* whereupon the judge said to him that if he did urge that sentence, it must be that he should go up to the top of the house, and then fall down upon the tiler.

There was a young man in Rome, that was very like Augustus Cæsar; Augustus took knowledge of him, and sent for the man, and asked him, "Was your mother never at Rome?" He answered, "No, sir, but my father was."

There was a captain sent to an exploit by his general with forces that were not likely to achieve the enterprise; the captain said to him, "Sir, appoint but half so many." "Why?" saith the general. The captain answered, "Because it is better that few die than more."

There was a harbinger who had lodged a gentleman in a very ill room, who expostulated with him somewhat rudely; but the harbinger carelessly said, "You will reap pleasure from it when you are out of it."

A company of scholars going together to catch conies, carried one scholar with them, which had not much more wit than he was born with; and to him they gave in charge, that if he saw any, he should be silent, for fear of scaring them. But he no sooner espied a company of rabbits before the rest, but he cried aloud, "Ecce multi cuniculi," which in English signifies, behold many conies; which he had no sooner said, but the conies ran to their burrows; and he being checked by them for it, answered, "Who the devil would have thought that the rabbits understood Latin?"

A tinker passing Cheapside with his usual tone, "Have you any work for a tinker?" an apprentice standing at a door opposite to a pillory there set up, called the tinker, with an intent to put a jest upon him, and told him that he should do very well if he would stop those two holes in the pillory; to which the tinker answered that if he would put his head and ears awhile in that pillory, he would bestow both brass and nails upon him to hold him in, and give him his labor into the bargain.

Whitehead, a grave divine, was much esteemed by Queen Elizabeth, but not preferred, because he was against the government of bishops: he was of a blunt stoical nature; he came one day to the queen, and the queen happened to say to him, "I like thee the better, Whitehead, because thou livest unmarried!" He answered, "In troth, madam, I like you the worse for the same cause."

Doctor Laud said that some hypocrites, and seeming mortified men, that held down their heads like bulrushes, were like the little images that they place in the very bowing of the vaults of churches, that look as if they held up the church, but are but puppets.

There was a lady of the west country, that gave great entertainment at her house to most of the gallant gentlemen thereabouts, and among others, Sir Walter Raleigh was one. This lady, though otherwise a stately dame, was a notable good housewife; and in the morning betimes, she called to one of her maids that looked to the swine, and asked, "Are the pigs served?" Sir Walter Raleigh's chamber was fast by the lady's, so as he heard her; a little before dinner, the lady came down in great state into the great chamber, which was full of gentlemen; and as soon as Sir Walter Raleigh set eye upon her, "Madam," said he, "are the pigs served?" The lady answered, "You know best whether you have had your breakfast."

There were fishermen drawing the river at Chelsea; Mr. Bacon came thither by chance in the afternoon, and offered to buy their draught; they were willing. He asked them what they would take? They asked thirty shillings. Mr. Bacon offered them ten. They refused it. "Why, then," saith Mr. Bacon, "I will be only a looker-on." They drew, and caught nothing. Saith Mr. Bacon, "Are not you mad fellows now,

that might have had an angel in your purse, to have made merry withal, and to have warmed you thoroughly, and now you must go home with nothing?" "Aye, but," said the fishermen, "we had hope then to make a better gain of it." Saith Mr. Bacon, "Well, my masters, then I'll tell you, hope is a good breakfast, but it is a bad supper."

Zelim was the first of the Ottomans that did shave his beard, whereas his predecessors wore it long. One of his bashaws asked him why he altered the custom of his predecessors. He answered: "Because you bashaws may not lead me by the beard as you did them."

In chancery, at one time when the counsel of the parties set forth the boundaries of the land in question, by the plot; and the counsel of one part said, "We lie on this side, my lord;" and the counsel of the other part said, "And we lie on this side:" the lord chancellor Hatton stood up and said, "If you lie on both sides, whom will you have me to believe?"

Sir Thomas More had only daughters, at the first, and his wife did ever pray for a boy. At last she had a boy, which, being come to man's estate, proved but simple. Sir Thomas said to his wife, "Thou prayedst so long for a boy that he will be a boy as long as he lives."

Sir Thomas More, on the day that he was beheaded, had a barber sent to him, because his hair was long; which was thought would make him more commiserated with the people. The barber came to him, and asked him whether he would be pleased to be trimmed? "In good faith, honest fellow," saith Sir Thomas, "the king and I have a suit for my head: and till the title be cleared, I will do no cost upon it."

There was a painter became a physician, whereupon one said to him: "You have done well; for before, the faults of your work were seen, but now they are unseen."

There was a gentleman that came to the tilt all in orange-tawny, and ran very ill. The next day he came again all in green, and ran worse. There was one of the lookers-on asked another, "What is the reason that this gentleman changeth his colors?" The other answered, "Sure, because it may be reported that the gentleman in the green ran worse than the gentleman in the orange-tawny."

Sir Thomas More had sent him by a suitor in chancery two silver flagons. When they were presented by the gentleman's servant, he said to one of his men, "Have him to the cellar, and let him have of my best wine:" and turning to the servant, said, "Tell thy master, if he like it, let him not spare it."

Sir Nicholas Bacon, when a certain nimble-witted counselor at the bar, who was forward to speak, did interrupt him often, said unto him, "There's a great difference betwixt you and me: a pain to me to speak, and a pain to you to hold your peace."

There was a king of Hungary took a bishop in battle, and kept him prisoner; whereupon the pope wrote a monitory to him, for that he had broken the privilege of holy church, and taken his son. The king sent an embassage to him, and sent withal the armor wherein the bishop was taken, and this only in writing, "Vide num hæc sit vestis filii tui" — Know now whether this be thy son's coat.

Sir Amyas Pawlet, when he saw too much haste made in any matter, was wont to say, "Stay awhile, that we may make an end the sooner."

A master of the request to Queen Elizabeth had divers times moved for an audience, and been put off. At last he came to the queen in a progress, and had on a new pair of boots. The queen, who loved not the smell of new leather, said to him, "Fie, sloven, thy new boots stink." "Madam," said he, "it is not my new boots that stink, but it is the stale bills that I have kept so long."

Queen Isabella of Spain used to say, whosoever hath a good presence and a good fashion, carries continual letters of recommendation.

It was said of Augustus, and afterward the like was said of Septimius Severus, both which did infinite mischief in their beginnings, and infinite good toward their ends, that they should either have never been born or never died.

There was one that died greatly in debt: when it was reported in some company, where divers of his creditors casually were, that he was dead, one began to say, "Well, if he be gone, then he hath carried five hundred ducats of mine with him into the other world," and another said, "And two hun-

dred of mine;" and the third spake of great sums of his. Whereupon one that was among them said, "I perceive now that though a man cannot carry any of his own with him into the next world, yet he may carry away that which is another man's."

Bresquet, jester to Francis the First of France, did keep a calendar of fools, wherewith he did use to make the king sport; telling him ever the reason why he put any one into his calendar. When Charles the Fifth, emperor, upon confidence of the noble nature of Francis, passed through France, for the appeasing of the rebellion of Gaunt, Bresquet put him into his calendar. The king asked him the cause. He answered, "Because you have suffered at the hands of Charles the greatest bitterness that ever prince did from another, nevertheless he would trust his person into your hands." "Why, Bresquet," said the king, "what wilt thou say, if thou seest him pass back in as great safety as if he marched through the midst of Spain?" Saith Bresquet, "Why then I will put him out, and put in you."

When my lord president of the council came first to be lord treasurer, he complained to my lord chancellor of the troublesomeness of the place, for that the exchequer was so empty. The lord chancellor answered, "My lord, be of good cheer; for now you shall see the bottom of your business at the first."

Rabelais tells a tale of one that was very fortunate in compounding differences. His son undertook the said course, but could never compound any. Whereupon he came to his father and asked him, what art he had to reconcile differences? He answered, he had no other but this: to watch when the two parties were much wearied and their hearts were too great to seek reconcilement at one another's hand; then to be a means between them, and upon no other terms. After which the son went home, and prospered in the same undertakings.

Alonso Cartilio was informed by his steward of the greatness of his expense, being such as he could not hold out therewith. The bishop asked him, wherein it chiefly arose? His steward told him, in the multitude of his servants. The bishop bade him to make him a note of those that were necessary, and those that might be spared. Which he did. And the bishop, taking occasion to read it before most of his servants, said to his

steward, "Well, let these remain, because I have need of them; and these others also, because they have need of me."

Galba succeeded Nero, and his age being despised, there was much license and confusion in Rome during his empire; whereupon a senator said in full senate, it were better to live where nothing is lawful, than where all things are lawful.

Chilon said that kings' friends and favorites were like casting counters; that sometimes stood for one, sometimes for ten, sometimes for a hundred.

Clodius was acquitted by a corrupt jury, that had palpably taken shares of money before they gave their verdict; they prayed of the senate a guard, that they might do their consciences, for that Clodius was a very seditious young nobleman. Whereupon all the world gave him for condemned. But acquitted he was. Catulus, the next day seeing some of them that had acquitted him together, said to them: "What made you ask of us a guard? Were you afraid your money should have been taken from you?"

At the same judgment, Cicero gave in evidence upon oath: and when the jury, which consisted of fifty-seven, had passed against his evidence, one day in the senate Cicero and Clodius being in altercation, Clodius upbraided him, and said, "The jury gave you no credit." Cicero answered, "Five and twenty gave me credit; but there were two and thirty that gave you no credit, for they had their money beforehand."

Cato the elder was wont to say that the Romans were like sheep: a man could better drive a flock of them than one of them.

There was a soldier that vaunted before Julius Cæsar of the hurts he had received in his face. Julius Cæsar, knowing him to be but a coward, told him, "You were best take heed next time you run away, how you look back."

Vespasian asked of Apollonius what was the cause of Nero's ruin? Who answered, "Nero could tune the harp well, but in government he did always wind up the strings too high, or let them down too low."

There was a law made by the Romans against the bribery and extortion of the governors of provinces. Cicero saith, in a speech of his to the people, that he thought the provinces

would petition to the state of Rome to have that law repealed. "For," saith he, "before the governors did bribe and extort as much as was sufficient for themselves; but now they bribe and extort as much as may be enough, not only for themselves, but for the judges and jurors, and magistrates."

Pompey being commissioner for sending grain to Rome in time of dearth, when he came to the sea, found it very tempestuous and dangerous, insomuch as those about him advised him by no means to embark; but Pompey said, "It is of necessity that I go, not that I live."

Demades the orator, in his age, was talkative, and would eat hard. Antipater would say of him that he was like a sacrifice, that nothing was left of it but the tongue and the paunch.

Augustus Cæsar would say that he wondered that Alexander feared he should want work, having no more worlds to conquer, as if it were not as hard a matter to keep as to conquer.

Cato the elder, being aged, buried his wife, and married a young woman. His son came to him and said, "Sir, what have I offended, that you have brought a stepmother into your house?" The old man answered, "Nay, quite contrary, son; thou pleasest me so well, as I should be glad to have much more such."

Crassus the orator had a fish which the Romans call Muræna, that he made very tame and fond of him; the fish died, and Crassus wept for it. One day, falling in contention with Domitius in the senate, Domitius said, "Foolish Crassus, you wept for your Muræna." Crassus replied, "That's more than you did for your two wives."

There was a philosopher that disputed with Adrian the emperor, and did it but weakly. One of his friends that stood by afterward said to him, "Methinks you were not like yourself last day, in argument with the emperor; I could have answered better myself." "Why," said the philosopher, "would you have me contend with him that commands thirty legions?"

There was one that found a great mass of money digged underground in his grandfather's house, and being somewhat doubtful of the case, signified it to the emperor, that he had found such treasure. The emperor made a rescript thus: "Use it." He wrote back again that the sum was greater than his state or condition could use. The emperor wrote a new rescript, thus: "Abuse it."

Plato reprehended severely a young man for entering into a dissolute house. The young man said to him, "Why do you reprehend so sharply for so small a matter?" Plato replied, "But custom is no small matter."

Pyrrhus, when his friends congratulated to him his victory over the Romans, under the conduct of Fabricius, but with great slaughter of his own side, said to them again, "Yes, but if we have such another victory, we are undone."

Plato was wont to say of his master Socrates that he was like the apothecaries' gallipots, that had on the outsides apes, owls, and satyrs, but within, precious drugs.

Alexander sent to Phocion a great present of money. Phocion said to the messenger, "Why doth the king send to me, and to none else?" The messenger answered, "Because he takes you to be the only good man in Athens." Phocion replied, "If he thinks so, pray let him suffer me to be so still."

Hanno the Carthaginian was sent commissioner by the state, after the second Carthaginian war, to supplicate for peace, and in the end obtained it; yet one of the sharper senators said, "You have often broken with us the peace whereunto you have sworn; I pray, by what god will you swear?" Hanno answered, "By the same gods that punished the former perjury so severely."

One of the seven was wont to say that laws were like cobwebs, where the small flies were caught, and the great break through.

There was a cowardly Spanish soldier, that in a defeat that the Moors gave, ran away with the foremost. Afterward, when the army generally fled, this soldier was missing. Whereupon it was said by some that he was slain. "No, sure," saith one, "he is alive; for the Moors eat no hare's flesh."

One was saying that his great-grandfather, and grandfather, and father died at sea. Said another, that had heard him, "And I were as you, I would never come at sea." "Why?" saith he, "where did your great-grandfather, and grandfather, and father die?" He answered, "Where, but in their beds?" He answered, "And I were as you, I would never come in bed."

There was a dispute whether great heads or little heads had the better wit. And one said, "It must needs be the little;

for that it is a maxim, 'Every greater contains in itself the less.'"

Mr. Popham (afterward Lord Chief Justice Popham), when he was Speaker, and the House of Commons had sat long, and done in effect nothing, coming one day to Queen Elizabeth, she said to him, "Now, Mr. Speaker, what hath passed in the Commons House?" He answered, "If it please your Majesty, seven weeks."

Themistocles, in his lower fortune, was in love with a young gentleman who scorned him; but when he grew to his greatness, which was soon after, he sought him: Themistocles said, "We are both grown wise, but too late."

Solon, being asked whether he had given the Athenians the best laws, answered, "The best of those that they would have received."

Trajan would say of the vain jealousy of princes that seek to make away those that aspire to their succession, that there was never king that did put to death his successor.

Alexander used to say of his two friends, Craterus and Hephæstion, that Hephæstion loved Alexander, and Craterus loved the king.

One of the fathers saith that there is but this difference between the death of old men and young men: that old men go to death, and death comes to young men.

Jason the Thessalian was wont to say that some things must be done unjustly, that many things may be done justly.

Demetrius, king of Macedon, would at times retire himself from business, and give himself wholly to pleasures. On one of those his retirings, giving out that he was sick, his father, Antigonus, came on the sudden to visit him, and met a fair dainty youth coming out of his chamber. When Antigonus came in, Demetrius said, "Sir, the fever left me right now." Antigonus replied, "I think it was he that I met at the door."

When it was said to Anaxagoras, "The Athenians have condemned you to die," he replied, "And nature them."

Antigonus used often to go disguised, and to listen at the tents of his soldiers; and at a time heard some that spoke very

ill of him. Whereupon he opened the tent a little and said to them, "If you would speak ill of me, you should go a little farther off."

The ambassadors of Asia Minor came to Antonius, after he had imposed upon them a double tax, and said plainly to him, that if he would have two tributes in one year, he must give them two seedtimes and two harvests.

An orator of Athens said to Demosthenes, "The Athenians will kill you if they wax mad." Demosthenes replied, "And they will kill you if they be in good sense."

Epictetus used to say that one of the vulgar, in any ill that happens to him, blames others; a novice in philosophy blames himself; and a philosopher blames neither the one nor the other.

Cato the elder, what time many of the Romans had statues erected in their honor, was asked by one, in a kind of wonder, why he had none? He answered, he had much rather men should ask and wonder why he had no statue than why he had a statue.

A certain friend of Sir Thomas More, taking great pains about a book, which he intended to publish (being well conceited of his own wit, which no man else thought worthy of commendation), brought it to Sir Thomas More to peruse it, and pass his judgment upon it, which he did; and finding nothing therein worthy the press, he said to him, with a grave countenance, that if it were in verse, it would be more worthy. Upon which words, he went immediately and turned it into verse, and then brought it to Sir Thomas again; who, looking thereon, said soberly, "Yes, marry, now it is somewhat: for now it is rhyme; whereas before it was neither rhyme nor reason."

Phocion the Athenian (a man of great severity, and noways flexible to the will of the people), one day, when he spake to the people, in one part of his speech was applauded; whereupon he turned to one of his friends and asked, "What have I said amiss?"

Diogenes was one day in the market place, with a candle in his hand, and being asked what he sought, he said, he sought a man.

Queen Elizabeth was entertained by my Lord Burleigh at Theobalds; and at her going away, my lord obtained of the queen, to make seven knights. They were gentlemen of the country, of my lord's friends and neighbors. They were placed in a rank, as the queen should pass by the hall, and to win antiquity of knighthood, in order as my lord favored, though, indeed, the more principal gentlemen were placed lowest. The queen was told of it, and said nothing; but when she went along, she passed them all by, as far as the screen, as if she had forgot it; and when she came to the screen, she seemed to take herself with the manner, and said, "I had almost forgot what I promised." With that she turned back, and knighted the lowest first, and so upward. Whereupon Mr. Stanhope, of the privy chamber, a while after told her, "Your Majesty was too fine for my Lord Burleigh." She answered, "I have but fulfilled the Scripture: the first shall be the last, and the last first."

The Turks made an expedition into Persia; and because of the strait jaws of the mountains of Armenia, the bashaw consulted which way they should get in. One that heard the debate said, "Here's much ado how you shall get in; but I hear nobody take care how you should get out."

Pace the fool was not suffered to come at Queen Elizabeth, because of his bitter humor. Yet at one time, some persuaded the queen that he should come to her; undertaking for him, that he should keep within compass; so he was brought to her, and the queen said, "Come on, Pace, now we shall hear of our faults." Saith Pace, "I do not use to talk of that that all the town talks of."

After the defeat of Cyrus the younger, Falinus was sent by the king to the Grecians (who had for their part rather victory than otherwise), to command them to yield their arms; which, when it was denied, Falinus said to Clearchus, "Well, then, the king lets you know that if you remove from the place where you are now encamped, it is war; if you stay, it is truce. What shall I say you will do?" Clearchus answered, "It pleaseth us, as it pleaseth the king." "How is that?" saith Falinus. Saith Clearchus, "If we remove, war; if we stay, truce:" and so would not disclose his purpose.

Nero was wont to say of his master Seneca, that his style was like mortar without lime.

Sir Fulke Grevil had much and private access to Queen Elizabeth, which he used honorably, and did many men good; yet he would say merrily of himself that he was like Robin Goodfellow: for when the maids spilt the milk pans, or kept any racket, they would lay it upon Robin; so what tales the ladies about the queen told her, or other bad offices that they did, they would put it upon him.

Cato said the best way to keep good acts in memory was to refresh them with new.

Democritus said that truth did lie in the profound pits, and when it was got, it needed much refining.

Diogenes said of a young man that danced daintily, and was much commended, "The better, the worse."

Queen Elizabeth, seeing Sir Edward —— in her garden, looked out at her window and asked him in Italian, "What does a man think of when he thinks of nothing?" Sir Edward (who had not had the effect of some of the queen's grants so soon as he had hoped and desired) paused a little, and then made answer, "Madame, he thinks of a woman's promise." The queen shrunk in her head, but was heard to say, "Well, Sir Edward, I must not confute you. Anger makes dull men witty, but it keeps them poor."

When any great officer, ecclesiastical or civil, was to be made, the queen would inquire after the piety, integrity, and learning of the man. And when she was satisfied in these qualifications, she would consider of his personage. And upon such an occasion she pleased once to say to me, "Bacon, how can the magistrate maintain his authority when the man is despised?"

In eighty-eight, when the queen went from Temple Bar along Fleet Street, the lawyers were ranked on one side, and the companies of the city on the other; said Master Bacon to a lawyer that stood next to him, "Do but observe the courtiers; if they bow first to the citizens, they are in debt; if first to us, they are in law."

One was examined upon certain scandalous words spoken against the king. He confessed them and said, "It is true I spake them, and if the wine had not failed, I had said much more."

Charles the Bald allowed one whose name was Scottus to sit at the table with him for his pleasure. Scottus sat on the other side of the table. One time the king, being merry with him, said to him, "What is there between Scot and sot?" Scottus answered, "The table only."

There was a marriage made between a widow of great wealth and a gentleman of great house that had no estate or means. Jack Roberts said that marriage was like a black pudding: the one brought blood, and the other brought suet and oatmeal.

King James was wont to be very earnest with the country gentlemen to go from London to their country houses. And sometimes he would say thus to them: "Gentlemen, at London you are like ships at sea, which show like nothing; but in your country villages you are like ships in a river, which look like great things."

Count Gondomar sent a compliment to my Lord St. Alban, wishing him a good Easter. My lord thanked the messenger, and said he could not at present requite the count better than in returning him the like; that he wished his lordship a good Passover.

My Lord Chancellor Elsmere, when he had read a petition which he disliked, would say, "What, you would have my hand to this now?" And the party answering "Yes," he would say further, "Well, so you shall; nay, you shall have both my hands to it." And so would, with both his hands, tear it in pieces.

The Lord Bacon was wont to commend the advice of the plain old man at Buxton, that sold besoms: a proud, lazy young fellow came to him for a besom upon trust; to whom the old man said, "Friend, hast thou no money? Borrow of thy back, and borrow of thy belly, they'll ne'er ask thee again. I shall be dunning thee every day."

Jack Weeks said of a great man (just then dead), who pretended to some religion, but was none of the best livers, "Well, I hope he is in heaven. Every man thinks as he wishes; but if he be in heaven, 'twere pity it were known."

WAR ON OTHERS' ACCOUNT.

By GROTIUS.

(From the "Law of War and Peace.")

[Hugo de Groot, Latinized Grotius, the founder of international law on principles of natural equity, was born in 1583 at Delft, Holland, of a rich and distinguished family. With precocious talents developed by powerful tutors, he wrote good Latin verse at nine; entered the university of Leyden at twelve; went with John of Barneveldt's embassy to Henry IV. at fifteen; under Scaliger's prompting edited Capella's encyclopedic "Satyricon" at sixteen, and Aratus' "Phænomena" at seventeen; took LL.D. and began law practice at about eighteen; and about the same time wrote three Latin Scriptural dramas and various Latin poems. At twenty he was chosen government historiographer of the Spanish war, and began "Annals of the Low Countries," wrought on all his life and published posthumously. The next year he wrote the "Law of War-Prize," a first draft of his immortal work; only one chapter was published, entitled "Mare Liberum" (The Ocean Free), assailed in 1632 by John Selden in "Mare Clausum" (The Ocean an Enclosure). In 1610 he produced "The Antiquity of the Batavian Republic," to justify the revolt from Spain. In 1613 he was chosen pensionary of Rotterdam, and ex-officio member of the States-General. Taking the losing side with Barneveldt in the religious contest in the Netherlands, which he tried to end by a bill of compromise, Barneveldt's overthrow and judicial murder by Maurice dragged down Grotius into confiscation and life imprisonment. Keeping up his physical health by whipping a top, and his mental health by writing Latin verses and a treatise "On the Truth of the Christian Religion,"—a widely popular tract, attempting to unite all sects on the common bases of all creeds,—after two years he escaped in a book-chest, but remained a lifelong exile, despite all appeals and a new prince. Taking asylum in France under Louis XIII., he published in 1622 a vindication, which the States-General proscribed as a libel, ordering the author seized wherever found; and in 1625 his monument, "On the Law of War and Peace." After attempts at return to Holland, and having to fly once more, he took the post of ambassador to France from Sweden, then ruled by Oxenstiern; but was disliked by Richelieu and snubbed by the court, had himself recalled in 1645, and died on a journey in that year. The spring of his efforts, besides ardent patriotism and sincere piety, was a deep desire to have states and religious parties compete in peaceful emulation and recognition of mutual right, instead of intolerance and war. His probity was stainless, and his accomplishments manifold.]

When we above spoke of those who make war, it was said and proved by us that, Natural Law, not only each person has an executive power to assert his own right, but also the rights of others. Whence it follows, that the causes which justify him whose interest is concerned, do also justify those who help him.

The first and closest of such relations is, the care which we are bound to exercise for those who are under us, whether as

members of a family or of our civil community; for these are, in a way, a part of him who is at the head of the body, as we there said. Thus the Gibeonites having put themselves under the Jewish people, that people took up arms for them, with Joshua for their leader. Our ancestors, says Cicero, often undertook war, because merchants and sailors belonging to them were treated with injury. And elsewhere, How many wars did our ancestors undertake because Roman citizens were injured, their navigators detained, their merchants despoiled! The same Romans, though they would not take up arms for their allies, yet when the same peoples had become their subjects, thought it necessary to do so. The Campanians say to the Romans, Since you will not allow us to defend our property against force and injury by our own just force, you will certainly defend it by yours. Florus, as ambassador of the Campanians, says that the league which existed before, had become more sacred by the surrender of all his countrymen. It was considered a point of good faith, says Livy, not to desert those who had surrendered to us.

But yet it is not always, even if the cause of a subject be just, that it obliges the rulers to enter upon a war; but then only, if it can be done without the damage of all, or the greater part, of the subjects. For the office of the ruler is concerned more with the whole than with the parts; and in proportion as the part is greater, it approaches nearer to the nature of the whole.

Therefore if one citizen, though innocent, be demanded by the many, in order to be put to death, it is not doubtful that he may by given up, if it appear that the state of which the demand is made is much too weak to contend. Vasquius disputes against this opinion; but if we look, not so much at his words, as at his purport, he seems to come to this, that such a citizen is not likely to be deserted, when there is a hope that he may be defended. For he adduces the history of the Italic infantry, which deserted Pompey when his cause was not yet desperate, being assured of their safety by Cæsar; which he blames, and deservedly.

Whether an innocent citizen may be delivered into the hands of the enemy, to avoid the otherwise imminent destruction of the city, the learned dispute, and the dispute existed also in ancient times; as when Demosthenes narrated the clever fable of the wolves requiring the sheep to give up their dogs

for the sake of peace. That it is not lawful to do so, is maintained not by Vasquius only, but Sotus also, whose opinion Vasquius condemns as approaching to perfidy. Yet Sotus holds that such a citizen is bound to surrender himself to the enemy: this Vasquius denies, because the nature of civil society, which every one enters into for his own advantage, does not require such a step.

But from this, nothing follows but that a citizen is not bound to this step, by any law properly so called; but it does not follow that charity allows him to do otherwise. For there are many duties, not of justice properly so called, but of good will, which it is not only laudable to perform, but which it is blamable to omit. And of such nature appears this to be, that each person should prefer the life of an innocent multitude to his own. So Euripides. And so Phocion exhorted Demosthenes and others that they should rather submit to death, after the example of the daughters of Leos and the Hyacinthids, than bring an irreparable calamity on their country. Cicero, pleading for Sextius, says, that if he were in a ship attacked by pirates who demanded him in particular, and would destroy the ship if he were not given up, he would rather throw himself into the sea than bring upon all the rest, not only certain death, but even extreme danger of death. And again, he says that a wise and good man will rather consult the safety of all than of any one in particular, even of himself. In Livy we read: I have often heard of men who would rather die for their country, but I have never heard of any who thought it reasonable that their country should perish for them.

But, this being assumed, there remains this doubt, whether, what they are thus bound to do, they can be compelled to do. Sotus denies this, adducing the example of a rich man who is bound to give alms to a needy man by a rule of mercy, but cannot be compelled to do so. But it is to be remarked that the relation of such parties is different from that of superiors compared with subjects. For an equal cannot compel an equal, except to that which he has a right to, speaking strictly. But a superior can compel him to other things, also, which any virtue prescribes; because in the peculiar right of a superior as superior, this is comprehended. Thus, in a great scarcity of corn, the citizens may be compelled to contribute to the common stock what each one has; and thus, in this question before us, it seems to be sound doctrine that the citizen may be compelled

to do that which charity requires. And thus Phocion, whom I have already mentioned, pointed out a very intimate friend of his, Nicocles by name, and said that matters were come to such a miserable condition that if Alexander demanded *him*, he would be of opinion that he ought to be given up.

As parties whom we are bound to defend, next to our subjects, come our allies. This is comprehended in our engagement with them, whether they have put themselves under the authority and protection of others, or have contracted for mutual aid. He who does not repel an injury for an ally, if he can, is in the wrong as much as he who does the injury, says Ambrose.

That such contracts are not to be extended to wars where there is no just cause for the war, we have elsewhere said. And this is the reason why the Lacedemonians, before they began their war with the Athenians, put the matter to the judgment of all their allies; as also the Romans did with regard to the Greeks, respecting the war with Nabis. We will further add, that even in such a case, the ally is not bound if there be no hope of a good result. For such alliances are contracted, not for the sake of evil results, but of good. An ally, however, is to be defended even against another confederate, except there be some special stipulation to the contrary in some previous convention. Thus, the Corcyreans, if their cause was good, might have received defensive aid from the Athenians, even against the Corinthians, who were their old allies.

The third cause (in which we may undertake war on account of others, subjects and allies being the first two cases) is the cause of friends, to whom we have not promised aid, but to whom it is in a manner due on the ground of friendship, if it can be given easily and without inconvenience. Thus Abraham took arms for Lot, his relative; the Romans commanded the Antiates not to exercise piracy against the Greeks, as being related to the Italians. The Romans, too, often took up arms for their allies, not only when they were bound to do so by treaty, but also for their friends; or threatened to take up arms in such cases.

The last and widest reason for taking up arms, is the connection of men with men as such, which alone is often sufficient to induce them to give their aid. Men are made for mutual help, says Seneca, and the like; so Euripides and Ambrose.

Here the question is raised, whether man be bound to defend man, and people to defend people, from wrong. Plato thinks that he ought to be punished who does not repel force offered to another; and this was also provided by the laws of the Egyptians. But, in the first place, if the danger be manifest, it is certain that he is not so bound; for he may reasonably prefer his own life and possessions to those of others. And in this sense, as I conceive, we are to interpret what Cicero says, that he who does not repel and resist an injury when he can, is as much in fault as if he were to desert his parents, or his country, or his allies: when he can, we are to understand, with convenience to himself: for the same writer elsewhere says, Perhaps we cannot defend men without incurring blame. So Sallust says that when we are asked to assist allies, it is to be considered whether we may abstain from war; and then, whether what is required is sufficiently pious, safe, glorious; or, on the other hand, unbecoming.

And the warning of Seneca is not to be despised: I am willing to help a man who is perishing, but so that I myself do not perish; except I am to be the ransom of a great man or a great cause. And even then, he will not be bound, if the person oppressed cannot be extricated without the death of the assailant. For if he may in some cases prefer the life of the assailant to his own, when he is attacked, as we have elsewhere said, he will not be wrong who either thinks or desires that another person so attacked has the same preference: especially when there is greater danger of irreparable and eternal loss on the part of the invader.

There is also another question, whether a war for the subjects of another be just, for the purpose of defending them from injuries inflicted by their ruler. Certainly it is undoubted that ever since civil societies were formed, the rulers of each claimed some especial right over his own subjects. Euripides makes his characters say that they are sufficient to right wrongs in their own city. And Thucydides puts among the marks of empire the supreme authority in judicial proceedings. And so Virgil, Ovid, and Euripides in the Hippolytus. This is, as Ambrose says, that peoples may not run into wars by usurping the care of those who do not belong to them. The Corinthians in Thucydides say that it is right that each state should punish its own subjects. And Perseus says that he will not plead in defense of what he did against the Dolopians,

since they were under his authority and he had acted upon his right. But all this applies when the subjects have really violated their duty; and, we may add, when the case is doubtful. For that distribution of power was introduced for that case.

But the case is different if the wrong be manifest. If a tyrant like Busiris, Phalaris, Diomede of Thrace, practices atrocities towards his subjects, which no just man can approve, the right of human social connection is not cut off in such a case. So Constantine took arms against Maxentius and Licinius; and several of the Roman emperors took or threatened to take arms against the Persians, except they prevented the Christians being persecuted on account of their religion.

But if we should grant that subjects cannot rightly take up arms even in extreme necessity (which, we may have seen, has been doubted even by those whose purpose was to defend the royal power), it would not follow that others may not take up arms for them. For when the impediment which exists to an action is in the person, not in the thing itself; in such cases, what is not lawful to one person may be lawful to another for him, if it be a case in which one can help another. Thus for a ward or minor, who is not capable of legal acts, the guardian or trustee sustains the suit; and for an absent person, an agent even with a special commission. Now the impediment which forbids the subject to resist, does not arise from the cause, which is the same in the subject and the non-subject; but from the quality of the person, which does not pass over to others.

Thus Seneca thinks that I may attack in war him who, though he is a stranger to my nation, persecutes his own; as we said when we spoke of exacting punishment: and this is often joined with the defense of innocent subjects. We know indeed, both from ancient and from modern histories, that the desire to appropriate another's possessions often use such a pretext as this; but that which is used by bad men does not necessarily therefore cease to be right. Pirates use navigation, but navigation is not therefore unlawful. Robbers use weapons, but weapons are not therefore unlawful.

But, as we have said, that leagues made with a view to mutual help in all wars alike, without distinction of the cause, are unlawful; so no kind of life is more disreputable than that of those who act as soldiers for pay merely, without regard to the cause; whose motto is, the right is where the

best pay is: as Plato proves from Tyrtæus. This is the reproach which Philip cast upon the Etolians, and Dionysius of Miletus upon the Arcadians; saying that there was a market where the Arcadians made a profit of the misfortunes of the Greeks. As Antiphanes says, It is a wretched life to be ready to die in order to live. So Dio Prusæensis.

But that they sell their own lives is little, if it were not that they sell too the lives of other innocent men: and in this way they are worse than the hangman, in proportion as it is worse to kill men without cause than for a cause: as Antisthenes says that executioners are more respectable than tyrants, for they kill guilty, these, innocent men. Philip of Macedon (the greater) said that for those whose gain was in a soldier's life, peace was war, and war, peace.

War is not one of the acts of life. On the contrary, it is a thing so horrible, that nothing but the highest necessity or the deepest charity can make it be right.

MICROCOSMOGRAPHY: ESSAYS AND CHARACTERS.

By JOHN EARLE.

[JOHN EARLE, ecclesiastic and one of the acutest of social observers and thinkers, was born at York, England, about 1601; graduated from Christ Church and then from Merton, Oxford; in 1631 was made proctor of the university, and chaplain to its chancellor, the Earl of Pembroke; soon after chaplain to Charles I. and tutor to the boy Charles (II.); in 1642 one of the Westminster Assembly of Divines, but declined to sit by reason of sympathy with the king; in 1643 chancellor of Salisbury Cathedral. After Charles II.'s overthrow by Cromwell at Worcester, Earle went abroad and was made Charles's chaplain and clerk of the closet; lived at Antwerp, then joined the Duke of York (James II.) at Paris. Returning at the Restoration in 1660, he was made dean of Westminster (1660), bishop of Worcester (1662), bishop of Salisbury (1663). During the plague of London he attended the royal family at Oxford, and died there November 17, 1665. He was an eloquent preacher, and greatly sought and beloved for his wit and charm of conversation, his culture and purity of mind. His "Microcosmography" (1628) stands at the head of its class, from Theophrastus down.]

A CHILD

IS A man in a small letter, yet the best copy of Adam before he tasted of Eve or the apple; and he is happy whose small practice in the world can only write this character. He is nature's fresh picture newly drawn in oil, which time and much handling dims and defaces. His soul is yet a white paper unscribbled with observations of the world, wherewith at

length it becomes a blurred note book. He is purely happy, because he knows no evil, nor hath made means by sin to be acquainted with misery. He arrives not at the mischief of being wise, nor endures evils to come by foreseeing them. He kisses and loves all, and when the smart of the rod is past, smiles on his beater. Nature and his parents alike dandle him, and tice him on with a bait of sugar to a draught of wormwood. He plays yet, like a young prentice the first day, and is not come to his task of melancholy. All the language he speaks yet is tears, and they serve him well enough to express his necessity. His hardest labor is his tongue, as if he were loath to use so deceitful an organ; and he is best company with it when he can but prattle. We laugh at his foolish sports, but his game is our earnest; and his drums, rattles, and hobby-horses, but the emblems and mocking of man's business. His father hath writ him as his own little story, wherein he reads those days of his life that he cannot remember; and sighs to see what innocence he has outlived. The elder he grows, he is a stair lower from God; and like his first father, much worse in his breeches. He is the Christian's example, and the old man's relapse; the one imitates his pureness, and the other falls into his simplicity. Could he put off his body with his little coat, he had got eternity without a burden, and exchanged but one heaven for another.

A Mere Formal Man

Is somewhat more than the shape of a man; for he has his length, breadth, and color. When you have seen his outside, you have looked through him, and need employ your discovery no further. His reason is merely example, and his action is not guided by his understanding, but he sees other men do thus, and he follows them. He is a negative, for we cannot call him a wise man, but not a fool; nor an honest man, but not a knave; nor a Protestant, but not a Papist. The chief burden of his brain is the carriage of his body and the setting of his face in a good frame; which he performs the better, because he is not disjointed with other meditations. His religion is a good quiet subject, and he prays as he swears, in the phrase of the land. He is a fair guest, and a fair inviter, and can excuse his good cheer in the accustomed apology. He has some faculty in mangling of a rabbit, and the distribution of his morsel to a

neighbor trencher. He apprehends a jest by seeing men smile, and laughs orderly himself, when it comes to his turn. His business with his friends is to visit them, and whilst the business is no more, he can perform this well enough. His discourse is the news that he hath gathered in his walk, and for other matters his discretion is, that he will only what he can; that is, say nothing. His life is like one that runs to the minster walk to take a turn or two, and so passes. He hath stayed in the world to fill a number; and when he is gone, there wants one, and there's an end.

A Detractor

Is one of a more cunning and active envy, wherewith he gnaws not foolishly himself, but throws it abroad and would have it blister others. He is commonly some weak-parted fellow, and worse minded, yet is strangely ambitious to match others, not by mounting their worth, but bringing them down with his tongue to his own poorness. He is indeed like the red dragon that pursued the woman, for when he cannot overreach another, he opens his mouth and throws a flood after to drown him. You cannot anger him worse than to do well, and he hates you more bitterly for this, than if you had cheated him of his patrimony with your own discredit. He is always slighting the general opinion, and wondering why such and such men should be applauded. Commend a good divine, he cries postilling; a philologer, pedantry; a poet, rhyming; a school-man, dull wrangling; a sharp conceit, boyishness; an honest man, plausibility. He comes to public things not to learn, but to catch, and if there be but one solecism, that is all he carries away. He looks on all things with a prepared sourness, and is still furnished with a pish beforehand, or some musty proverb that disrelishes all things whatsoever. If fear of the company make him second a commendation, it is like a law-writ, always with a clause of exception, or to smooth his way to some greater scandal. He will grant you something, and bate more; and this bating shall in conclusion take away all he granted. His speech concludes still with an — Oh but, and I could wish one thing amended; and this one thing shall be enough to deface all his former commendations. He will be very inward with a man to fish some bad out of him, and make his slanders hereafter more authentic, when it is said a friend reported it. He

will inveigle you to naughtiness to get your good name into his clutches: he will be your pander to have you on the hip for a whoremaster, and make you drunk to show you reeling. He passes the more plausibly because all men have a smatch of his humor, and it is thought freeness which is malice. If he can say nothing of a man, he will seem to speak riddles, as if he could tell strange stories if he would; and when he has racked his invention to the uttermost, he ends: But I wish him well, and therefore must hold my peace. He is always listening and inquiring after men, and suffers not a cloak to pass by him unexamined. In brief, he is one that has lost all good himself, and is loath to find it in another.

A Blunt Man

Is one whose wit is better pointed than his behavior, and that coarse and impolished not out of ignorance so much as humor. He is a great enemy to the fine gentleman, and these things of compliment, and hates ceremony in conversation, as the Puritan in religion. He distinguishes not betwixt fair and double dealing, and suspects all smoothness for the dress of knavery. He starts at the encounter of a salutation, as an assault, and beseeches you in choler to forbear your courtesy. He loves not anything in discourse that comes before the purpose, and is always suspicious of a preface. Himself falls rudely still on his matter without any circumstance, except he use an old proverb for an introduction. He swears old out-of-date innocent oaths, as, by the Mass! by our Lady! and such like, and though there be lords present, he cries, My masters! He is exceedingly in love with his humor, which makes him always profess and proclaim it, and you must take what he says patiently, because he is a plain man. His nature is his excuse still, and other men's tyrant; for he must speak his mind, and that is his worst, and craves your pardon most injuriously for not pardoning you. His jests best become him, because they come from him rudely and unaffected; and he has the luck commonly to have them famous. He is one that will do more than he will speak, and yet speak more than he will hear; for though he love to touch others, he is touchy himself, and seldom to his own abuses replies but with his fists. He is as squeazy of his commendations as his courtesy, and his good word is like an eulogy in a satire. He is generally better favored than he

favors, as being commonly well expounded in his bitterness, and no man speaks treason more securely. He chides great men with most boldness, and is counted for it an honest fellow. He is grumbling much in the behalf of the commonwealth, and is in prison oft for it with credit. He is generally honest, but more generally thought so, and his downrightness credits him, as a man not well bended and crookened to the times. In conclusion, he is not easily bad in whom this quality is nature; but the counterfeit is most dangerous, since he is disguised in a humor that professes not to disguise.

A Weak Man

Is a child at man's estate; one whom nature huddled up in haste, and left his best part unfinished. The rest of him is grown to be a man, only his brain stays behind. He is one that has not improved his first rudiments, nor attained any proficiency by his stay in the world: but we may speak of him yet as when he was in the bud, a good harmless nature, a well meaning mind, and no more. It is his misery that he now wants a tutor, and is too old to have one. He is two steps above a fool, and a great many more below a wise man; yet the fool is oft given him, and by those whom he esteems most. Some tokens of him are, — he loves men better upon relation than experience, for he is exceedingly enamored of strangers, and none quicklier aweary of his friend. He charges you at first meeting with all his secrets, and on better acquaintance grows more reserved. Indeed he is one that mistakes much his abusers for friends, and his friends for enemies, and he apprehends your hate in nothing so much as in good counsel. One that is flexible with anything but reason, and then only perverse. A servant to every tale and flatterer, and whom the last man still works over. A great affecter of wits and such prettinesses; and his company is costly to him, for he seldom has it but invited. His friendship commonly is begun in a supper, and lost in lending money. The tavern is a dangerous place to him, for to drink and be drunk is with him all one, and his brain is sooner quenched than his thirst. He is drawn into naughtiness with company, but suffers alone, and the bastard commonly laid to his charge. One that will be patiently abused, and take exceptions a month after when he understands it, and then be abused again in reconcilement; and you cannot

endear him more than by cozening him, and it is a temptation to those that would not. One discoverable in all sillinesses to all men but himself, and you may take any man's knowledge of him better than his own. He will promise the same thing to twenty, and rather than deny one break with all. One that has no power over himself, over his business, over his friends, but a prey and pity to all; and if his fortunes once sink, men quickly cry, Alas! and forget him.

The World's Wise Man

Is an able and sufficient wicked man: it is a proof of his sufficiency that he is not called wicked, but wise. A man wholly determined in himself and his own ends, and his instruments herein anything that will do it. His friends are a part of his engines, and as they serve to his works, used or laid by: Indeed, he knows not this thing of friend, but if he give you the name, it is a sign he has a plot on you. Never more active in his businesses, than when they are mixed with some harm to others; and it is his best play in this game to strike off and lie in the place: successful commonly in these undertakings, because he passes smoothly those rubs which others stumble at, as conscience and the like; and gratulates himself much in this advantage. Oaths and falsehood he counts the nearest way, and loves not by any means to go about. He has many fine quips at this folly of plain dealing, but his "tush!" is greatest at religion; yet he uses this too, and virtue and good words, but is less dangerously a devil than a saint. He ascribes all honesty to an unpracticedness in the world, and conscience a thing merely for children. He scorns all that are so silly to trust him, and only not scorns his enemy, especially if as bad as himself: he fears him as a man well armed and provided, but sets boldly on good natures, as the most vanquishable. One that seriously admires those worst princes, as Sforza, Borgia, and Richard the Third; and calls matters of deep villainy things of difficulty. To whom murders are but resolute acts, and treason a business of great consequence. One whom two or three countries make up to this completeness, and he has traveled for the purpose. His deepest endearment is a communication of mischief, and then only you have him fast. His conclusion is commonly one of these two: either a great man, or hanged.

An Insolent Man

Is a fellow newly great and newly proud; one that hath put himself into another face upon his preferment, for his own was not bred to it. One whom fortune hath shot up to some office or authority, and he shoots up his neck to his fortune, and will not bate you an inch of either. His very countenance and gesture bespeak how much he is, and if you understand him not, he tells you, and concludes every period with his place, which you must and shall know. He is one that looks on all men as if he were angry, but especially on those of his acquaintance, whom he beats off with a surlier distance, as men apt to mistake him, because they have known him: and for this cause he *knows not you* till you have told him your name, which *he thinks he has heard*, but forgot, and with much ado seems to recover. If you have anything to use him in, you are his vassal for that time, and must give him the patience of any injury, which he does only to show what he may do. He snaps you up bitterly, because he will be offended, and tells you, you are saucy and troublesome, and sometimes takes your money in this language. His very courtesies are intolerable, they are done with such arrogance and imputation; and he is the only man you may hate after a good turn, and not be ungrateful; and men reckon it among their calamities to be beholden unto him. No vice draws with it a more general hostility, and makes men readier to search into his faults, and of them, his beginning; and no tale so unlikely but is willingly heard of him, and believed. And commonly such men are of no merit at all; but make out in pride what they want in worth, and fence themselves with a stately kind of behavior from that contempt would pursue them. They are men whose preferment does us a great deal of wrong, and when they are down, we may laugh at them without breach of good-nature.

A Meddling Man

Is one that has nothing to do with his business, and yet no man busier than he, and his business is most in his face. He is one thrusts himself violently into all employments, unsent for, unfeed, and many times unthanked; and his part in it is only an eager bustling, that rather keeps ado than does anything. He will take you aside, and question you of your

affair, and listen with both ears, and look earnestly; and then it is nothing so much as yours as his. He snatches what you are doing out of your hands, and cries *Give it me*, and does it worse, and lays an engagement upon you too, and you must thank him for this pains. He lays you down a hundred wild plots, all impossible things, which you must be ruled by perforce, and he delivers them with a serious and counseling forehead; and there is a great deal more wisdom in his forehead than his head. He will woo for you, solicit for you, and woo you to suffer him; and scarce anything done wherein his letter, or his journey, or at least himself is not seen: if he have no task in it else, he will rail yet on some side, and is often beaten when he need not. Such men never thoroughly weigh any business, but are forward only to show their zeal, when many times this forwardness spoils it, and then they cry they have done what they can, that is, as much hurt. Wise men still deprecate these men's kindnesses, and are beholden to them rather to let them alone; as being one trouble more in all business, and which a man shall be hardest rid of.

A Flatterer

Is the picture of a friend, and as pictures flatter many times, so he oft shows fairer than the true substance: his look, conversation, company, and all the outwardness of friendship more pleasing by odds, for a true friend dare take the liberty to be sometimes offensive, whereas he is a great deal more cowardly, and will not let the least hold go, for fear of losing you. Your mere sour look affrights him, and makes him doubt his cashiering. And this is one sure mark of him, that he is never first angry, but ready though upon his own wrong to make satisfaction. Therefore he is never yoked with a poor man, or any that stands on the lower ground, but whose fortunes may tempt his pains to deceive him. Him he learns first, and learns well, and grows perfecter in his humors than himself, and by this door enters upon his soul; of which he is able at last to take the very print and mark, and fashion his own by it, like a false key to open all your secrets. All his affections jump even with yours; he is beforehand with your thoughts, and able to suggest them unto you. He will commend to you first what he knows you like, and has always some absurd story or other of your enemy, and then wonders how your two opinions should jump in that man. He will ask your counsel sometimes as a man of deep

judgment, and has a secret of purpose to disclose you and whatsoever you say, is persuaded. He listens to your words with great attention, and sometimes will object that you may confute him, and then protests he never heard so much before. A piece of wit bursts him with an overflowing laughter, and he remembers it for you to all companies, and laughs again in the telling. He is one never chides you but for your virtues, as, *You are too good, too honest, too religious*, when his chiding may seem but the earnester commendation: and yet would fain chide you out of them too, for your vice is the thing he has use of, and wherein you may best use him; and he is never more active than in the worst diligences. Thus at last he possesses you from yourself, and then expects but his hire to betray you. And it is a happiness not to discover him; for as long as you are happy, you shall not.

A Coward

Is the man that is commonly most fierce against the coward, and laboring to take off this suspicion from himself; for the opinion of valor is a good protection to those that dare not use it. No man is valianter than he in civil company, and where he thinks no danger may come of it, and is the readiest man to fall upon a drawer and those that must not strike again; wonderful exceptious and choleric where he sees men are loath to give him occasion, and you cannot pacify him better than by quarreling with him. The hotter you grow, the more temperate man is he; he protests he always honored you, and the more you rail upon him, the more he honors you, and you threaten him at last into a very honest quiet man. The sight of a sword wounds him more sensibly than the stroke, for before that come he is dead already. Every man is his master that dare beat him, and every man dares that knows him. And he that dare do this is the only man can do much with him: for his friend he cares not for, as a man that carries no such terror as his enemy, which for this cause only is more potent with him of the two; and men fall out with him of purpose to get courtesies from him, and be bribed again to a reconcilement. A man in whom no secret can be bound up, for the apprehension of each danger loosens him, and makes him bewray both the room [company] and it. He is a Christian merely for fear of hell fire; and if any religion could fright him more, would be of that.

A Suspicious or Jealous Man

Is one that watches himself a mischief, and keeps a lear eye still, for fear it should escape him. A man that sees a great deal more in everything than is to be seen, and yet he thinks he sees nothing: his own eye stands in his light. He is a fellow commonly guilty of some weaknesses, which he might conceal if he were careless: now his over-diligence to hide them makes men pry the more. Howsoever, he imagines you have found him, and it shall go hard but you must abuse him whether you will or no. Not a word can be spoke, but nips him somewhere; not a jest thrown out, but he will make it hit him. You shall have him go fretting out of company, with some twenty quarrels to every man, stung and galled, and no man knows less the occasion than they that have given it. To laugh before him is a dangerous matter, for it cannot be at anything but at him; and to whisper in his company plain conspiracy. He bids you *speak out and he will answer you*, when you thought not of him. He expostulates with you in passion, why you should abuse him, and explains to your ignorance wherein, and gives you very good reason at last to laugh at him hereafter. He is one still accusing others when they are not guilty, and defending himself when he is not accused: and no man is undone more with apologies, wherein he is so elaborately excessive that none will believe him; and he is never thought worse of than when he has given satisfaction. Such men can never have friends, because they cannot trust so far; and this humor hath this infection with it, it makes all men to them suspicious. In conclusion, they are men always in offense and vexation with themselves and their neighbors, wronging others in thinking they would wrong them, and themselves most of all in thinking they deserve it.

A High-Spirited Man

Is one that looks like a proud man, but is not: you may forgive him his looks for his worth's sake, for they are only too proud to be base. One whom no rate can buy off from the least piece of his freedom, and make him digest an unworthy thought an hour. He cannot crouch to a great man to possess him, nor fall low to the earth to rebound never so high again. He stands taller on his own bottom than others on the advantage ground of fortune, as having solidly that honor of which

title is but the pomp. He does homage to no man for his great style's sake, but is strictly just in the exaction of respect again, and will not bate you a compliment. He is more sensible of a neglect than an undoing, and scorns no man so much as his surly threatener. A man quickly fired, and quickly laid down with satisfaction, but remits any injury sooner than words: only to himself he is irreconcilable, whom he never forgives a disgrace, but is still stabbing himself with the thought of it, and no disease that he dies of sooner. He is one had rather perish than be beholden for his life, and strives more to be quit with his friend than his enemy. Fortune may kill him, but not deject him, nor make him fall into a humbler key than before, but he is now loftier than ever in his own defense; you shall hear him talk still after thousands, and he becomes it better than those that have it. One that is above the world and its drudgery, and cannot pull down his thoughts to the pelting businesses of life. He would sooner accept the gallows than a mean trade, or anything that might disparage the height of man in him, and yet thinks no death comparably base to hanging either. One that will do nothing upon command, though he would do it otherwise; and if ever he do evil, it is when he is dared to it. He is one that if fortune equal his worth, puts a luster in all preferment.

A Rash Man

Is a man too quick for himself; one whose actions put a leg still before his judgment, and outrun it. Every hot fancy or passion is the signal that sets him forward, and his reason comes still in the rear. One that has brain enough, but not patience to digest a business, and stay the leisure of a second thought. All deliberation is to him a kind of sloth and freezing of action, and it shall burn him rather than take cold. He is always resolved at first thinking, and the ground he goes upon is, *hap what may*. Thus he enters not, but throws himself violently upon all things, and for the most part is as violently thrown off again; and as an obstinate "*I will*" was the preface to his undertaking, so his conclusion is commonly "*I would I had not*"; for such men seldom do anything that they are not forced to take in pieces again, and are so much farther off from doing it, as they have done already. His friends are with him as his physician, sought to only in his sickness and extremity, and

to help him out of that mire he has plunged himself into; for in the suddenness of his passions he would hear nothing, and now his ill success has allayed him, he hears too late. He is a man still swayed with the first reports, and no man more in the power of a pickthank than he. He is one who will fight first, and then expostulate; condemn first, and then examine. He loses his friend in a fit of quarreling, and in a fit of kindness undoes himself; and then curses the occasion drew this mischief upon him, and cries, God, mercy! for it, and curses again. His repentance is merely a rage against himself, and he does something in itself to be repented again. He is a man whom fortune must go against much to make him happy; for had he been suffered his own way, he had been undone.

An Affected Man

Is an extraordinary man in ordinary things. One that would go a strain beyond himself, and is taken in it. A man that overdoes all things with great solemnity of circumstance; and whereas with more negligence he might pass better, makes himself with a great deal of endeavor ridiculous. The fancy of some odd quaintnesses have put him clean beside his nature; he cannot be that he would, and hath lost what he was. He is one must be point-blank in every trifle as if his credit and opinion hung upon it; the very space of his arms in an embrace studied before and premeditated, and the figure of his countenance of a fortnight's contriving; he will not curse you without book and extempore, but in some choice way, and perhaps as some great man curses. Every action of his cries, "*Do ye mark me?*" and men do mark him how absurd he is; for affectation is the most betraying humor, and nothing that puzzles a man less to find out than this. All the actions of his life are like so many things bodged in without any natural cadence or connection at all. You shall track him all through like a schoolboy's theme, one piece from one author and this from another, and join all in this general, that they are none of his own. You shall observe his mouth not made for that tone, nor his face for that simper; and it is his luck that his finest things most misbecome him. If he affect the gentleman, as the humor most commonly lies that way, not the least punctilio of a fine man but he is strict in to a hair, even to their very negligences, which he cons as rules. He will not carry a knife with him to

wound reputation, and [will] pay double a reckoning rather than ignobly question it: and he is full of this *Ignobly* and *Nobly* and *Genteelly;* and this mere fear to trespass against the *genteel* way puts him out most of all. It is an ill-favored ostentation, — and thrives not; and the best use of such men is, they are good parts in a play.

ATHOS, PORTHOS, AND ARAMIS.

By ALEXANDRE DUMAS, Père.

(From "The Three Musketeers.")

[Alexandre Dumas, Père, French novelist and dramatist, was born July 24, 1803; his grandmother was a Haytian negress. His youth was roving and dissipated; the few years after he became of age were spent in Paris experimenting in literary forms; at twenty-six he took the public by storm with his play "Henry III. and his Court." He was probably the most prolific great writer that ever lived, his works singly and in collaboration amounting to over two thousand volumes; he had some ninety collaborators, few of whom ever did successful independent work. A catalogue of his productions would fill many pages of this work. The most popular of his novels are: "The Three Musketeers" series (including "Twenty Years After" and "The Viscount de Bragelonne") and "The Count of Monte Cristo." He died December 5, 1870.]

The Bastion of St. Gervais.

On arriving at his friends' quarters, D'Artagnan found them assembled in the same room. Athos was thinking; Porthos was twisting his mustache; and Aramis was reading his prayers in a charming little book, bound in blue velvet.

"By my soul, gentlemen," said he, "I hope that what you have to tell me is worth the trouble, otherwise I should not forgive your depriving me of rest after a night passed in dismantling a bastion, entirely by myself. Ah! why were you not there, gentlemen? It was hot work!"

"We were in another place, where it was by no means cold either," said Porthos, giving his mustache a turn peculiar to himself.

"Hush!" said Athos.

"Oh, oh!" said D'Artagnan, understanding the slight frown of the musketeer, "it seems that there is something new stirring."

"Aramis," said Athos, "you breakfasted at the Parpaillot tavern the day before yesterday, I believe."

"Yes."

"How are things there?"

"Why, I fared but poorly myself; it was a fast day, and they had only eggs."

"What," said Athos, "in a seaport, and no fish?"

"They say that the dike which the cardinal is digging drives the fish out into the open sea," said Aramis, resuming his pious reading.

"But that is not what I wanted to know, Aramis," continued Athos. "Were you free, and did no one disturb you?"

"Why, I think that there were not many idlers," replied Aramis. "Yes, in fact, for what you want, Athos, I think we shall do well enough at the Parpaillot."

"Come, then, let us to the Parpaillot," said Athos, "for here the walls are like sheets of paper."

D'Artagnan, who was accustomed to his friend's manner, and understood by a word, a gesture, or a look from him that circumstances called for seriousness, took his arm and went out with him, without uttering a word. Porthos followed them, in conversation with Aramis.

On their way they met Grimaud, and Athos beckoned him to attend them. Grimaud, according to custom, obeyed in silence. The poor fellow had finished by almost forgetting how to speak.

When they arrived at the Parpaillot, it was seven in the morning, and the day was just beginning to dawn. The three friends ordered a good breakfast, and entered a room where the landlord assured them that they would not be disturbed.

The hour was, unfortunately, ill chosen for a consultation. The morning drum had just been beaten; every one was busy shaking off the sleepiness of night, and to drive away the dampness of the morning air, came to take a little dram at the tavern. Dragoons, Swiss guards, musketeers, and light cavalry succeeded one another with a rapidity very beneficial to the business of mine host, but very unfavorable to the designs of our four friends, who replied but sullenly to the salutations, toasts, and jests of their companions.

"Come," said Athos, "we shall invite some rousing quarrel on our hands presently, and we do not want that just now.

D'Artagnan, tell us about your night's work: we will tell you ours afterward."

"In fact," said one of the light cavalry, who, whilst rocking himself, held in his hand a glass of brandy, which he slowly sipped, "in fact, you were in the trenches, you gentlemen of the guards, and it seems to me that you had a squabble with the Rochellais."

D'Artagnan looked at Athos, to see whether he ought to answer this intruder who thrust himself into the conversation.

"Well," said Athos, "did you hear M. de Busigny, who did you the honor to address you? Tell us what took place in the night, since these gentlemen desire it."

"Did you not take a bastion?" asked a Swiss, who was drinking rum and beer mixed.

"Yes, sir," replied D'Artagnan, bowing, "we had that honor. And also, as you have heard, we introduced a barrel of powder under one of the angles, which, on exploding, made a very pretty breach, without reckoning that, as the bastion is very old, all the rest of the building is much shaken."

"And what bastion is it?" asked a dragoon who held, spitted on his saber, a goose which he had brought to be cooked.

"The bastion St. Gervais," replied D'Artagnan, "from behind which the Rochellais annoyed our workmen."

"And was it warm work?"

"Yes. We lost five men and the Rochellais some eight or ten."

"Balzampleu!" said the Swiss, who, in spite of the admirable collection of oaths which the German language possesses, had got a habit of swearing in French.

"But it is probable," said the light horseman, "that they will send pioneers to repair the bastion this morning."

"Yes, it is probable," said D'Artagnan.

"Gentlemen," said Athos, "a wager!"

"Ah! a wager," said the Swiss.

"What is it?" asked the light horseman.

"Stop," said the dragoon, laying his saber like a spit on the two great iron dogs which kept up the fire in the chimney, "I am busy. A dripping pan here, you noodle of a landlord, that I may not lose one drop of the fat of this celestial bird."

He is right," said the Swiss, "the juice of a goose is very good with puddings."

"There!" said the dragoon; "and now for the wager. We are listening, M. Athos."

"Well, M. de Busigny," said Athos, "I bet you that my three comrades, Messieurs Porthos, Aramis, and D'Artagnan, and myself will go and breakfast in the bastion of St. Gervais, and that we will stay there for one hour by the clock, whatever the enemy may do to dislodge us."

Porthos and Aramis looked at each other, for they began to understand.

"Why," said D'Artagnan, stooping to Athos' ear, "you are going to get us all killed without mercy."

"We shall be more certainly killed if we do not go," replied Athos.

"Ah, faith, gentlemen," said Porthos, throwing himself back in his chair, and twisting his mustache, "that is a fine wager, I hope."

"And I accept it," said M. de Busigny. "Now we must fix the stakes."

"You are four, gentlemen," said Athos, "and we are four: a dinner for eight — will that suit you?"

"Just the thing!" replied M. de Busigny.

"The very thing!" added the dragoon.

"That will do!" exclaimed the Swiss. The fourth auditor, who had remained silent throughout the conversation, bowed his head, as a sign that he acquiesced in the proposition.

"The déjeuner of these gentlemen is ready," said the landlord.

"Well, then, bring it here," said Athos.

The landlord obeyed. Athos called Grimaud, showed him a large basket, which was lying in a corner, and made him a sign to wrap up in the napkins all the eatables that had been brought.

Grimaud, comprehending at once that they were going to breakfast on the grass, took the basket, packed up the eatables, put in the bottles, and took the basket up in his arms.

"But where are you going to eat this breakfast?" said the landlord.

"What does it signify to you," replied Athos, "provided you are paid for it?" And he threw two pistoles majestically on the table.

"Shall I get you change, sir?" said mine host.

"No; but add a couple of bottles of champagne, and the difference will pay for the napkins."

The landlord had not made quite such a good thing of it as he at first expected; but he recompensed himself for it by palming off, on his four guests, two bottles of Anjou wine, instead of the two bottles of champagne.

"M. de Busigny, will you regulate your watch by mine, or permit me to regulate mine by yours?" inquired Athos.

"Whichever you please," said the light dragoon, drawing from his fob a very beautiful watch encircled with diamonds. "Half-past seven," added he.

"Five and thirty minutes after seven," said Athos; "we shall remember that I am five minutes in advance, sir."

Then bowing to the astonished waiters, the four young men took the road toward the bastion of St. Gervais, followed by Grimaud, who carried the basket, not knowing where he was going, and, from the passive obedience that was habitual to him, not thinking even of inquiring.

Whilst they were within the precincts of the camp, the four friends did not exchange a word; they were, besides, followed by the curious, who, having heard of the wager, wished to know how they would extricate themselves from the affair. But when once they had got beyond the lines of fortification, and found themselves in the open country, D'Artagnan, who was entirely ignorant of what they were about, thought it high time to demand some explanation.

"And now, my dear Athos," said he, "have the kindness to tell me where you are going."

"You can see well enough," replied Athos, "we are going to the bastion."

"But what are we going to do there?"

"You know very well — we are going to breakfast there."

"But why do we not breakfast at the Parpaillot?"

"Because we have most important things to tell you, and it was impossible to converse for five minutes in that tavern with all those troublesome fellows, who come and go, and continually address us. Here, at least," continued Athos, pointing to the bastion, "no one will come to interrupt us."

"It appears to me," said D'Artagnan, with that prudence which was so intimately and so naturally connected with his superb courage — "it appears to me that we could have found

some retired spot, somewhere in the sand hills, on the seashore."

"Where we should have been seen all four in council together, so that, in a quarter of an hour, the cardinal would have been informed by his spies that we were holding a consultation."

"Yes," said Aramis. "Athos is right; *animadvertuntur in desertis.*"

"A desert would not have been a bad place," remarked Porthos; "but the difficulty is to find it."

"There is no desert where a bird could not pass over one's head, or a fish jump from the water, or a rabbit run from her seat; and I believe that bird, fish, and rabbit, one and all, have become the cardinal's spies. It is much better, therefore, to pursue our enterprise. Besides, we cannot now recede without disgrace. We have made a bet — a bet which could not have been foreseen, and of which I defy any one to guess the true cause. To win it, we must remain an hour in the bastion. Either we shall, or shall not, be attacked. If we are not, we shall have time to talk, and no one will hear us: for I will answer for it that the walls of that bastion have no ears. If we are attacked, we will talk just the same, and shall, moreover, by defending ourselves, be covered with glory. So you see that everything is favorable to us."

"Yes," said D'Artagnan, "but we shall inevitably be shot."

"Yes," rejoined Athos, "but you know very well that the bullets most to be feared are not those of the enemy."

"Yet it seems to me," said Porthos, "that for such an expedition we should at least have brought our muskets."

"You are a simpleton, friend Porthos; why should we encumber ourselves with a useless burden?"

"I do not find a good regulation musket, with a dozen cartridges and a powderflask, useless in front of an enemy."

"Well," rejoined Athos, "did you not hear what D'Artagnan said?"

"And what did D'Artagnan say?" asked Porthos.

"D'Artagnan says that in last night's attack as many as eight or ten French were killed, and as many of the enemy."

"Well?"

"There has not been time to strip them, has there, seeing there was something more urgent to attend to?"

"Well?"

"Well, we shall find their muskets, powderflasks, and cartridges, and, instead of four muskets and a dozen balls, we shall have about fifteen muskets and a hundred rounds of ammunition to fire."

"Oh, Athos!" said Aramis, "you are indeed a great man!"

Porthos bowed his head in token of acquiescence.

D'Artagnan alone did not appear quite convinced.

Grimaud unquestionably partook of the young man's incredulity; for, seeing that they continued to march toward the bastion, of which he had before had some suspicion, he plucked his master by the skirt of his coat.

"Where are you going?" he inquired by a sign.

Athos pointed to the bastion.

"But," said the silent Grimaud, still in the same dialect, "we shall leave our skins there."

Athos raised his eyes and his hands to heaven.

Grimaud set down his basket on the ground, and seated himself upon it, shaking his head.

Athos took a pistol from his belt, looked at the priming, cocked it, and leveled it at Grimaud's ear.

Grimaud found himself lifted up and on his legs, as if by magic.

Athos then beckoned to him to take up the basket, and to march in front.

Grimaud obeyed; so that all the poor fellow had gained by this momentary pantomime was that he had been transformed from the rear guard to the van.

Having reached the bastion, the four friends looked behind them. More than three hundred soldiers, of every kind, had assembled at the entrance of the camp; and, in a separate group, they saw M. de Busigny, the dragoon, the Swiss, and the fourth wagerer.

Athos took off his hat, raised it on the end of his sword, and waved it in the air.

All the spectators returned his salutation, accompanying this act of politeness with a loud hurrah, which reached their ears.

After this occurrence they all four disappeared in the bastion, where Grimaud had already preceded them.

The Council of the Musketeers.

As Athos had foreseen, the bastion was tenanted alone by about a dozen dead — French and Rochellais.

"Gentlemen," said Athos, who had taken command of the expedition, "whilst Grimaud sets the table, let us begin by collecting muskets and ammunition. We can, moreover, converse whilst we are doing it. These gentlemen," added he, pointing to the dead bodies, "do not hear us."

"But we may, nevertheless, throw them into the ditches, said Porthos, "having first satisfied ourselves that they have nothing in their pockets."

"Yes," replied Athos, "but that is Grimaud's business."

"Well, then," said D'Artagnan, "let Grimaud search them, and throw them over the walls."

"Not upon any account," said Athos. "They may be of the utmost use to us."

"These dead of use to us!" exclaimed Porthos. "Ah, nonsense! you are surely going crazy, my dear friend."

"Do not judge rashly, advise both gospel and cardinal," replied Athos. "How many muskets are there, gentlemen?"

"Twelve."

"How much ammunition?"

"A hundred rounds."

"It is quite as many as we shall need: let us load our muskets."

The four companions set themselves to work: and just as they had loaded the last gun, Grimaud made a sign to them that breakfast was ready.

Athos indicated by a gesture that he was contented with what was done, and then pointed out to Grimaud a sort of sheltered box, where he was to place himself as sentinel. But, to mitigate the annoyance of his guard, Athos allowed him to take with him a loaf, a couple of cutlets, and a bottle of wine.

"And now, to breakfast!" said Athos.

The four friends seated themselves on the ground, with their legs crossed, like Turks or tailors.

"And now," said D'Artagnan, "as you are no longer afraid of being heard, I hope you are going to let us have the secret."

"I hope I am providing you at the same time with both amusement and glory, gentlemen!" said Athos. "I have

induced you to take a charming little excursion: here is an admirable breakfast; and away over yonder, are five hundred persons, as you may perceive through the embrasures, who take us for madmen or heroes — two classes of fools that very much resemble each other."

"But this secret?"

"I saw My Lady last night," said Athos.

D'Artagnan was carrying his glass to his lips; but at the sound of her ladyship's name, his hand trembled so that he placed his glass on the ground, in order that he might not spill its contents.

"You have seen your wi——"

"Hush, then!" interrupted Athos; "you forget, my dear fellow, that these gentlemen are not, like you, initiated in my family affairs. I have seen her ladyship."

"And where happened that?" demanded D'Artagnan.

"About two leagues from hence, at the Red Dovecote."

"In that case, I am a lost man," said D'Artagnan.

"Not just yet," replied Athos; "for, by this time, she must have quitted the shores of France."

D'Artagnan breathed again.

"But, after all," inquired Porthos, "who is this lady?"

"A charming woman!" said Athos, tasting a glass of sparkling wine. "Scamp of a landlord!" exclaimed he, "who gives us Anjou for champagne, and who thinks we shall be deceived by the substitution! Yes!" continued he, "a charming woman, to whom our friend D'Artagnan has done something unpardonable, for which she is seeking every human means to avenge herself — a month ago, by trying to get him shot; a week ago, by sending him poison; and yesterday, by demanding his head of the cardinal."

"What! demanding my head of the cardinal?" cried D'Artagnan, pale with terror.

"Yes," said Porthos, "it is as true as gospel; for I heard her with my own ears."

"And I also," said Aramis.

"Then, said D'Artagnan, letting his arm fall in a despondent manner, "it is useless to struggle longer: I may as well blow out my brains at once, and have done with it.

"That is the *last* folly a man should perpetrate," said Athos, "seeing it is the only one which will admit of no remedy."

"But with such enemies I shall never escape," said D'Ar

tagnan. "First, my unknown antagonist of Meung; then, De Wardes, on whom I inflicted four wounds; next, this lady whose secret I found out; and, lastly, the cardinal, whose vengeance I intercepted."

"Well!" said Athos, "and all this makes only four, and we are four — one against one. Egad! if we may trust to Grimaud's signs, we are now about to engage with a far greater number of foes. What's the matter, Grimaud? Considering the seriousness of the circumstance, I permit you to speak, my friend; but be laconic, I beseech you. What do you see?"

"A troop."

"How many persons?"

"Twenty men."

"What sort of men?"

"Sixteen sappers and four dragoons."

"How far are they off?"

"Five hundred paces."

"Good! We have still time to finish our fowl, and to drink a glass of wine. To your health, D'Artagnan!"

"Your health!" repeated Aramis and Porthos.

"Well, then, to my health; although I do not imagine that your good wishes will be of much benefit to me."

"Bah!" said Athos. "God is great, as the Mohammedans say, and the future is in His hands."

Then, having swallowed his wine and put the glass down, Athos carelessly arose, took the first musket that came to hand, and strolled toward an embrasure.

The three others did the same. As for Grimaud, he had orders to place himself behind them and to reload their muskets.

An instant afterward they saw the troop appearing. It came along a kind of branch trench, which formed a communication between the bastion and the town.

"Zounds!" said Athos, "it is scarcely worth while to disturb ourselves for a score of fellows armed with pickaxes, mattocks, and spades! Grimaud ought to have quietly beckoned to them to go about their business, and I am quite convinced that they would have left us to ourselves."

"I must doubt it," said D'Artagnan, "for they come forward with great resolution. Besides, in addition to the workmen, there are four soldiers, and a brigadier, armed with muskets."

"That is because they have not seen us," replied Athos.

"Faith," said Aramis, "I confess that I am reluctant to fire upon these poor devils of citizens."

"He is a bad priest," said Porthos, "who pities heretics."

"Upon my word," said Athos, "Aramis is right. I will give them a preliminary talking to."

"What the plague are you doing?" cried D'Artagnan; "you will get yourself shot, my dear fellow."

But Athos paid no attention to this warning, and mounting on the breach, his fusee in one hand and his hat in the other: —

"Gentlemen," said he, bowing courteously, and addressing himself to the soldiers and pioneers, who, astonished by this apparition, halted at about fifty paces from the bastion; "gentlemen, we are, some of my friends and myself, engaged at breakfast in the bastion. Now you know that nothing is more disagreeable than to be disturbed at breakfast; so we entreat you, if you really have business here, to wait till we have finished our repast, or to come back in a little while: unless, indeed, you experience the salutary desire of forsaking the ranks of rebellion, and coming to drink with us to the health of the king of France."

"Take care, Athos," said D'Artagnan; "don't you see that they are taking aim at you."

"Yes, yes," said Athos; "but these are citizens, who are shocking bad marksmen, and will take particular care to shoot wide of the mark."

In fact, at that moment four shots were fired, and the bullets whistled around Athos, but without one touching him.

Four shots were instantaneously returned, but with a far better aim than that of the aggressors; three soldiers fell dead, and one of the pioneers was wounded.

"Grimaud," said Athos, from the breach, "another musket."

Grimaud obeyed instantly.

The three friends had also reloaded their arms. A second discharge soon followed the first, and the brigadier and two pioneers fell dead. The rest of the troop took to flight.

"Come, gentlemen, a sortie!" said Athos.

The four friends rushed out of the fort; reached the field of battle; picked up the muskets of the soldiers, and the half-pike of the brigadier; and, satisfied that the fugitives would never stop till they reached the town, they returned to the bastion, bearing with them the trophies of their victory.

"Reload, Grimaud," said Athos, "and let us, gentlemen, continue our breakfast and conversation. Where were we?"

"I recollect," said D'Artagnan; "you were saying that, after having demanded my head of the cardinal, her ladyship had left the shores of France. And where is she going?" added D'Artagnan, who was painfully anxious about the lady's itinerary.

"She is going to England," replied Athos.

"And with what object?"

"To assassinate the Duke of Buckingham, or to get him assassinated."

D'Artagnan uttered an exclamation of surprise and indignation.

"It is infamous!" exclaimed he.

"Oh, as to that," said Athos, "I beg you to believe that I concern myself very little about it. Now that you have finished, Grimaud," continued he, "take the half-pike of our brigadier, fasten a napkin to it, and fix it on the end of our bastion, that those rebellious Rochellais may see that they are opposed to brave and loyal subjects of the king."

Grimaud obeyed without reply: and an instant afterward the white flag floated over the heads of the four friends. A cry of joy, a thunder of applause, saluted its appearance. Half the camp was at the barriers.

"What?" said D'Artagnan, "you concern yourself but little about her killing Buckingham, or causing him to be killed? The duke is our friend."

"The duke is an Englishman: the duke fights against us: let her do therefore as she likes with the duke. I care as little about him as an empty bottle."

As Athos said this, he threw, some fifteen yards before him, a bottle which he held in his hand, and from which he had just emptied the last drop into his own glass.

"Wait an instant," said D'Artagnan, "I will not abandon Buckingham in that manner; he gave us some very beautiful horses."

"And especially some very beautiful saddles," added Porthos, who was then wearing the gold lace of one of them upon his cloak.

"Besides," said Aramis, "God seeks for the conversion, not the death, of a sinner."

"Amen!" said Athos, "and we will return to that by and

by, if such is your pleasure; but that which most engaged my attention at the time, and I am sure you will understand why, D'Artagnan, was how to get from this woman a *carte blanche*, which she had extorted from the cardinal, and by means of which she might get rid of you, and perhaps the whole of us, with impunity."

"This creature is a very demon," said Porthos, holding his plate to Aramis, who was cutting up a fowl.

"And this document," said D'Artagnan, "did it remain in her hands?"

"No, it passed into mine. I cannot say without some trouble; for, if I did, I should tell a lie."

"My dear Athos," said D'Artagnan, "I can no longer count the times I owe my life to you."

"Then it was to visit her that you quitted us?" said Aramis.

"Exactly so."

"And you have got the cardinal's letter?" inquired D'Artagnan.

"Here it is," replied Athos.

He took the precious paper from the pocket of his coat. D'Artagnan unfolded it with a hand, of which he did not attempt to hide the trembling, and read: —

It is by my order, and for the good of the state, that the bearer of this did that which he has now done.

RICHELIEU.

"It is, in fact, a regular absolution," said Aramis.

"We must destroy this paper," said D'Artagnan, who seemed to read in it his own sentence of death.

"On the contrary," said Athos, "it must be most scrupulously preserved; and I would not give it up for the golden louis that would cover it."

"And what will she do now?" inquired D'Artagnan.

"Why," said Athos, carelessly, "she will write to the cardinal that a cursed musketeer named Athos took her safeguard from her by force; and she will, at the same time, advise his eminence to get rid of him, and also of his two friends, Porthos and Aramis. The cardinal will recollect that these are the very men that are always in his way. Then, some fine morning, he will have D'Artagnan arrested, and, that he may not be bored to death by solitude, will send us to keep him company in the Bastile."

"Ah!" said Porthos, "I think that you are making some rather dismal jokes."

"I am not joking," replied Athos.

"Do you know," said Porthos, "that I fancy it would be a more venial crime to twist this cursed lady's neck than those of these poor devils of Huguenots, who have never committed any greater crime than singing in French the very same psalms we sing in Latin."

"What does the abbé say to that?" quietly asked Athos.

"In that I am quite of Porthos' opinion."

"And I also," said D'Artagnan.

"Happily, she is far away," added Porthos; "for I confess she would much annoy me here."

"She annoys me in England, as well as in France," said Athos.

"She annoys me everywhere," said D'Artagnan.

"But, when you had her in your power," said Porthos, "why did you not drown, strangle, or hang her? It is only the dead who never return."

"Do you think so, Porthos?" said Athos, with a dark smile, which D'Artagnan alone could understand.

"I have an idea," said D'Artagnan.

"Let us hear it," cried the musketeers.

"*To arms!*" exclaimed Grimaud.

The young men arose hastily, and ran to their muskets.

This time there was a small band advancing, composed of twenty or five and twenty men, no longer pioneers, but soldiers of the garrison.

"Suppose we now return to the camp," said Porthos; "it seems to me that the match is not equal."

"Impossible, for three reasons," answered Athos. "The first is, because we have not finished our breakfast. The second, because we have still some important affairs to talk about; and the third, it will be still ten minutes before the hour elapses."

"But, nevertheless," said Aramis, "we must arrange a plan of battle."

"It is vastly simple," replied Athos. "As soon as the enemy is within musket shot, we must fire; if he continues to advance, we must fire again; in fact, we must fire away as long as we have guns loaded. If the remnant of the band should then wish to mount to the assault, we must let the besiegers

descend as far as the ditch, and then we must heave on their heads a large mass of the wall, which only keeps up now by a miracle of equilibrium."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Porthos. "Athos, you are undoubtedly a born generalissimo, and the cardinal, who thinks himself a great warrior, is a mere corporal to you."

"Gentlemen," said Athos, "do not waste your ammunition, I beseech you; let each pick out his man."

"I have got mine," said D'Artagnan.

"And I mine," said Porthos.

"And I the same," said Aramis.

"Fire!" cried Athos.

The four guns made but one report, and four men fell.

The drum then beat, and the little band advanced to the charge.

The shots of the four friends were then fired without regularity, but invariably with the same deadly effect. Yet, as though they had known the numerical weakness of their opponents, the Rochellais continued to advance at a quick pace.

At three other shots, two men fell: yet the march of those who remained unwounded did not slacken.

Having reached the foot of the bastion, there were still twelve or fifteen of the enemy. A last discharge staggered, but did not arrest, them. They leaped into the ditch, and prepared to scale the breach.

"Now, my friends," said Athos, "let us finish them at one blow. To the wall! to the wall!"

And the four friends, assisted by Grimaud, set themselves to topple over, with the barrels of their muskets, an enormous mass of wall, which bowed as though the wind waved it, and loosening itself from its foundation, now fell with a tremendous crash into the ditch. A fearful cry was heard: a cloud of dust ascended toward the skies, and—all was over.

"Can we have crushed them all from the first to the last?" said Athos.

"Faith, it looks very like it," replied D'Artagnan.

"No," said Porthos; "there are two or three of them escaping, quite crippled."

In fact, three or four of these unfortunate beings, covered with mire and blood, fled along the hollow way and regained the town. They were all that had not perished of the little band.

Athos looked at his watch.

"Gentlemen," said he, "we have been here an hour, and now the wager is gained; but we will play our game triumphantly; besides, D'Artagnan has not yet told us his idea."

And the musketeer, with his habitual coolness, seated himself beside the remains of the breakfast.

"Would you like to hear my plan?" said D'Artagnan to his three companions, when, after the alarm which had had so fearful a termination for the little troop of Rochellais, they had resumed their places before the remnants of their meal.

"Yes," replied Athos; "you said that you had an idea."

"Ah! I have it," exclaimed D'Artagnan. "I will go to England for the second time, will find His Grace of Buckingham, and warn him of the plot which has been formed against his life."

"You will do no such thing, D'Artagnan," said Athos, coldly.

"Why not? Did I not go before?"

"Yes, but at that time we were not at war; at that time the Duke of Buckingham was an ally, and not an enemy; what you now suggest would be denominated treason."

"But," said Porthos, "I fancy that I, in my turn, have also got an idea."

"Silence for M. Porthos' idea," cried Aramis.

"I will ask leave of absence of M. de Tréville, on any pretext whatsoever that you can suggest; I am not very clever at excuses myself. The lady does not know me; I will get near her without exciting her alarm; and, when I have found the beauty, I will wring her neck."

"Ah," said Athos, "I really am somewhat disposed to suggest that we second Porthos' idea."

"Fie, fie!" exclaimed Aramis; "kill a woman! No! Listen, *I* have the right idea."

"Let us have your idea, Aramis," said Athos, who had much deference for the young musketeer.

"Let us tell all to the queen."

"Ah, faith, yes!" said D'Artagnan and Porthos together; "I believe that we have found the true course at last."

"Announce it to the queen?" said Athos, "and how can we do that? Have we any connections at court? Can we send any one to Paris, without its becoming known all over the camp? There are a hundred and forty leagues between us and

Paris, and our letter will hardly have reached Angers before we ourselves shall be in a dungeon."

"As for getting a letter safely delivered to the queen," said Aramis, blushing, "I myself will undertake it. I know a very skillful person at Tours ——"

Aramis stopped — seeing Athos smile.

"Well! will you not adopt this plan, Athos?" inquired D'Artagnan.

"I do not entirely reject it," replied Athos, "but I would merely observe to Aramis that he cannot himself leave the camp; and that, with anybody but one of ourselves, there will be not the slightest security that, two hours after the messenger has started, all the capuchins, all the alguazils, all the black bonnets of the cardinal, will not know your letter by heart; and your very skillful person immediately arrested."

"Without calculating," added Porthos, "that the queen would try to save the Duke of Buckingham, but would leave *us* to our fate."

"Gentlemen," said D'Artagnan, "Porthos' objection is full of sense!"

"Ah, ha! what is going on in the town?" said Athos. "They are beating to arms."

The four friends listened, and the sound of the drum reached their ears.

"You will see," continued Athos, "that they will send an entire regiment against us."

"You do not expect us to stand our ground against an entire regiment?" said Porthos.

"Why not?" replied the musketeer. "I am just in the humor, and would hold it against an army, if we had only had the precaution to bring another dozen of wine!"

"Upon my word, the drum sounds nearer," said D'Artagnan.

"Let them come," replied Athos; "there is a quarter of an hour's march between the town and this place. It is more time than we shall require to arrange our plans. If we go away from here, we shall never again find such a convenient spot. And listen, gentlemen: the most appropriate idea in the world has come into my mind."

"Let us hear it."

Athos made a sign for his valet to come to him.

"Grimaud," said Athos, pointing to the dead bodies which lay in the bastion, "you will take these gentlemen, fix them

upright against the wall, put their hats on their heads, and place their muskets in their hands."

"Oh, great man!" cried D'Artagnan, "I understand you."

"You understand?" said Porthos.

"And you, Grimaud, do you understand?" inquired Aramis.

Grimaud gave a sign in the affirmative.

"It is all that is necessary," said Athos: "now let us return to my idea."

"I should like, however, to understand ——" said Porthos.

"It is of no use."

"Yes, yes, Athos' idea!" cried D'Artagnan and Aramis at the same time.

"This lady, this woman, this creature, this viper, this demon, has a brother-in-law, I think you told me?"

"Yes; I even know him, and I believe that he has no great sympathy with his sister-in-law."

"There is no harm in that," replied Athos: "and if he detested her, even, it would be so much the more a virtue."

"In that case we are fitted to a nicety."

"Nevertheless," said Porthos, "I should like to understand what Grimaud is about."

"Silence, Porthos!" cried Aramis.

"What is the name of this brother-in-law?"

"Lord de Winter."

"Where is he at present?"

"He returned to London on the first report of the war."

"Well, he is precisely the man we want," said Athos. "It is to him that we must give information; we must let him know that his sister-in-law is going to assassinate some one, and entreat him not to lose sight of her. There must be in London, I should hope, some establishment like the Madelonnettes, or the Magdalen: he must place his sister-in-law there, and we shall then be at peace."

"Yes," said D'Artagnan, "until she gets out again."

"Ah, faith," said Athos, "you ask too much, D'Artagnan. I have given you all that I have, and I tell you now my budget is exhausted."

"I think it is the best plan we can devise," observed Aramis: "we will inform the queen and Lord de Winter at the same time."

"But by whom shall we convey the one letter to London and the other to Tours?"

"I answer for Bazin," replied Aramis.

"And I for Planchet," added D'Artagnan.

"In fact," said Porthos, "if we cannot leave the camp, our servants can."

"Certainly," added Aramis; "so we will write the letters this very day, give them sufficient money, and send them on the journey."

"We will give them sufficient money?" said Athos: "then you have got money, have you?"

The four friends looked at each other, and a cloud passed over the brows which had been for an instant brightened.

"Attention," cried D'Artagnan; "I see black and red points in movement below there. What were you saying about a regiment, Athos? It is a regular army."

"Faith, yes," replied Athos, "there they are. Do you see the crafty fellows, who are advancing without drum or trumpet! Ah, ah! Have you finished, Grimaud?"

Grimaud gave a sign in the affirmative, and pointed to a dozen dead bodies, which he had placed in the most picturesque attitudes — some carrying arms, others seeming to take aim, others sword in hand.

"Bravo!" cried Athos, "that does credit to your imagination."

"It is all the same," said Porthos; "and yet I should like to understand it."

"Let us decamp first," said D'Artagnan; "you will understand afterward."

"One moment, gentlemen — wait one moment; let us give Grimaud time to take away the breakfast things."

"Ah!" said Aramis, "here are the black and red points becoming visibly larger, and I am of D'Artagnan's opinion: I believe that we have no time to lose in regaining the camp."

"Faith," said Athos, "I have nothing more to say against a retreat: we bet for one hour, and we have remained an hour and a half. There is nothing more to argue or communicate: so let us be off, gentlemen, let us be off."

Grimaud had already commenced his retreat, with the basket and the fragments. The four friends followed behind him, and took about a dozen steps.

"Ah! What the plague are we about, gentlemen?" exclaimed Athos.

"Have you forgotten anything?" inquired Aramis.

"The flag: zounds! we must not leave a flag in the hands of the enemy, even when that flag is only a tablecloth."

And Athos rushed back into the bastion, mounted the platform, and took down the flag.

But, as the Rochellais had come within musket shot, they opened a sharp fire upon this man who thus exposed himself, as if for amusement, to their discharge. It might have been fancied, however, that Athos bore a charmed life, the bullets whizzed around him, yet he stood unharmed.

Athos waved his standard, as he turned his back on the town, and bowed toward the camp. Loud shouts resounded on both sides — shouts of anger from the one, and, from the other, of enthusiasm.

A second discharge soon followed the first, and three balls, by passing through it, made a regular standard of the tablecloth.

They heard the whole camp exclaiming — "Come down! come down!"

Athos slowly descended. His companions, who waited for him with anxiety, welcomed his reappearance with joy.

"Come along, Athos, come along," said D'Artagnan; "let us make haste. Now that we have found everything except money, it would be absurd to get killed."

But Athos persisted in his majestic walk; and his companions, finding all remonstrance useless, regulated their pace by his.

Grimaud and his basket formed the advance guard, and were both soon out of range.

After a minute or two they heard the sound of furious firing.

"What is that?" asked Porthos: "at what are they firing? I do not hear the bullets whistle, nor do I see anybody."

"They are firing at our *dead men!*" replied Athos.

"But our dead men will not return their fire."

"Exactly so. They will then believe that there is an ambuscade; they will deliberate, and will afterward reconnoiter; and by the time they discover the trick, we shall be beyond the reach of their fire. Thus, you see, it is unnecessary to give ourselves a fit of the pleurisy by overhaste."

"Oh! I understand now!" said the admiring Porthos.

"That's very fortunate," replied Athos, shrugging his shoulders.

The French on their side, perceiving their adventurous comrades returning, uttered cries of frantic enthusiasm.

At length, a fresh firing was heard, and this time the bullets were actually flattened on the stones around the four friends, and whistled mournfully about their ears. The Rochellais had at last taken possession of the bastion.

"They are a set of awkward fellows," remarked Athos: "how many of them have we killed? A dozen?"

"Or fifteen."

"How many did we make jelly of?"

"Eight or ten."

"And, in exchange for this, we have not got a scratch. Ah! yes, though! What is the matter there with your hand, D'Artagnan? It is bleeding."

"It is nothing," replied D'Artagnan.

"Was it a spent ball?"

"No."

"What then?"

We have said that Athos loved D'Artagnan as his own son, and though of a gloomy and inflexible character, he sometimes manifested toward the young man a solicitude truly paternal.

"Merely a scratch," replied D'Artagnan. "I caught my fingers between two stones — that of the wall and that of my ring — and the skin is cut."

"See what it is to wear diamonds, my master," said Athos, contemptuously.

"Ah!" exclaimed Porthos, "there is a diamond, in fact; and why the plague, then, as there is a diamond, do we battle about having no money?"

"See, there, now," said Aramis.

"Well done, Porthos; this time you really have an idea."

"Certainly," continued Porthos, bridling up at Athos' compliment; "and since there is a diamond, let us sell it."

"But," said D'Artagnan, "it is the queen's diamond."

"One reason more," said Athos — "the queen saving the Duke of Buckingham, her lover; nothing can be more just — the queen saving us, her friends: nothing can be more moral. Let us sell the diamond. What does the abbé say? I do not ask Porthos' opinion — it is already given."

"Why, I think," said Aramis, blushing, "that as the ring does not come from a mistress, and, consequently, is not a love token, D'Artagnan may sell it."

"My dear fellow, you speak like theology personified. So your advice is —— "

"To sell the diamond," replied Aramis.

"Well," said D'Artagnan, gayly, "let us sell the diamond, and say no more about it."

The fusillade still continued, but the friends were beyond its reach, and the Rochellais seemed to be firing only for the satisfaction of their own pugnacity.

"Faith," said Athos, "it was quite time for this idea of Porthos' to present itself; for here we are at the camp. So now, gentlemen, not another word about this business. We are observed. They are coming to meet us, and we shall be carried home in triumph."

In fact, as we have already said, the whole camp was in commotion. More than two thousand soldiers had witnessed, as at a theater, the fortune-favored bravado of the four friends —a bravado of which they had been far from suspecting the true motive. Nothing could be heard but cries of "Long live the guards! Long live the musketeers!" M. de Busigny was the first who came to press the hand of Athos, and to confess that he had lost his bet. The dragoon and the Swiss followed him; and all their comrades followed the dragoon and the Swiss. There was no end to the congratulations, shaking of hands, embraces, and inextinguishable laughter at the Rochellais; and, last, the tumult was so great that the cardinal supposed there was a mutiny, and sent La Houdinière, the captain of his guards, to ascertain the cause of the disturbance. The incident was related to his messenger with all the warmth of enthusiasm.

"Well?" demanded the cardinal, on seeing La Houdinière return.

"Well, my lord," replied the latter, "it is three musketeers and a guardsman, who laid a bet with M. de Busigny to go and breakfast in the bastion of St. Gervais; and who, whilst at breakfast, maintained their ground for two hours against the Rochellais, and killed I know not how many of the enemy."

"Did you learn the names of these musketeers?"

"Yes, my lord."

"What are they?"

"Messrs. Athos, Porthos, and Aramis."

"Always my three brave fellows!" muttered the cardinal. "And the guard?"

"M. d'Artagnan."

"My young madcap again! Decidedly these four men must be mine."

On the same evening, the cardinal spoke to M. de Tréville of the exploit, which formed the subject of conversation throughout the whole camp. M. de Tréville, who had heard the recital of the adventure from the lips of those who were its heroes, recounted it in all its particulars to his eminence, without forgetting the episode of the tablecloth flag.

"Very good, M. de Tréville," said the cardinal; "give me this glorious standard, I entreat you. I will get three fleurs-de-lis embroidered on it in gold, and will give it to you as the battle flag of your company."

"My lord," said M. de Tréville, "that would be unjust towards the guards. M. d'Artagnan does not belong to me, but to M. des Essarts."

"Well, then, take him yourself," said the cardinal; "it is hardly fair that these four brave soldiers, who love each other so well, should not serve in the same company."

On the same evening, M. de Tréville announced this good news to the three musketeers, and to D'Artagnan, inviting them all four to breakfast with him on the following day.

D'Artagnan could not contain himself for joy. We know that the dream of his life had been to be a musketeer.

The three friends were also profoundly delighted.

"Faith," said D'Artagnan to Athos, "yours was a triumphant idea; and as you said, we have gained glory by it, besides being able to hold a conversation of the greatest importance."

"Which we may henceforth renew without suspicion; for, with God's help, we shall henceforth be looked upon as cardinalists."

On the same evening D'Artagnan went to pay his respects to M. des Essarts, and to inform him of his promotion.

M. des Essarts, who had great affection for D'Artagnan, offered him any assistance that he might require, as this change of regiment brought with it the expense of a new equipment.

D'Artagnan declined this aid; but thinking the opportunity a good one, he requested him to ascertain the value of the diamond, which he placed in his hands, stating that he wished him to turn it into money.

At eight o'clock the next morning, M. des Essarts' valet

came to D'Artagnan and handed to him a bag, containing seven thousand livres in gold. It was the price of the queen's diamond.

SCENES OF THE MILAN PLAGUE OF 1630.

By ALESSANDRO MANZONI.

(From "I Promessi Sposi.")

[Count Alessandro Manzoni, Italian novelist and poet, was born in Milan, March 8, 1784; graduated at the University of Pavia. His mother and grandfather were noted writers. He wrote religious hymns of high rank; but his first famous composition was an ode on the death of Napoleon. He also wrote dramas of great repute, as "Conte di Carmagnola" and "Adelchi"; but his most celebrated work, the classic novel of modern Italy, is "I Promessi Sposi" (The Betrothed Pair), a historical romance (1827). He was an ardent patriot, deeply interested in the reconstruction of Italy. He died May 22, 1873.]

Among the public, obstinacy in denying the pestilence gave way naturally, and gradually disappeared, in proportion as the contagion extended itself — and extended itself, too, before their own eyes — by means of contact and intercourse.

[A religious procession is held to ward off the plague.]

From that day the contagion continued to rage with increasing violence; in a little while, there was scarcely a house left untouched; and the population of the Lazzeretto, according to Somaglia above-quoted, amounted to from two to twelve thousand. In the course of time, according to almost all reports, it reached sixteen thousand. On the fourth of July, as I find in another letter from the conservators of health to the Governor, the daily mortality exceeded five hundred. Still later, when the plague was at its height, it reached, and for some time remained at, twelve or fifteen hundred, according to the most common computation; and if we may credit Tadino, it sometimes even exceeded three thousand five hundred.

It may be imagined what must now have been the difficulties of the *Decurioni*, upon whom was laid the burden of providing for the public necessities, and repairing what was still reparable in such a calamity. They were obliged every day to replace, every day to augment, public officers of numerous kinds: *Monatti*, by which denomination (even then at Milan of ancient date, and uncertain origin) were designated those

who were devoted to the most painful and dangerous services of a pestilence, viz. taking corpses from the houses, out of the streets, and from the Lazzeretto, transporting them on carts to the graves, and burying them; carrying or conducting the sick to the Lazzeretto, overlooking them there, and burning and cleansing infected or suspected goods: *Apparitori*, whose special office it was to precede the carts, warning passengers, by the sound of a little bell, to retire: and *Commissarii*, who superintended both the other classes, under the immediate orders of the Board of Health. The Council had also to keep the Lazzeretto furnished with physicians, surgeons, medicines, food, and all the other necessaries of an infirmary; and to provide and prepare new quarters for the newly arising needs. For this purpose, they had cabins of wood and straw hastily constructed, in the unoccupied space within the Lazzeretto; and another Lazzeretto was erected, also of thatched cabins, with an inclosure of boards, capable of containing four thousand persons. These not being sufficient, two others were decreed; they even began to build them, but, from the deficiency of means of every kind, they remained uncompleted. Means, men, and courage failed, in proportion as the necessity for them increased. And not only did the execution fall so far short of the projects and decrees — not only were many too clearly acknowledged necessities deficiently provided for, even in words, but they arrived at such a pitch of impotency and desperation, that many of the most deplorable and urgent cases were left without succor of any kind. A great number of infants, for example, died of absolute neglect, their mothers having been carried off by the pestilence. The Board of Health proposed that a place of refuge should be founded for these, and for destitute lying-in women, that something might be done for them, but they could obtain nothing. "The *Decurioni* of the Citie," says Tadino, "were no less to be pityed, who found themselves harassed and oppressed by the Soldierie without any Bounds or Regarde whatsoever, as well as those in the unfortunate Duchy, seeing that they could get no Help or Prouision from the Gouernor, because it happened to be a Tyme of War, and they must needs treat the Soldierie well." So important was the taking of Casale! so glorious appeared the fame of victory, independent of the cause, of the object, for which they contended! . . .

In public calamities and in long-continued disturbance of

settled habits, of whatever kind, there may always be beheld an augmentation, a sublimation of virtue; but, alas! there is never wanting, at the same time, an augmentation, far more general in most cases, of crime. This occasion was remarkable for it. The villains, whom the pestilence spared and did not terrify, found in the common confusion, and in the relaxation of all public authority, a new opportunity of activity, together with new assurances of impunity; nay, the administration of public authority itself came, in a great measure, to be lodged in the hands of the worst among them. Generally speaking, none devoted themselves to the offices of *monatti* and *apparitori* but men over whom the attractions of rapine and license had more influence than the terror of contagion, or any natural object of horror.

The strictest orders were laid upon these people; the severest penalties threatened to them; stations were assigned them; and commissaries, as we have said, placed over them: over both, again, magistrates and nobles were appointed in every district, with authority to enforce good government summarily on every opportunity. Such a state of things went on and took effect up to a certain period; but, with the increase of deaths and desolation, and the terror of the survivors, these officers came to be, as it were, exempted from all supervision; they constituted themselves, the *monatti* especially, arbiters of everything. They entered the houses like masters, like enemies; and, not to mention their plunder, and how they treated the unhappy creatures reduced by the plague to pass through such hands, they laid them — these infected and guilty hands — on the healthy — children, parents, husbands, wives, threatening to drag them to the Lazzeretto, unless they redeemed themselves, or were redeemed, with money. At other times they set a price upon their services, refusing to carry away bodies already corrupted, for less than so many *scudi*. It was believed (and between the credulity of one party and the wickedness of the other, belief and disbelief are equally uncertain) — it was believed, and Tadino asserts it, that both *monatti* and *apparitori* purposely let fall from their carts infected clothes, in order to propagate and keep up the pestilence, which had become to them a means of living, a kingdom, a festival. Other wretches, feigning to be *monatti*, and carrying little bells tied to their feet, as these officers were required to do, to distinguish themselves and to give warning of their approach,

introduced themselves into houses, and there exercised all kinds of tyranny. Some of these, open and void of inhabitants, or inhabited only by a feeble or dying creature, were entered by thieves in search of booty, with impunity; others were surprised and invaded by bailiffs, who there committed robberies and excesses of every description.

Together with the wickedness, the folly of the people increased: every prevailing error received more or less additional force from the stupefaction and agitation of their minds, and was more widely and more precipitately applied; while every one served to strengthen and aggravate that special mania about poisonings, which, in its effects and ebullitions, was often, as we have seen, itself another crime. The image of this supposed danger beset and tortured the minds of the people far more than the real and existing danger.

"And while," says Ripamonti, "corpses, scattered here and there, or lying in heaps, ever before the eyes and surrounding the steps of the living, made the whole city like one immense sepulcher, a still more appalling symptom, a more intense deformity, was their mutual animosity, their licentiousness, and their extravagant suspicions. . . . Not only did they mistrust a friend, a guest; but those names which are the bonds of human affection, husband and wife, father and son, brother and brother, were words of terror; and, dreadful and infamous to tell! the domestic board, the nuptial bed, were dreaded as lurking places, as receptacles of poison."

The imaginary vastness and strangeness of the plot distracted people's understandings, and subverted every reason for reciprocal confidence. Besides ambition and cupidity, which were at first supposed to be the motives of the poisoners, they fancied, they even believed at length, that there was something of diabolical, voluptuous delight in this anointing — an attraction predominating over the will. The ravings of the sick, who accused themselves of what they had apprehended from others, were considered as revelations, and rendered anything, so to say, credible of any one. And it would have far greater weight even than words, if it happened that delirious patients kept practicing those maneuvers which it was imagined must be employed by the poisoners: a thing at once very probable, and tending to give better grounds for the popular persuasion and the assertions of numerous writers. In the same way, during the long and mournful period of judicial investigation on the

subject of witchcraft, the confessions, and those not always extorted, of the accused, served not a little to promote and uphold the prevailing opinion on this matter; for when an opinion obtains a prolonged and extensive sway, it is expressed in every manner, tries every outlet, and runs through every degree of persuasion; and it is difficult for all, or very many, to believe for a length of time that something extraordinary is being done, without some one coming forward who believes that he has done it.

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One night, towards the end of August, exactly during the very height of the pestilence, Don Rodrigo returned to his residence at Milan, accompanied by the faithful Griso, one of the three or four who remained to him out of his whole household. He was returning from a company of friends, who were accustomed to assemble at a banquet, to divert the melancholy of the times; and on each occasion, some new friends were there, some old ones missing. That day he had been one of the merriest of the party; and, among other things, had excited a great deal of laughter among the company, by a kind of funeral eulogium on the Count Attilio, who had been carried off by the plague two days before.

In walking home, however, he felt a languor, a depression, a weakness in his limbs, a difficulty of breathing, and an inward burning heat, which he would willingly have attributed entirely to the wine, to late hours, to the season. He uttered not a syllable the whole way; and the first word was, when they reached the house, to order Griso to light him to his room. When they were there, Griso observed the wild and heated look of his master's face, his eyes almost starting from their sockets, and peculiarly brilliant: he kept, therefore, at a distance; for, in these circumstances, every ragamuffin was obliged to look for himself, as the saying is, with a medical eye.

"I'm well, you see," said Don Rodrigo, who read in Griso's action the thoughts which were passing in his mind. "I'm very well; but I've taken . . . I've taken, perhaps, a little too much to drink. There was some capital wine! . . . But with a good night's sleep, it will go off. I'm very sleepy. . . . Take that light away from before my eyes, it dazzles me . . . it teases me! . . ."

"It's all the effects of the wine," said Griso, still keeping

at a distance; "but lie down quickly, for sleep will do you good."

"You're right; if I can sleep. . . . After all, I'm well enough. Put that little bell close by my bed, if I should want anything in the night: and be on the watch, you know, perchance you should hear me ring. But I shan't want anything. . . . Take away that cursed light directly," resumed he, while Griso executed the order, approaching him as little as possible. "The ——! it plagues me excessively!" Griso then took the light, and wishing his master good night, took a hasty departure, while Rodrigo buried himself under the bedclothes.

But the counterpane seemed to him like a mountain. He threw it off, and tried to compose himself to rest; for, in fact, he was dying of sleep. But scarcely had he closed his eyes, when he awoke again with a start, as if some wickedly disposed person were giving him a shake; and he felt an increase of burning heat, an increase of delirium. His thoughts recurred to the season, the wine, and his debauchery; he would gladly have given them the blame of all; but there was constantly substituted, of its own accord, for these ideas, that which was then associated with all, which entered, so to say, by every sense, which had been introduced into all the conversations at the banquet, since it was much easier to turn it into ridicule than to get out of its reach — the pestilence.

After a long battle, he at length fell asleep, and began to dream the most gloomy and disquieting dreams in the world. He went on from one thing to another, till he seemed to find himself in a large church, in the first ranks, in the midst of a great crowd of people; there he was wondering how he had got there, how the thought had ever entered his head, particularly at such a time; and he felt in his heart excessively vexed. He looked at the bystanders; they had all pale emaciated countenances, with staring and glistening eyes, and hanging lips; their garments were tattered, and falling to pieces; and through the rents appeared livid spots, and swellings. "Make room, you rabble!" he fancied he cried, looking towards the door, which was far, far away; and accompanying the cry with a threatening expression of countenance, but without moving a limb; nay, even drawing up his body to avoid coming in contact with those polluted creatures, who crowded only too closely upon him on every side. But not one of the senseless

beings seemed to move, nor even to have heard him; nay, they pressed still more upon him; and, above all, it felt as if some one of them with his elbow, or whatever it might be, was pushing against his left side, between the heart and the armpit, where he felt a painful, and, as it were, heavy pressure. And if he writhed himself to get rid of this uneasy feeling, immediately a fresh unknown something began to prick him in the very same place. Enraged, he attempted to lay his hand on his sword; and then it seemed as if the thronging of the multitude had raised it up level with his chest, and that it was the hilt of it which pressed so in that spot; and the moment he touched it he felt a still sharper stitch. He cried out, panted, and would have uttered a still louder cry, when, behold! all these faces turned in one direction. He looked the same way, perceived a pulpit, and saw slowly rising above its edge something round, smooth, and shining; then rose, and distinctly appeared, a bald head; then two eyes, a face, a long and white beard, and the upright figure of a friar, visible above the sides down to the girdle; it was friar Cristoforo. Darting a look around upon his audience, he seemed to Don Rodrigo to fix his gaze on him, at the same time raising his hand in exactly the attitude he had assumed in that room on the ground floor in his palace. Don Rodrigo then himself lifted up his hand in fury, and made an effort, as if to throw himself forward and grasp that arm extended in the air; a voice, which had been vainly and secretly struggling in his throat, burst forth in a great howl; and he awoke. He dropped the arm he had in reality uplifted, strove, with some difficulty, to recover the right meaning of everything, and to open his eyes, for the light of the already advanced day gave him no less uneasiness than that of the candle had done; recognized his bed and his chamber; understood that all had been a dream; the church, the people, the friar, all had vanished — all, but one thing — that pain in his left side. Together with this, he felt a frightful acceleration of palpitation at the heart, a noise and humming in his ears, a raging fire within, and a weight in all his limbs, worse than when he lay down. He hesitated a little before looking at the spot that pained him; at length, he uncovered it, and glanced at it with a shudder: there was a hideous spot, of a livid purple hue.

The man saw himself lost; the terror of death seized him, and, with perhaps still stronger feeling, the terror of becoming

the prey of *monatti*, of being carried off, of being thrown into the Lazzeretto. And as he deliberated on the way of avoiding this horrible fate, he felt his thoughts become more perplexed and obscure; he felt the moment drawing near that would leave him only consciousness enough to reduce him to despair. He grasped the bell, and shook it violently. Griso, who was on the alert, immediately answered its summons. He stood at some distance from the bed, gazed attentively at his master, and was at once convinced of what he had conjectured the night before.

"Griso!" said Don Rodrigo, with difficulty raising himself, and sitting up in his bed, "you have always been my trusty servant."

"Yes, Signor."

"I have always dealt well by you."

"Of your bounty."

"I think I may trust you . . ."

"The ——!"

"I am ill, Griso."

"I had perceived it."

"If I recover, I will heap upon you more favors than I have ever yet done."

Griso made no answer, and stood waiting to see to what all these preambles would lead.

"I will not trust myself to anybody but you," resumed Don Rodrigo; "do me a kindness, Griso."

"Command me," said he, replying with this usual formula to that unusual one.

"Do you know where the surgeon, Chiodo, lives?"

"I know very well."

"He is a worthy man, who, if he is well paid, will conceal the sick. Go and find him; tell him I will give him four, six *scudi* a visit; more, if he demands more. Tell him to come here directly; and do the thing cleverly, so that nobody may observe it."

"Well thought of," said Griso; "I go, and return."

"Listen, Griso; give me a drop of water first. I am so parched with thirst, I can bear it no longer."

"Signor, no," replied Griso; "nothing without the doctor's leave. These are ticklish complaints; there is no time to be lost. Keep quiet — in the twinkling of an eye I'll be here with Chiodo."

So saying, he went out, impatiently shutting the door behind him.

Don Rodrigo lay down, and accompanied him, in imagination, to Chiodo's house, counting the steps, calculating the time. Now and then he would turn to look at his left side, but quickly averted his face with a shudder. After some time, he began to listen eagerly for the surgeon's arrival; and this effort of attention suspended his sense of illness, and kept his thoughts in some degree of order. All of a sudden, he heard a distant sound, which seemed, however, to come from the rooms, not the street. He listened still more intently; he heard it louder, more quickly repeated; and with it a trampling of footsteps. A horrid suspicion rushed into his mind. He sat up, and gave still greater attention; he heard a dead sound in the next room as if a weight were being cautiously set down. He threw his legs out of bed, as if to get up; peeped at the door, saw it open, and beheld before his eyes, and advancing towards him, two ragged and filthy red dresses, two ill-looking faces — in one word, two *monatti*. He distinguished, too, half of Griso's face, who, hidden behind the almost closed door, remained there on the lookout.

"Ah, infamous traitor! . . . Begone, you rascals! Biondino! Carlotto! help! I'm murdered!" shouted Don Rodrigo. He thrust one hand under the bolster in search of a pistol; grasped it; drew it out; but, at his first cry, the *monatti* had rushed up to the bed; the foremost is upon him before he can do anything further; he wrenches the pistol out of his hand, throws it to a distance, forces him to lie down again, and keeps him there, crying with a grin of fury mingled with contempt, "Ah, villain! against the *monatti!* against the officers of the Board! against those who perform works of mercy!"

"Hold him fast till we carry him off," said his companion, going towards a trunk. Griso then entered, and began with him to force open the lock.

"Scoundrel!" howled Don Rodrigo, looking at him from under the fellow who held him down, and writhing himself under the grasp of his sinewy arms. "First let me kill that infamous rascal!" said he to the *monatti*, "and afterwards do with me what you will." Then he began to shout with loud cries to his other servants: but in vain he called, for the abominable Griso had sent them all off with pretended orders from their master himself, before going to pro-

pose to the *monatti* to come on this expedition, and divide the spoil.

"Be quiet, will you," said the villain who held him down upon the bed, to the unfortunate Don Rodrigo. And turning his face to the two who were seizing the booty, he cried to them, "Do your work like honest fellows."

"You! you!" roared Don Rodrigo to Griso, whom he beheld busying himself in breaking open, taking out money and clothes, and dividing them. "You! after! . . . Ah, fiend of hell! I may still recover! I may still recover!" Griso spoke not, nor, more than he could help, even turned in the direction whence these words proceeded.

"Hold him fast," said the other *monatto;* "he's frantic."

The miserable being became so indeed. After one last and more violent effort of cries and contortions, he suddenly sank down senseless in a swoon; he still, however, stared fixedly, as if spellbound; and from time to time gave a feeble struggle, or uttered a kind of howl.

The *monatti* took him, one by the feet and the other by the shoulders, and went to deposit him on a handbarrow which they had left in the adjoining room; afterwards one returned to fetch the booty; and then, taking up their miserable burden, they carried all away.

Griso remained behind to select in haste whatever more might be of use to him; and making them up into a bundle, took his departure. He had carefully avoided touching the *monatti*, or being touched by them; but in the last hurry of plunder, he had taken from the bedside his master's clothes and shaken them, without thinking of anything but of seeing whether there were money in them. He was forced to think of it, however, the next day; for, while making merry in a public house, he was suddenly seized with a cold shiver, his eyes became clouded, his strength failed him, and he sank to the ground. Abandoned by his companions, he fell into the hands of the *monatti*, who despoiling him of whatever he had about him worth having, threw him upon a car, on which he expired before reaching the Lazzeretto, whither his master had been carried.

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A little further on, he [Renzo] came out into a part which might still be called the city of the living — but what a city, and what living! All the doorways into the streets kept shut from

either suspicion or alarm, except those which were left open because deserted or invaded ; others nailed up and sealed outside, on account of the sick, or dead, who lay within ; others marked with a cross drawn with coal, as an intimation to the *monatti* that there were dead to be carried away : all more a matter of chance than otherwise, according as there happened to be here, rather than there, a commissary of health, or other officer, who was inclined either to execute the regulations, or to exercise violence and oppression. Everywhere were rags and corrupted bandages, infected straw, or clothes, or sheets, thrown from the windows ; sometimes bodies, which had suddenly fallen dead in the streets, and were left there till a cart happened to pass by and pick them up, or shaken from off the carts themselves, or even thrown from the windows. To such a degree had the obstinacy and virulence of the contagion brutalized men's minds and divested them of all compassionate care, of every feeling of social respect ! The stir of business, the clatter of carriages, the cries of sellers, the talking of passengers, all were everywhere hushed ; and seldom was the deathlike stillness broken but by the rumbling of funeral cars, the lamentations of beggars, the groans of the sick, the shouts of the frantic, or the vociferations of the *monatti*. At daybreak, midday, and evening, one of the bells of the cathedral gave the signal for reciting certain prayers proposed by the Archbishop ; its tones were responded to by the bells of the other churches ; and then persons might be seen repairing to the windows to pray in common ; and a murmur of sighs and voices might be heard which inspired sadness, mingled at the same time with some feeling of comfort.

Two thirds, perhaps, of the inhabitants being by this time carried off, a great part of the remainder having departed or lying languishing at home, and the concourse from without being reduced almost to nothing, perhaps not one individual among the few who still went about, would be met with in a long circuit, in whom something strange, and sufficient in itself to infer a fatal change in circumstances, was not apparent. Men of the highest rank might be seen without cape or cloak, at that time a most essential part of any gentleman's dress ; priests without cassocks, friars without cowls ; in short, all kinds of dress were dispensed with which could contract anything in fluttering about, or give (which was more feared than all the rest) facilities to the poisoners. And besides this care-

fulness to go about as trussed up and confined as possible, their persons were neglected and disorderly ; the beards of such as were accustomed to wear them grown much longer, and suffered to grow by those who had formerly kept them shaven ; their hair, too, long and undressed, not only from the neglect which usually attends prolonged depression, but because suspicion had been attached to barbers ever since one of them, Giangiacomo Mora, had been taken and condemned as a famous poisoner ; a name which, for a long while afterwards, preserved throughout the duchy a preëminent celebrity in infamy, and deserved a far more extensive and lasting one in commiseration. The greater number carried in one hand a stick, some even a pistol, as a threatening warning to any one who should attempt to approach them stealthily ; and in the other, perfumed pastils, or little balls of metal or wood, perforated and filled with sponges steeped in aromatic vinegar, which they applied from time to time, as they went along, to their noses, or held there continually. Some carried a small vial hung round their neck, containing a little quicksilver, persuaded that this possessed the virtue of absorbing and arresting every pestilential effluvia ; this they were very careful to renew from time to time. Gentlemen not only traversed the streets without their usual attendants, but even went about with a basket on their arms, providing the common necessaries of life. Even friends, when they met in the streets alive, saluted each other at a distance, with silent and hasty signs. Every one, as he walked along, had enough to do to avoid the filthy and deadly stumbling-blocks with which the ground was strewn, and in some places even encumbered. Every one tried to keep the middle of the road, for fear of some other obstacle, some other more fatal weight, which might fall from the windows ; for fear of venomous powders, which it was affirmed were often thrown down thence upon the passengers ; for fear, too, of the walls, which might, perchance, be anointed. Thus ignorance, unseasonably secure, or preposterously circumspect, now added trouble to trouble, and incited false terrors in compensation for the reasonable and salutary ones which it had withstood at the beginning.

Such are the less disfigured and pitiable spectacles which were everywhere present ; the sight of the whole, the wealthy; for after so many pictures of misery, and remembering that still more painful one which it remains for us to describe, we will not now stop to tell what was the condition of the sick who

dragged themselves along, or lay in the streets — beggars, women, children. It was such that the spectator could find a desperate consolation, as it were, in what appears at first sight, to those who are far removed in place and time, the climax of misery ; the thought, I mean, — the constant observation, that the survivors were reduced to so small a number.

Renzo had already gone some distance on his way through the midst of this desolation, when he heard, proceeding from a street a few yards off, into which he had been directed to turn, a confused noise, in which he readily distinguished the usual horrible tinkling.

At the entrance of the street, which was one of the most spacious, he perceived four carts standing in the middle ; and as in a corn market there is a constant hurrying to and fro of people, and an emptying and filling of sacks, such was the bustle here ; *monatti* intruding into houses, *monatti* coming out, bearing a burden upon their shoulders, which they placed upon one or other of the carts ; some in red livery, others without that distinction : many with another still more odious, plumes and cloaks of various colors, which these miserable wretches wore in the midst of the general mourning, as if in honor of a festival. From time to time the mournful cry resounded from one of the windows : " Here, *monatti !* " And, with a still more wretched sound, a harsh voice rose from this horrible source in reply : " Coming directly ! " Or else there were lamentations nearer at hand, or entreaties to make haste ; to which the *monatti* responded with oaths.

Having entered the street, Renzo quickened his steps, trying not to look at these obstacles further than was necessary to avoid them ; his attention, however, was arrested by a remarkable object of pity, such pity as inclines to the contemplation of its object ; so that he came to a pause almost without determining to do so.

Coming down the steps of one of the doorways, and advancing towards the convoy, he beheld a woman, whose appearance announced still-remaining, though somewhat advanced, youthfulness ; a veiled and dimmed, but not destroyed, beauty was still apparent, in spite of much suffering, and a fatal languor — that delicate, and, at the same time, majestic, beauty which is conspicuous in the Lombard blood. Her gait was weary, but not tottering ; no tears fell from her eyes, though they bore tokens of having shed many ; there was something peaceful

and profound in her sorrow, which indicated a mind fully conscious and sensitive enough to feel it. But it was not only her own appearance which, in the midst of so much misery, marked her out so especially as an object of commiseration, and revived in her behalf a feeling now exhausted — extinguished, in men's hearts. She carried in her arms a little child, about nine years old, now a lifeless body; but laid out and arranged, with her hair parted on her forehead, and in a white and remarkably clean dress, as if those hands had decked her out for a long-promised feast, granted as a reward. Nor was she lying there, but upheld and adjusted on one arm, with her breast reclining against her mother's, like a living creature; save that a delicate little hand, as white as wax, hung from one side with a kind of inanimate weight, and the head rested upon her mother's shoulder with an abandonment deeper than that of sleep: her mother; for, even if their likeness to each other had not given assurance of the fact, the countenance which still depicted any feeling would have clearly revealed it.

A horrible-looking *monatto* approached the woman, and attempted to take the burden from her arms, with a kind of unusual respect, however, and with involuntary hesitation. But she, slightly drawing back, yet with the air of one who shows neither scorn nor displeasure, said, "No! don't take her from me yet; I must place her myself on this cart: here." So saying, she opened her hand, displayed a purse which she held in it, and dropped it into that which the *monatto* extended towards her. She then continued: "Promise me not to take a thread from around her, nor to let any one else attempt to do so, and to lay her in the ground thus."

The *monatto* laid his right hand on his heart; and then zealously, and almost obsequiously, rather from the new feeling by which he was, as it were, subdued, than on account of the unlooked-for reward, hastened to make a little room on the car for the infant dead. The lady, giving it a kiss on the forehead, laid it on the spot prepared for it, as upon a bed, arranged it there, covering it with a pure white linen cloth, and pronounced the parting words: "Farewell, Cecilia! rest in peace! This evening we, too, will join you, to rest together forever. In the mean while, pray for us; for I will pray for you and the others." Then, turning again to the *monatto*, "You," said she, "when you pass this way in the evening, may come to fetch me too, and not me only."

So saying, she reëntered the house, and, after an instant, appeared at the window, holding in her arms another more dearly loved one, still living, but with the marks of death on its countenance. She remained to contemplate these so unworthy obsequies of the first child, from the time the car started until it was out of sight, and then disappeared. And what remained for her to do, but to lay upon the bed the only one that was left her, and to stretch herself beside it, that they might die together? as the flower already full blown upon the stem, falls together with the bud still enfolded in its calyx, under the scythe which levels alike all the herbage of the field.

"O Lord!" exclaimed Renzo, "hear her! take her to Thyself, her and that little infant one; they have suffered enough! Surely, they have suffered enough!" . . .

[A party of sick passes by on the way to the Lazzeretto, some voluntarily, others driven by force, wailing and resisting.]

In the midst of the sadness and emotions of tenderness excited by these spectacles, a far different solicitude pressed more closely upon our traveler, and held him in painful suspense. The house must be near at hand, and who knew whether among these people . . . But the crowd having all passed by, and this doubt being removed, he turned to a *monatto* who was walking behind, and asked him for the street and dwelling of Don Ferrante. . . .

With new and still deeper anxiety of mind, the youth bent his steps thitherward, and quickly distinguished the house among others more humble and unpretending; he approached the closed door, placed his hand on the knocker, and held it there in suspense, as in an urn before drawing out the ticket upon which depends life or death. At length he raised the hammer and gave a resolute knock.

In a moment or two a window was slightly opened, and a woman appeared at it to peep out, looking towards the door with a suspicious countenance, which seemed to say — *Monatti?* robbers? commissaries? poisoners? devils? —

"Signora," said Renzo, looking upwards, in a somewhat tremulous tone, "is there a young country girl here at service, of the name of Lucia?"

"She's here no longer; go away," answered the woman, preparing to shut the window.

"One moment, for pity's sake! She's no longer here? Where is she?"

"At the Lazzeretto;" and she was again about to close the window.

"But one moment, for Heaven's sake! With the pestilence?"

"To be sure. Something new, eh? Get you gone."

"Oh stay! Was she very ill? How long is it? . . .

But this time the window was closed in reality.

"Oh Signora! Signora! one word, for charity! for the sake of your poor dead! I don't ask you for anything of yours: alas! oh!" But he might as well have talked to the wall.

Afflicted by this intelligence, and vexed with the treatment he had received, Renzo again seized the knocker, and standing close to the door, kept squeezing and twisting it in his hand, then lifted it to knock again, in a kind of despair, and paused, in act to strike. In this agitation of feeling, he turned to see if his eye could catch any person near at hand, from whom he might, perhaps, receive some more sober information, some direction, some light. But the first, the only person he discovered was another woman, distant, perhaps, about twenty yards; who, with a look full of terror, hatred, impatience, and malice, with a certain wild expression of eye which betrayed an attempt to look at him and something else at a distance at the same time, with a mouth opened as if on the point of shouting as loud as she could; but holding even her breath, raising two thin, bony arms, and extending and drawing back two wrinkled and clenched hands, as if reaching to herself something, gave evident signs of wishing to call people without letting somebody perceive it. On their eyes encountering each other, she, looking still more hideous, started like one taken by surprise.

"What the ——?" began Renzo, raising his fist towards the woman; but she, having lost all hope of being able to have him unexpectedly seized, gave utterance to the cry she had hitherto restrained: "The poisoner! seize him! seize him! seize him! the poisoner!"

"Who? I! ah, you lying old witch! hold your tongue there!" cried Renzo; and he sprang towards her to frighten her and make her be silent. He perceived, however, at this moment, that he must rather look after himself. At the screams of the woman people flocked from both sides; not the crowds, indeed, which, in a similar case, would have collected three months before; but still more than enough to crush a single individual. At this very instant, the window was again thrown

open, and the same woman who had shown herself so uncourteous just before, displayed herself this time in full, and cried out, "Take him, take him; for he must be one of those wicked wretches who go about to anoint the doors of gentlefolks."

Renzo determined in an instant that it would be a better course to make his escape from them, than stay to clear himself; he cast an eye on each side to see where were the fewest people; and in that direction took to his legs. He repulsed, with a tremendous push, one who attempted to stop his passage; with another blow on the chest he forced a second to retreat eight or ten yards, who was running to meet him; and away he went at full speed, with his tightly clenched fist uplifted in the air, in preparation for whomsoever should come in his way. The street was clear before him; but behind his back he heard resounding more and more loudly the savage cry: "Seize him! seize him! a poisoner!" he heard, drawing nearer and nearer, the footsteps of the swiftest among his pursuers. His anger became fury, his anguish was changed into desperation; a cloud seemed gathering over his eyes; he seized hold of his poniard, unsheathed it, stopped, drew himself up, turned round a more fierce and savage face than he had ever before put on in his whole life; and, brandishing in the air, with outstretched arm, the glittering blade, exclaimed, "Let him who dares come forward, you rascals! and I'll anoint him with this, in earnest."

But, with astonishment and a confused feeling of relief, he perceived that his persecutors had already stopped at some distance, as if in hesitation, and that while they continued shouting after him, they were beckoning with uplifted hands, like people possessed and terrified out of their senses, to others at some distance beyond him. He again turned round, and beheld before him, and a very little way off (for his extreme perturbation had prevented his observing it a moment before), a cart advancing, indeed a file of the usual funeral carts, with their usual accompaniments; and beyond them another small band of people, who were ready, on their part, to fall upon the poisoner, and take him in the midst; these, however, were also restrained by the same impediment. Finding himself thus between two fires, it occurred to him that what was to them a cause of terror might be for himself a means of safety; he thought that this was not a time for squeamish scruples; so again sheathing his poniard, he drew a little on one side, re-

sumed his way towards the carts, and passing by the first, remarked in the second a tolerably empty space. He took aim, sprang up, and lit with his right foot in the cart, his left in the air, and his arms stretched forward.

"Bravo! bravo!" exclaimed the *monatti* with one voice, some of whom were following the convoy on foot, others were seated on the carts; and others, to tell the horrible fact as it really was, on the dead bodies, quaffing from a large flask which was going the round of the party. "Bravo! a capital hit!"

"You've come to put yourself under the protection of the *monatti:* you may reckon yourself as safe as in church," said one of the two who were seated on the cart upon which he had thrown himself.

The greater part of his enemies had, on the approach of the train, turned their backs upon him and fled, crying at the same time, "Seize him! seize him! a poisoner!" Some few of them, however, retired more deliberately, stopping every now and then, and turning with a hideous grin of rage and threatening gestures towards Renzo, who replied to them from the cart by shaking his fist at them.

"Leave it to me," said a *monatto;* and tearing a filthy rag from one of the bodies, he hastily tied it in a knot, and taking it by one of its ears, raised it like a sling towards these obstinate fellows, and pretended to hurl it at them, crying, "Here, you rascals!" At this action they all fled in horror; and Renzo saw nothing but the backs of his enemies, and heels which bounded rapidly through the air, like the hammers in a clothier's mill.

A howl of triumph arose among the *monatti*, a stormy burst of laughter, a prolonged "Eh!" as an accompaniment, so to say, to this fugue.

"Aha! look if we don't know how to protect honest fellows!" said the same *monatto* to Renzo: "one of us is worth more than a hundred of those cowards!"

"Certainly, I may say I owe you my life," replied he; "and I thank you with all my heart."

"Not a word, not a word," answered the *monatto:* "you deserve it; one can see you're a brave young fellow. You do right to poison these rascals; anoint away, extirpate all those who are good for nothing, except when they're dead; for in reward for the life we lead, they only curse us, and keep saying that when the pestilence is over, they'll have us

all hanged. They must be finished before the pestilence; the *monatti* only must be left to chant victory and revel in Milan."

"Long live the pestilence, and death to the rabble!" exclaimed the other; and with this beautiful toast he put the flask to his mouth, and holding it with both his hands amidst the joltings of the cart, took a long draught, and then handed it to Renzo, saying, "Drink to our health."

"I wish it you all, with my whole heart," said Renzo, "but I'm not thirsty: I don't feel any inclination to drink just now."

"You've had a fine fright, it seems," said the *monatto*. "You look like a harmless creature enough; you should have another face than that to be a poisoner."

"Let everybody do as he can," said the other.

"Here, give it me," said one of those on foot at the side of the car, "for I, too, want to drink another cup to the health of his honor, who finds himself in such capital company . . . there, there, just there, among that elegant carriageful."

And with one of his hideous and cursed grins he pointed to the cart in front of that upon which our poor Renzo was seated. Then, composing his face to an expression of seriousness still more wicked and revolting, he made a bow in that direction, and resumed: "May it please you, my lord, to let a poor wretch of a *monatto* taste a little of this wine from your cellar? Mind you, sir: our way of life is only so so: we have taken you into our carriage to give you a ride into the country; and then it takes very little wine to do harm to your lordships: the poor *monatti* have good stomachs."

And amidst the loud laughs of his companions, he took the flask, and lifted it up, but, before drinking, turned to Renzo, fixed his eyes on his face, and said to him, with a certain air of scornful compassion: "The devil, with whom you have made agreement, must be very young; for if we hadn't been by to rescue you, he'd have given you mighty assistance." And amidst a fresh burst of laughter, he applied the flagon to his lips.

"Give us some! What! give us some!" shouted many voices from the preceding car. The ruffian, having swallowed as much as he wished, handed the great flask with both hands into those of his fellow-ruffians, who continued passing it round, until one of them, having emptied it, grasped it by the neck,

slung it round in the air two or three times, and dashed it to atoms upon the pavement, crying, "Long live the pestilence!" He then broke into one of their licentious ballads, and was soon accompanied by all the rest of this depraved chorus.

PACK CLOUDS AWAY.

By THOMAS HEYWOOD.

(From "The Rape of Lucrece.")

[An author by 1596, died after 1640. A voluminous playwright, claiming share in over 200 plays, and author of long poems; but now known only by his songs.]

Pack clouds away, and welcome day,
With night we banish sorrow;
Sweet air blow soft, mount lark aloft,
To give my love good morrow.
Wings from the wind, to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow;
Bird prune thy wing, nightingale sing;
To give my love good morrow.
To give my love good morrow,
Notes from them all I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin redbreast,
Sing birds in every furrow;
And from each bill, let music shrill,
Give my fair love good morrow.
Blackbird and thrush, in every bush,
Stare, linnet, and cock sparrow;
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves,
Sing my fair love good morrow.
To give my love good morrow,
Sing birds in every furrow.

THE TIMES OF GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

By ZACHRIS TOPELIUS.

[ZACHRIS TOPELIUS: Swedish poet, novelist, and historian; born at Kuddnäs, near Nykarleby, Finland, January 14, 1818; died March, 1898. Educated at Helsingfors. From 1841 till 1860 editor of the Helsingfors *Tidningar* (Times), in which many of his poems and novels were originally published. From 1854 till 1874 he filled various chairs in the university. His songs and lyrics have been collected in several volumes. His best-known dramas are: "Efter femtio år" (After Fifty Years), 1851, and "Regina von Emmeritz," 1854. His "Fältskärns Berättelser," 1853–1867, have been translated into English under the title "The Surgeon's Stories." His children's tales, "Läsning för Barn," have also been successful in English.]

NUREMBERG AND LÜTZEN.

WALLENSTEIN the Terrible had become reconciled with the emperor, collected a formidable army, and turned like a dark thundercloud toward the wealthy city of Nuremberg. Gustaf Adolf broke off his victorious career in Bavaria, to hurry to meet him; and there, in two strongly fortified encampments, both armies stood motionless, opposite each other, for eleven weeks — the panther and the lion, crouching ready for a spring, and watching sharply each other's slightest movement. The whole region was drained for the subsistence of these armies, and provisions were constantly brought in from a distance by foraging parties. Among the Imperialists, Isolani's Croats distinguished themselves in this work; among the Swedes, Taupadel's dragoons and Stålhandske's Finnish cavalry.

Famine, the heat of summer, disease, and the depredations of the German soldiers spread want and misery everywhere. Gustaf Adolf, who, after joining Oxenstjerna's and Banér's combined armies, had a force of fifty thousand men, marched, on the 24th of August, 1632, against Wallenstein, who, with sixty thousand men, stood behind impregnable fortifications. Long before day, Torstenson's artillery commenced to thunder against Alte Veste. In the darkness of night, five hundred German musketeers of the White Brigade climbed up the steep heights, and, in spite of the terrible shower of balls, mounted the ramparts. For a moment victory seemed to reward their contempt of death; the drowsy foes' bewilderment, the shrieks of the women, and the Swedish balls, which threw

down tents and people, favored the attack. But Wallenstein maintained sense and composure, sent away the women, and turned mass upon mass against the besiegers. The gallant brigade was driven back with loss. The king did not give way; once more the White Brigade stormed — in vain. Then Gustaf Adolf called his Finns, "in order," as Schiller says, "to put the German cowards to the blush with their northern courage."

These were the East Bothnians, in the ranks of the Swedish brigade. They saw death before their eyes in the shape of a hundred fiery mouths; but resolutely, with unshaken courage, they clambered up the precipice, slippery with rain and blood. But against these solid ramparts, against this murderous shower of balls, all their valor rebounded; in the midst of fire and death, they tried once more to gain a foothold on the rampart, but in vain; the few who had escaped the bullets and pikes were hurled violently back. For the first time, Gustaf Adolf's Finns were seen to retreat; and equally futile were all attempts of succeeding troops. The Imperialists hastened out in pursuit, but were driven back. With great loss of life, the strife waged all day; many of the bravest leaders fell; and the death angel again aimed a bullet at the king, but without harming more than the sole of his boot.

On the left wing, the Imperial cavalry came in collision with the Swedes. Cronenberg, with his cuirassiers, clad in mail from head to foot, and widely celebrated as the "Invincibles," bore the Hessians to the ground. The Landgrave of Hesse remarked, resentfully, that the king wished to spare his own troops at the expense of the Germans. "Well, then," said Gustaf Adolf, "I will send my Finns; and I hope that the change of men will give a change of luck." Stålhandske, with the Finns, were now sent against Cronenberg and the "Invincibles." Between these superb troops ensued a proud, a glorious struggle, of imperishable memory. On the shore of the Regnitz River, thickly overgrown with bushes, the two detachments encountered each other, man to man, horse to horse; sword blades were dulled against helmets, long pistols flashed, and many valiant horsemen were driven down in the whirl of the river. It is probable that the Finnish horses here also held out better than the beautiful and swift Hungarian chargers; and this contributed to the victory. The brave Cronenberg fell; his "Invincibles" fled before the Finns. In his place,

Fugger, with a formidable force, charged the Finns, and drove them, under constant fighting, with breast toward the enemy, slowly to the underbrush. But here the Imperialists were met by the fire of the Swedish infantry. Fugger fell, and his cavalry were again repulsed by the fatigued Finns.

At nightfall, more than three thousand dead covered the heights and plain. "In the battle of Alte Veste," says Schiller, "Gustaf Adolf was considered conquered because he did not himself conquer." The next day he withdrew to Bavaria. Forty-four thousand persons — friends and enemies — had pest and war swallowed up during these fatal weeks in and around Nuremberg.

The darkness of autumn increased; its fogs covered Germany's blood-stained soil; and yet there seemed to be no end to the struggle. But a great spirit was destined here, after many storms, to find a peaceful haven, and to go from life's autumnal evening to the eternal light. Nearer and nearer hovered the death angel over Gustaf Adolf's noble head, shedding upon it the halo of a higher world, which is often seen to beam around the noble of earth in their last moments. The multitude about them misunderstand it, but the departing ones divine the meaning. Two days before his death, the people of Naumburg paid homage to Gustaf Adolf as to a god; but through his soul flew a presentiment of the end of his career, and he said to the court minister, Fabricius: —

"Perhaps God will soon punish both their idolatrous folly, and me, who am the object of it, and show that I also am a weak and mortal person."

The king had gone up to Saxony, to follow in the track of the ravaging Wallenstein. At Arnstadt he took farewell of Axel Oxenstjerna; at Erfurt, of Queen Maria Eleonora. There and at Nuremberg it was perceived, from many of his arrangements, that he was prepared for what was coming. Wallenstein, who believed that the king had gone into winter quarters, sent Pappenheim, with twelve thousand men, to Halle; he remained at Lützen, with twenty-eight thousand men, and the king in Naumburg with twenty thousand.

But on the 4th of November, when Gustaf Adolf learned of Pappenheim's departure, he hastily broke camp to surprise his weakened enemy, and would have succeeded had he come to the attack on the 5th. But Providence threw in his triumphant path a slight obstacle — the little stream Rippach,

which, together with freshly plowed fields, hindered his progress. Not until late on the afternoon of the 5th did the king approach Lützen. Wallenstein had gained time, and knew how to use it. Along the highroad to Leipzig he had had ditches dug and breastworks thrown up on both sides of the way, and filled them with his best sharpshooters, intending to destroy with their cross fire the advancing Swedes. The king's council of war dissuaded from the attack. Only Duke Bernhard advised it, and the king was of the same opinion: "For," said he, "it is best to wash one's self thoroughly clean when one is once in the bath."

The night was dark and dreary. The king spent it in an old carriage, together with Kniephausen and Duke Bernhard. His restless soul had time to think of everything; and then, says the tradition, he drew from his right forefinger a little ring of copper, and handed it to Duke Bernhard, with instruction that, if anything should happen to him, he should deliver it to a young officer of the Finnish cavalry.

Early in the morning, Gustaf Adolf rode out to inspect the order of battle. He was clad in a jacket of elk skin, with a gray cloak. When exhorted to wear armor on such a day, he answered: —

"God is my armor."

A thick mist delayed the attack. At dawn the whole army joined in singing, "A mighty fortress is our God;" and as the fog continued, the king began, with his own voice, "God, be to us gracious and kind," as well as, "Be not dismayed, thou little flock," which latter he had shortly before composed. Then he rode along the ranks, crying: —

"To-day, boys, we will put an end to all our troubles;" and his horse stumbled twice.

It was eleven o'clock in the forenoon before the mist was dispelled by a slight gust of wind. The Swedish army immediately advanced to the assault. On the right wing, which was commanded by the king, again stood Stålhandske with the Finns, and behind them the Swedish troops; in the center, the Swedish Yellow and Green Brigades, under Nils Brahe; on the left wing, the German cavalry,under Duke Bernhard. Opposite the duke stood Colloredo, with the flower of the cavalry; in the center, Wallenstein himself, with close masses of infantry in four large tertiers, and seven cannon in their front; opposite Stålhandske stood Isolani, with his ferocious

but brave Croats. The battle cry was on both sides the same as at Breitenfeld. When the king gave the order to attack, he clasped his hands and exclaimed : —

"Jesu, Jesu, help me to fight to-day for the glory of Thy holy name!"

Lützen was now set on fire by the Imperialists ; the artillery began to thunder, and the Swedish army advanced, but suffered great losses at the very outset. At last the Swedish center crossed the trenches, took the seven cannon, and routed the enemy's first two brigades. The third had already turned to flee, when Wallenstein succeeded in rallying them ; the Swedes were taken in the flank by the cavalry, and the Finns, who had put the Croats and Polanders to flight, had not yet crossed the trenches. Then the king rushed forward at the head of the Smålanders, only a few of whom had sufficiently good horses to follow him. It is said that an Imperial musketeer aimed at the king with a silver bullet ; the certainty is that his left arm was crushed, and that he endeavored to conceal his wound, but soon, weakened by the loss of blood, begged the Duke of Lauenburg, who rode at his side, to lead him, unobserved, from the strife. But in the midst of the tumult, Götz's cuirassiers came up, led by Moritz von Falkenberg, who recognized the king, and shot him through the body, with the exclamation : —

"Thee have I long sought!" and directly afterwards Falkenberg himself fell, struck by a ball.

Now the king has reeled in his saddle, and entreated the duke to save his own life ; the duke has seized him around the waist to support him, but at that instant a whole swarm of enemies have rushed upon them and separated them. A pistol shot has singed the duke's hair ; the king's horse has been shot through the neck, and has reared ; Gustaf Adolf has sunk from the saddle, has been dragged a little way by the stirrups, and then left on the ground. The young page, Leubelfingen, from Nuremberg, has offered him his horse, but has not been able to lift up the fallen man. Some Imperial cavalrymen have come to the spot, and asked who the wounded person was ; and when Leubelfingen has not been willing to answer, one of them has run a sword through his body, another has shot the king through the head ; after this, others have discharged several shots at them, and the two have been left under a pile of corpses. But Leubelfingen lived a few days after, to relate

to after times the sad and never-to-be-forgotten story of Gustaf Adolf's heroic death.

In the mean time, the Swedish center had been compelled to retire, a thousand mutilated corpses covered the battlefield, and yet not a foot of soil had been gained. Both armies occupied nearly the same position as at the beginning of the battle.

Then the king's wounded horse, with the empty saddle covered with blood, galloped in among the ranks. "The king has fallen!" And, as Schiller beautifully says, "Life fell in value when the most sacred of all lives was no more; death had no longer any terror for the humblest, since it had not spared the crowned head."

Duke Bernhard galloped from rank to rank: —

"Ye Swedes, Finns, and Germans," said he, "liberty's defender, your defender, and ours, has fallen! Every man who holds the king dear will hasten forward to avenge his death!"

The first to respond to this appeal was Stålhandske and the Finns. With incredible exertion they leaped the trenches, and drove before them swarms of scattered enemies; all fell before their blows. Isolani, put to flight, wheeled round and attacked the Swedish wagon trains, but was again repulsed. With like fury, Brahe, with the center, pressed across the trenches; while Duke Bernhard, without heeding the ball which had crushed his arm, took one of the enemy's batteries. The whole Imperial army faltered, staggered, and broke before this fearful assault; their powder carts were blown into the air. Wallenstein's word of command and Piccolomini's brilliant valor were no longer able to stay the reckless flight.

But at that instant there resounded far over the plain the jubilant cry, "Pappenheim is here!" And Pappenheim, the bravest of the brave, was there with his cavalry, and his first question was: —

"Where is the King of Sweden?"

They pointed to Stålhandske's lines, and he started there. The hottest, the most infuriate contest now took place. The Imperialists, regaining courage, turned back and attacked from three sides at once. No one yielded ground. Brahe, and with him the Yellow Brigade, fell almost to the last man. Winckel, with the Blue, fell in like beautiful order, man by man, just as they stood in the ranks. The rest of the Swedish foot soldiers

drew slowly back, and victory seemed to smile upon the all-powerful Pappenheim.

But he, the Ajax of his time, the man with a hundred scars, was not destined to see the day of triumph. Already, in the first attack against the Finns, a falconet ball had struck his hip; two musket balls had pierced his scarred breast; it is said that Stålhandske's own hand had reached him. He fell, even in his last moments rejoicing over Gustaf Adolf's death; and the news of his fall spread terror through the Imperial ranks. "Pappenheim is dead; all is lost!" Once more the Swedes advanced. Duke Bernhard, Kniephausen, Stålhandske, performed miracles; but Piccolomini also, who, with six wounds, mounted his seventh horse, fought with more than mortal courage. The Imperial center stood firm, and only darkness suspended the conflict. Wallenstein withdrew, and the exhausted Swedish army encamped on the battlefield. Nine thousand dead covered the plain of Lützen.

The results of this battle were severely felt by the Imperialists. They had lost all their artillery — Pappenheim's and Wallenstein's reputation for invincibility. The great Friedlander raged with fury; his hard hand dispensed the gallows to the cowardly as liberally as ducats to the brave. Sick and gloomy, he retired with the remainder of his army, about ten thousand men, back to Bohemia, where the stars became his nightly companions, treasonable plans his daily relaxation, and death, by Butler's hand, the end of his brilliant career.

But over the whole Catholic world went a great jubilee of victory, for Lutherism and the Swedes had lost infinitely more than their foes. Paralyzed was the arm that had so powerfully wielded the victorious sword of light and liberty. The grief of the Protestants was general and deep, mingled with fear for the future. Not without ground was the *Te Deum* sung in the cathedrals of Vienna, Brussels, and Madrid; twelve days' brilliant bullfights celebrated in Madrid the fall of the dreaded hero; but Emperor Ferdinand, greater than his contemporaries, is said to have shed tears at the sight of his slain enemy's bloody jacket.

Many stories were circulated about the great Gustaf Adolf's death; now it was the Duke Franz Albert of Lauenburg, now Richelieu, now Duke Bernhard, whom popular belief accused of participation in the king's fall; but none of these suspicions have been confirmed by the impartial historian. A

recent German author communicates the following popular version: "Gustaf Adolf, King of Sweden, received, while he was yet very young, from a lady whom he much loved, a ring of iron, which he never afterwards allowed to be taken from his hand. The ring consisted of seven circles, which formed the letters of both his names. Seven days before his death, this ring was taken from him without his being aware, at the time, of the singular theft."

The reader knows that our story joins its thread to the same ring; but several reasons entitle us to the supposition that the ring was of copper.

The evening after the battle, Duke Bernhard sent his soldiers with lighted torches to look for the king's dead body; and they found it, plundered, disfigured, under a heap of corpses. Brought to the village of Meuchen, it was there embalmed, and the soldiers received permission to behold the remains of their king and hero. Bitter tears were there shed, but tears full of pride; for even the most humble considered himself great through the honor of having fought by the side of so heroic a king.

"See," said a veteran of Stålhandske's Finns, sobbing aloud, "they have robbed him of his gold chain and his copper ring. I still see the white mark left by the ring on his right forefinger."

"What would they care for a ring of copper?" asked a Scot, who had just come to the army, and knew nothing of the story which circulated among the people.

"His ring!" exclaimed a Pomeranian, mysteriously. "You may rely upon it that the Jesuits knew what it was good for. The ring was enchanted by a Finnish witch, and, as long as the king wore it, neither iron nor lead had any effect upon him."

"But, you see, to-day he lost it," joined in a third; "and therefore . . . do you comprehend?"

"What is that the Pomeranian pear eater says?" burst out the Finn, bitterly. "God's power, and no other, has protected our great king; but the ring was given him, a long while ago, by a Finnish girl whom he held very dear in his youth. I know something more about it than you, apple muncher!"

Duke Bernhard, who, somber and thoughtful, contemplated the king's pale features, looked around at these words, put his unhurt hand within his unbuttoned jacket, and turned to the Finn, saying: —

"Comrade, do you know one of Stålhandske's officers n med Bertel?"

"Yes, certainly, your highness."

"Is he alive?"

"No, your highness."

The duke turned abstractedly to another, and gave orders right and left. In a few moments he again seemed, at the sight of the king, to be reminded of something.

"Was he a brave man?" asked he.

"He was one of Stålhandske's cavalry!" said the Finn, with emphasis, and with a pride which did not ill become him.

"When did he fall, and where?"

"In the last skirmish with the Pappenheimers."

"Search for him!"

The duke's command was executed without grumbling by these overwearied soldiers, who, with good reason, wondered why it was that one of the youngest officers should be searched for that very night, when Nils Brahe, Winckel, and so many other gray-haired generals were still lying in their blood on the battlefield. Not until early morning did those sent out return with the intelligence that Bertel's dead body was nowhere to be found.

"Hum!" said the duke, displeased; "great men have sometimes their little whims; what shall I now do with the king's ring?"

And the November sun rose blood-red over the field of Lützen. A new epoch dawned; the master was gone, and the pupils had now to see how they could carry out his work.

After Lützen.

It was a glorious but terrible sight when the Pappenheimers made their charge upon the Finns on the east side of the river Rippach. Mail-clad, irresistible, the cuirassiers descended upon Stålhandske, whose Finnish troopers reeled under this crushing attack: their horses, weary from the long conflict, recoiled, fell backwards, and for a time gave way. But Stålhandske rallied them again, man against man, horse against horse; they fought with their last strength, indifferent to death; and friends and enemies were mixed together in bloody confusion. Here fell Pappenheim; here fell his bravest men; half of

Stålhandske's cavalry were trampled under the horses' hoofs, and yet the strife raged without interruption until twilight.

At Stålhandske's side rode Bertel; and so it happened that he met Pappenheim. The youth of twenty was not able to cope with this arm of steel; a blow of the brave general's long sword struck Bertel across the helmet with such crushing force that his eyes were blinded and he became insensible. But in falling he unconsciously grasped his faithful horse, Lappen, by the mane, and Lappen, confused by the tumult, galloped away; while his master, with one foot in the stirrup and his hands convulsively twisted in the mane, was dragged with him.

When Bertel opened his eyes, he was in dense darkness. He remembered vaguely the adventures of the hot struggle; the last thing he there saw was Pappenheim's lifted sword. The thought entered his mind that he was now dead and lying in his grave. He put his hand to his heart, it beat; he bit his finger, it pained him. He realized that he was still living, but how and where it was impossible to guess. He stretched out his hand and picked up some straw. Under him he felt the damp ground, above him the empty air. He tried to raise himself up, but his head was as heavy as lead. It still felt the weight of Pappenheim's sword.

Then he heard not far from him a voice, which, half complaining, half mocking, uttered the following words in Swedish: —

"Ghosts and grenades! Not a drop of wine! Those scoundrelly Wallachians have stolen my flask; the miserable hen thieves! Holloa, Turk or Jew — it is all the same — bring here a drop of wine!"

"Is that you, Larsson?" said Bertel, in a faint voice; for his tongue was half paralyzed by a burning thirst.

"What sort of a marmot is it that whispers my name?" responded his neighbor, in the darkness. "Hurrah, boys! loose reins and a brisk gallop! When you have emptied your pistols, fling them to the devil, and slash away with swords! Cleave their skulls, the brutes; peel them like turnips. Beat them, grind them to powder! The king has fallen. . . . Devils and heroes, what a king! . . . To-day we shall bleed; to-day we shall die, but first we must be revenged. That's the way, boys! Hurrah! . . . Pitch in, East Bothnians!"

"Larsson," repeated Bertel; but his comrade did not hear

him. He continued in his delirium to lead his Finnish boys in the conflict.

After a while a streak of the late autumn morning dawned in through the window of the miserable hut where Bertel lay. He could now distinguish the straw which was strewn over the bare ground; and on the straw he saw two men asleep.

The door opened; a couple of wild bearded men entered, and pushed the slumberers rudely with the butts of their guns.

"*Raus!*" cried they, in Low Dutch; "reveille has sounded!"

And outside the hut was heard the well-known trumpet blast, which at that time was the usual signal to break camp.

"They may spear me like a frog," muttered one of the men, sulkily, "if I know what our reverend father intends to do with these unbelieving dogs. He might as well give them a passport to the archfiend, their lord and master."

"Blockhead!" retorted the other; "do you not know that the heretic king's death is to be celebrated with great pomp and state at Ingolstadt? The reverend father intends to hold a grand *auto-da-fé* in honor of the solemn occasion."

The two sleepers rose, half awake; and Bertel recognized, by the faint morning light, the little thick-set Larsson, of the East Bothnians, and his own faithful Pekka. But there was no time for explanations. All three were led out, bound, and packed into a cart; after which the train, consisting of a long line of wounded men and baggage wagons, under guard of the Croats, set itself slowly in motion.

Bertel now realized that he and his countrymen were prisoners of the Imperialists. His memory soon cleared, and he learned from his companions in misfortune how it had all happened. When the faithful Lappen felt the reins loose, he galloped with his unconscious rider back to the camp. But a swarm of the rapacious Croats were here, committing their depredations, and when they saw a Swedish officer dragged half dead after the horse, they took him with them in the hope of a good ransom. Pekka, who would not desert his master, was taken prisoner at the same time. Larsson, for his part, had, at the Pappenheimers' attack, ventured too far among the enemy, received a pike thrust in the shoulder and a wound in the arm, and being unable to cut his way through, had been

borne along by the stream. Who had conquered, Larsson did not know with certainty.

It was now the third day after the battle; they had marched in a southerly direction a day and a night without stopping, and then rested a few hours in a deserted and plundered village.

"Cursed pack!" exclaimed the little captain, whose jovial disposition did not abandon him even in the jolting peasant cart; "if only they hadn't stolen my flask, so that we might have drunk Finland's health together! But these Croats are a thieving set, compared to which our gypsies at home are innocent angels. I wish I had a couple of hundred of them to hang on the ramparts of Korsholm, as they hang petticoats on the walls of a Finnish garret."

In the mean time the march continued, with brief halts, for three or four days, not without great suffering and discomfort for the wounded, who, badly bandaged, were hindered by their fetters from assisting each other. In the beginning they traveled through a plundered region, where with difficulty they obtained the slightest refreshment, and where the population everywhere took to flight before the dreaded Croats. But they soon came to richer sections, where the Catholic inhabitants showed themselves only to curse the heretics and exult over their king's fall. The whole Catholic world shared this rejoicing. It is stated that in Madrid brilliant spectacles were performed, in which Gustaf Adolf, another dragon, was conquered by Wallenstein, another St. George.

After seven days' tiresome journey, the cart with the captive Finns drove, late one evening, over a clattering drawbridge, and stopped in a narrow castle yard. The prisoners, still disabled from their wounds, were led out and taken up two crumbling flights of stairs into a turret room in the form of a half-circle. It seemed to Bertel as if he had seen this place before; but darkness and fatigue did not allow him clearly to distinguish objects. The stars shone in through the grated windows. The prisoners were refreshed with a cup of wine, and Larsson exclaimed joyously: —

"I wager that the thieves have stolen their wine from our cellars, while we lay in Würtzburg; for better stuff I never drank!"

"Würtzburg!" exclaimed Bertel, thoughtfully. "Regina!" added he, almost unconsciously.

"And the wine cellar!" sighed Larsson, mimicking him. "I will tell you something, my dear boy: —

> "The biggest fool in the world
> Is he who believes a girl;
> When love, the heart thief, comes to harry,
> Espouse the girl, but the wine cup marry.

As far as Regina is concerned, the black-eyed maiden sits and knits stockings at Korsholm. Yes, yes, Lady Märtha is not one of those who sigh in the moonlight. Since we last met I have had news from Wasa through that jolly sergeant, Bengt Kristerson. He had fought with your father, he said. There is no nonsense about the old man; he carried Bengt out at arms' length, and threw him down the steps there at your home in Storkyro. Bengt swore he would stuff the old man and twelve of his men into the windmill, and grind them to groats; but Meri begged them off. Brave fellow, Bengt Kristerson! — fights like a dragon and lies like a skipper. Your health!"

"What else did you hear from East Bothnia?" asked Bertel, who, with a youth's bashfulness, colored at the thought of revealing to the prosaic friend his life's secret, his love for the dark-eyed, beautiful, and unhappy Regina von Emmeritz.

"Not much news, except scant harvests, heavy war taxes, and conscriptions. The old men on the farm, your father and mine, squabble as usual, and make up again. Meri pines for you, and sings sorrowful songs. Do you remember Katri? — splendid girl; round as a turnip, red as mountain-ash berries, and soft about the chin as a lump of butter. Your health, my boy! — she has run away with a soldier!"

"Nothing else?" said Bertel, abstractedly.

"Nothing else! What the d——l do you want to know, when you don't care for the most buxom girl in all Storkyro? '*Ja, noch etwas*,' says the German. There has been a great fray at Korsholm. The recruits got it into their heads that Lady Regina had tried to kill the king with witchcraft, so they stormed Korsholm, and burned the girl alive. Cursedly jolly! — here's to the hereties! We also know how to get up *autos-da-fé*."

Bertel started up, forgetting his wounds; but pain overpowered him. Without a sound, he sank fainting in Larsson's arms.

The honest captain became both angry and troubled. While

he bathed Bertel's temples with the wine left in the tankard, and finally brought him to life again, he gave vent to his feelings in the following words — crescendo from piano to forte, from minor to major: —

"There, there, Bertel . . . what ails you? Does the devil ride you, boy? Are you in love with the girl? Well, well, calm yourself. Faint like a lady's maid? Courage! — did I say they had burned her? No, my boy, she was only roasted a little, according to what Bengt Kristerson says, and afterward she scratched both eyes out of Lady Märtha and climbed like a squirrel up on top of the castle. Such things happen every day in war. . . . Well, you have got your eyes open at last. So you are still alive, you milk-baked wheat cake! Are you not ashamed, boy, to be like a piece of china? You a soldier? A pretty soldier you are! *Blitzdonnerwetterkreutspappenheim!* you are a pomade pot, and no soldier! Curse it! now the tankard is empty!"

The little round warrior would undoubtedly have continued to give free reins to his bad humor, especially as he had no longer any consolation in the tankard, had not the door opened and a female form stepped in among the prisoners. At this sight, the captain's puffy although now somewhat pale face brightened perceptibly. Bertel was pushed aside, and Larsson leaned forward, so as to see better; for the light of the single lamp was quite dim. But the result of his survey did not seem especially satisfactory.

"A nun! Ah, by Heaven . . . to convert us!"

"Peace be with you," sounded a youthful voice, of fresh and agreeable tone, from under the veil. "I am sent here by the reverend prioress of the convent of Our Lady, to bind your wounds and, if it is the will of the saints, to heal them."

"Upon my honor, beautiful friend, I am very much obliged; let us then become a little better acquainted," replied the captain, somewhat more mildly disposed, and stretched out his hand with the intention of raising the nun's veil. Instantly the latter drew back a few steps; and just then two soldiers, of forbidding aspect, appeared at the door.

"Ah, I understand!" exclaimed Larsson, startled. "The devil! what proud nuns they have here! When I was in Franconia, at Würtzburg, I used to get at least half a dozen kisses a day from the young sisters in the convent; for such sins are never refused absolution. Well," continued the brave

captain, when the nun still lingered, hesitating, at the door, "your reverence must not take offense at a soldier's freedom of speech. *Nunquam nemo nasitur caballerus*, says the Spaniard; an honest soldier is born a gallant. Your reverence sees that I, although an unbelieving heretic, can talk Latin like a true monk. When we were at Munich I lived in intimate friendship with a genuine Bavarian nun, twenty-seven years old, brown eyes, Roman nose . . ."

"Hold your tongue!" whispered Bertel, impatiently. "You will drive the nun away."

"I haven't said a word. Walk in, your reverence; don't be frightened. I wager it is a good while since your reverence was twenty-seven. *Posito*, as the Frenchman says, that your reverence is an old granny."

The nun returned in silence, accompanied by two sisters in waiting, and began to examine the wound on Bertel's head, which had been badly dressed. A delicate white hand drew out a pair of scissors and cut off the youth's hair at each side of the broad mark left by Pappenheim's sword. Within twenty minutes Bertel's wounds were dressed by a skillful hand. The youth, touched by this compassion, raised the nun's hand to his lips and kissed it.

"Upon my honor, beautiful matron," cried the voluble captain, "I feel half inclined to be jealous of my friend, who is fifteen years younger than I. Now deign to stretch out your gentle hand and plaster this brave arm, which has conquered the piety of so many pious sisters."

The nun, still without speaking, began to undo the ragged scarf which covered Larsson's wounds. Her hand, in doing this, happened to touch his.

"*Potz donnerwetter!*" burst out the captain, with a connoisseur's surprise. "What a fine, soft little hand! I beg your pardon, amiable lady doctor; *ex ungua leonem*, says Saint Homer, one of the fathers of the church . . . for I also have studied the fathers of the church . . . that is to say, in good Swedish, by the paw one knows the lion. I wager ten bottles of old Rhine wine against a cast-off stirrup, that this little white hand is much better fitted to caress a cavalier's cheek than to finger rosaries night and day."

The nun drew her hand away for an instant, and seemed to hesitate. The gallant captain began to fear the consequences of his gallantry. "I will say nothing more; I am as silent as

a Carthusian monk. But I do say that one who dares to presume that such a soft hand belongs to an old granny . . . well, well, your lovely reverence hears that I am silent."

"*Tempus est consummatum, itur in missam*," said a sepulchral voice at the door, and the nun hastened to finish dressing the wound. In a few moments the two prisoners were again alone.

"I have heard that voice before," remarked Bertel, thoughtfully. "Are we then surrounded by nothing but mysteries?"

"Bah!" replied the captain, "it was a bald-headed, jealous monk. Bless me, what a sweet little hand!"

Two Old Acquaintances.

The following morning, as the late autumn sun sent its first rays into the turret room, Bertel arose and went to take a look out of the narrow grated window. It was a glorious prospect. Below him wound a magnificent stream, on whose further shore lay a town with thirty spires, and beyond were seen a number of still verdant vineyards.

At the first glance, Bertel recognized Würtzburg. Castle Marienburg, where the prisoners were confined, had, at the Swedes' retreat, fallen again into the bishop's hands; but on account of the insecurity of the times, his princely grace had not returned there himself, but remained most of the time in Vienna. The castle had suffered much from the last conquest and the attendant plundering; one tower had been destroyed, and the moat was filled up in several places. At present there were only fifty men in the garrison, but there were sick and wounded, nursed by the sisters of charity from the convent in the town. When Bertel inspected his prison more closely, he thought he recognized Regina's chamber, the same one where the beautiful lady with her maid contemplated the strife, and where the Swedish cannon ball shattered the image of the saint in the window. This discovery seemed beyond value to the romantic youth. Here had she stood, the wondrously beautiful unhappy daughter of the prince; here had she slumbered the last night before the assault. It was in Bertel's eyes a sacred place; when he pressed his lips to the cold walls, he fancied that he kissed the traces of Regina's tears.

Like a flash, a strange thought ran through his mind. If

the nun who visited them yesterday could have been a disguised princess! . . . if the delicate white hand belonged to — Regina! That would be a miracle, but . . . love believes in miracles. Bertel's heart beat violently. The gentle nurse's care had already greatly improved his neglected wounds. He felt twice as strong already.

His companions in misfortune, tired from the journey, were still asleep. Then the door opened softly, and with noiseless step the nun entered, to bring the wounded men a healing draught. Bertel felt his head swim. Overcome by his violent emotion, he fell on his knees before her.

"Your name, you angel of mercy, who remember the imprisoned!" exclaimed he. "Tell me your name, reveal your face! . . . Ah, I should recognize you among a thousand. . . . You are Regina herself!"

"You are mistaken," said the same fresh voice which Bertel had heard yesterday. It was not Regina's voice, and yet it was a very familiar one; but whose?

Bertel sprang up, and snatched the veil from the nun's head. Before him stood the pretty and gentle Kätchen, with a smiling face. Bertel stepped back, bewildered.

"Impudent one!" said Kätchen, and hastily covered her face. "I had desired to have you under my charge, and you force me to leave my place to another."

Kätchen disappeared. That same day, in the afternoon, a nun again entered the room. Larsson delivered an eloquent harangue, raised her hand to his lips, and pressed upon it a resounding kiss. Then he swore by a million devils; he had kissed an old withered hand, whose surface was like hundred-year-old parchment.

"Verily, my dear Bertel," said the deceived captain, with philosophic resignation, "there are things in nature which must eternally remain an enigma to human sagacity. This hand, for example . . . *manus*, *mana*, *manum*, hand, as the old Roman so truly expressed himself . . . this hand, my friend, would undoubtedly occupy a conspicuous place in the Greek poet Ovid's 'Metamorphoses,' which we formerly studied in the cathedral school at Åbo, the time my father wanted to make me a priest. Yesterday I could have pledged my soul that it was a delicate lady's hand; and to-day I will let them shave me into a monk if this hand does not belong to a seventy-year-old washerwoman. *Sic unde ubi apud unquam post*, as they expressed themselves in

olden times. That is to say: so can a pretty girl become a witch before any one knows it."

The prisoners' wounds healed rapidly under the careful nursing of the nuns. The dark autumn storm roared around the castle turrets, and the heavy rains beat against the small windows. The vineyards withered; a thick and chilling mist arose from the Main, and obscured the view of the town.

"I can't stand it any longer," grumbled Larsson. "These wretches give us neither wine nor dice. And may Saint Brita forgive me, but the devil may kiss their nuns; I will neither kiss hand nor mouth, for *habeo multum respectum pro matronibus*, — I have much respect for old women. No, I can't stand it, I will jump out of the window. . . ."

"Do it," said Bertel, provoked.

"No, I will not jump out of the window," rejoined the captain. "No, my friend, *micus ameus*, as we used to express ourselves. . . . I shall instead honor this fellow-prisoner of ours with a game of pitch and toss."

And the captain, fertile in resources, was pleased to honor Pekka for the thirtieth time with the monotonous game which constituted his diversion, and which was played with a six-öre piece of Charles X.

"Tell me, rather," resumed Bertel, "what they are building there on the square in Würtzburg opposite us?"

"A tavern," answered Larsson. "Heads!"

"It seems to me to look more like a pyre."

"Tails!" repeated Larsson, mechanically. "Plague on it, what ill luck I have! That cursed Limingo peasant wins from me horse, saddle, and stirrups."

"The first morning of our imprisonment," continued Bertel, "I heard them say something about an *auto-da-fé*, in celebration of the battle of Lützen. What do you think of it?"

"I? What should I have against burning a dozen witches, much to our amusement?"

"But if it now concern us? If they were only waiting for the bishop's arrival?"

Larsson opened his small gray eyes, and stroked his goatee. "*Blitzdonnerkreutz!* . . . the miserable Jesuits! They would roast us like turkeys — us, the conquerors of the holy Roman empire! . . . It seems to me, friend Bertel, that in such desperate circumstances, *in rebus desperatus*, an honest soldier could

not be blamed if he should quietly steal away — for example, through the window. . . ."

"It is seventy feet above the Main, and the flood is straight beneath."

"The door?" . . . continued the captain, inquiringly.

"It is guarded night and day by two armed men."

The honest captain sank into melancholy reflections. Time passed; it became afternoon; it became night. The nun with the evening repast was not heard from.

"Festivities begin with fasting," muttered the captain, gruffly. "May I turn into a fish if I don't wring the neck of our neglectful nun the first time she shows herself."

At that instant the door opened and the nun entered, but this time without attendants. Larsson exchanged an expressive glance with his comrades, approached the nun hastily, seized her by the neck, and held her fast against the wall.

"Keep still, like a good child, most reverend abbess," mocked the captain. "If you make a sound, it is all over with you. I ought really to throw you out of the window to swim in the Main, so as to teach you *punctum preciosum*, that is to say, a precise punctuality in your attendance upon us. But I will let grace prevail instead of justice. Tell me only, you most miserable of all meal bringers, *miserabile pecorale*, what is the meaning of that fire they are preparing on the square, and who is going to be roasted there?"

"For the sake of all the saints, speak low!" whispered the nun, in a scarcely audible voice. "I am Kätchen, and have come to save you. A great danger threatens you. The prince bishop is expected to-morrow, and Father Hieronymus, the implacable enemy of you and all other Finns, has sworn to burn you alive in honor of the saints."

"The little, delicate, soft hand!" exclaimed Larsson, in delight. "Upon my honor, if I was not a booby not to recognize it immediately. Well, then, my charming friend, to Saint Brita's honor I will take a kiss on the spot. . . ."

And the captain kept his word. But Kätchen tore herself from him, and said rapidly: —

"If you do not behave yourself, young man, you will furnish fuel to the flame, that is certain. Quick, bind me fast to the bedpost and tie a handkerchief over my mouth."

"Bind you fast . . ." replied the captain, roguishly.

"Quick! The guards have had wine and are asleep, but in

twenty minutes they will be visited by the father himself. Take their cloaks and hasten out. The watchword is 'Peter and Paul.'"

"And you, yourself?" demurred the captain.

"They will find me bound; I have been overpowered and gagged."

"Noble girl! Crown among all Franconia's sisters of charity! Had I not sworn never to marry . . . Well, hurry up, Bertel! Hurry, Pekka, you lazy dog! Farewell, little rogue! One more kiss . . . good-by!"

And the three prisoners hastened out.

But scarcely were they outside the door, on the dark spiral staircase, before they felt themselves seized by iron hands, thrown down and bound.

"Take the dogs down to the treasure room!" said a well-known voice.

It was the voice of the Jesuit Hieronymus.

Overpowered and bound hand and foot, the prisoners soon found themselves in the dark, damp dungeon, hewn deep in the rock, where the bishop of Würtzburg had kept his treasure before the Swedes saved him the trouble. No ray of light penetrated into this musty vault, and the moisture from the rocks trickled through and dripped monotonously on the ground.

L'ALLEGRO.

By JOHN MILTON.

[JOHN MILTON: English poet; born in London, December 9, 1608; died in London, November 8, 1674. He was graduated from Cambridge, 1629; was Latin secretary, 1649–1660. He became totally blind in 1652. At the Restoration he was proscribed and his works were ordered burnt by the hangman; but after a time he was left unmolested and spent the last years of his life in quiet literary labors. "Paradise Lost" was issued in 1666, "Paradise Regained" in 1671, and "Samson Agonistes" in 1671. His masque of "Comus" was published in 1634, "Lycidas" in 1637, "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" in 1645. Among his prose works the "Areopagitica" (1644), advocating the freedom of the press, his work on Divorce, and his "Defense of the English People" (1654) are most famous. His sonnets in the Italian manner are among the finest in the English language.]

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,

'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy!
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night raven sings;
There, under ebon shades and low-browed rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.

But come, thou goddess fair and free,
In heaven yclept Euphrosyne,
And by men heart-easing Mirth;
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crownèd Bacchus bore:
Or whether (as some sager sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying,
There, on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,
Filled her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks and wanton Wiles,
Nods and Becks and wreathèd Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
And laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
And, if I give thee honor due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprovèd pleasures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And, singing, startle the dull night,
From his watch tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow,

Through the sweetbrier or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine;
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn door,
Stoutly struts his dames before;
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerily rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great Sun begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the plowman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landscape round it measures:
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains on whose barren breast
The laboring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied;
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide;
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosomed high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighboring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their savory dinner set
Of herbs and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tanned haycock in the mead.

Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecs sound
To many a youth and many a maid
Dancing in the checkered shade,
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the livelong daylight fail:
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How Faery Mab the junkets eat.
She was pinched and pulled, she said;
And he, by Friar's lantern led,
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat,
To earn his cream bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn
That ten day-laborers could not end;
Then lies him down, the lubber fiend,
And, stretched out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.

Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp and feast and revelry,
With mask and antique pageantry;
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood notes wild.

And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regained Eurydice.

These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

IL PENSEROSO.

By JOHN MILTON.

Hence, vain deluding Joys,
The brood of Folly without father bred!
How little you bested,
Or filled the fixèd mind with all your toys!
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sunbeams,
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.

But, hail! thou Goddess sage and holy!
Hail, divinest melancholy!
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,

Or that starred Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The Sea Nymphs, and their powers offended.
Yet thou art higher far descended:
Thee bright-haired Vesta long of yore
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she; in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a stain.
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove.

Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cypress lawn
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come; but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast.
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing;
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;
But, first and chiefest, with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery wheelèd throne,
The Cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song
In her sweetest saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke
Gently o'er the accustomed oak;
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!

Thee, chantress, oft the woods among
I woo, to hear thy evensong;
And, missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way,
And oft, as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar;
Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still removèd place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm
To bless the doors from nightly harm.
Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft outwatch the Bear
With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook;
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or underground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptered pall come sweeping by
Presenting Thebes or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskined stage.

But, O sad Virgin! that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower;
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,

Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what love did seek;
Or call up him that left half-told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That owned the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass
On which the Tartar king did ride!
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of tourneys and of trophies hung,
Of forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.

Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear,
Not tricked and frounced, as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchieft in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or ushered with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And, when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring
To archèd walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude ax with heavèd stroke
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.
There, in close covert, by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye.
While the bee with honeyed thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feathered Sleep.
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings, in airy stream
Of lively portraiture displayed,
Softly on my eyelids laid:

And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen Genius of the wood.

But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale,
And love the high embowèd roof,
With antique pillars massy-proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced choir below,
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.

And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth show,
And every herb that sips the dew,
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.

These pleasures, Melancholy, give;
And I with thee will choose to live.

HISTRIO-MASTIX:

The Players' Scourge or Actors' Tragædie.

By WILLIAM PRYNNE.

[William Prynne, Puritan and royalist, victim by fortune and persecutor by desire, has a permanent place in history much beyond his magnitude, through the dramatic events in which he was a furious and not too rational actor; and the savage punishment he drew on himself, coming casually from the royal side, has made him seem without much reason a sort of martyr for liberty. He was born near Bath in 1600; graduated from Oriel College, Oxford; became a lawyer, learned in legal and constitutional antiquities; and applied a narrow eager mind and harsh ungenial nature to denouncing amusements, ornaments, fine dress, etc., without stint, proportion, or decency of language. His most famous work,

"Histrio-mastix" (*i.e.* Players' Scourge: 1633), practically warned the King (Charles I.) that favoring the drama might lead to a violent death, and applied the foulest of epithets to all actresses just when the Queen (Henrietta Maria) was rehearsing a ballet. He was degraded from his profession and his university degree, put in the pillory, and lost his ears (May 1634), few objecting or pitying. In 1637 a fresh onslaught on the ill-judged Declaration of Sports and the bishops got the stumps of his ears cut off again, and an imprisonment for him meant to be perpetual; but the monarchy had so alienated the whole country in these three years that Prynne's journey was a triumphal progress strewn with flowers. He was liberated and recompensed by the Long Parliament, and took their side against the King and Laud; but he denounced the Independents without measure for holding the right of individual worship and the principle of toleration, and maintained the right of the state to establish a church and exterminate dissent — as did Laud. In 1648 he favored "conciliating" Charles, and opposed his execution. He opposed the new government, refused to pay taxes, and was laid by the heels again. He published a venomous attack on the Quakers as disguised Jesuits, and tried to have Jews excluded from the country (1658); and upheld the patronage system in the church. In 1659–1660 he spent all his time assailing Richard Cromwell's government, and was active in preparing for the restoration of Charles II. After the latter, he was as vindictive in hounding all who had held office under Cromwell, or had dealings with any who had so held office, as if his ears had been lost through them; he supported the attainder of the dead Cromwell, proposed to make all his officials refund their salaries, and even moved against paying the private debts of the regicide judges out of their confiscated estates. He was member of Parliament till his death in October 1669, censured by it once for gross libel and once for altering a bill after commitment, quarreling in person or by pen to the last.]

[The italic passages are quotations — literal or virtual; authors given in original.]

The Prologue.

Such hath alwayes beene, and yet is, the perverse, and wretched condition of sinfull man, (*a*) *the cogitations of whose heart are evill, and onely evill before God, and that continually:* that it is farre more easie to estrange him from his best, and chiefest joyes; then to divorce him from his (*b*) *truest misery*, (*c*) *the pleasures of sinne, which are but for a season*, (*d*) *yet set in endlesse griefe:* (Man alwayes hugges his pleasurable sinnes so fast, out of a *preposterous, and misguided love*, (*e*) *which makes his reformation desperate:*) that if any soule-compassionating Christians attempt to wrest them from him; hee forthwith takes up armes against them; returning them no other answere, then that of Ruth to Naomie, in a farre better case: (*f*) *The Lord doe so to mee, and more also, if ought but death part them and mee: where they dye, I will dye, and there will I bee buried:* and thus alas hee lives, (*g*) *nay, dies, and lies* (*as too many dayly doe*) *intombed both with, and in, his darling crimes.*

How naturally prone men are to cleave to worldly pleasures, and delights of sinne, in despite of all those powerfull attractives, which might withdraw them from them; to omit all other particular instances: wee may behold a reall, and lively experiment of it, in prophane, and poysonous STAGE-PLAYES; the common Idole, and prevailing evill of our dissolute, and degenerous Age: which though they had their rise from Hell; yea, their birth, and pedegree from the very Devill himselfe, to whose honour, and service they were at first devoted: though they have beene oft condemned, and quite exploded by the whole Primitive Church, both under the Law, and Gospel: by the unanimous vote of all the Fathers, and sundry Councells from age to age: by Moderne Divines, and Christian Authours of all sorts: by divers Heathen States, and Emperours; and by whole Grand-juries of prophane writers, as well Historians, and Poets, as Philosophers: (*h*) *as the Incendiaries, and common Nurseries of all Villany, and Wickednesse; the bane, and overthrow of all Grace, and Goodnesse; the very poyson, and corruption of mens mindes, and manners; the very fatall plagues, and overtures of those States, and Kingdomes where they are once tollerated*, as I shall proove anon.

Yet wee, we miserable, and gracelesse wretches, after so many sentences passed upon them: after so many Judgements already inflicted on, and yet threatened to us, for them: after so many yeres, and Jubilies of the glorious Gospel-sun-shine: (*i*) *which teacheth us to deny ungodlinesse, and all worldly lusts, and to live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world, looking for the comming, and appearance of the great God, and our Saviour Jesus Christ:* yea, after our very vow, and sacred covenant in Baptisme, which bindes us, (*k*) *to forsake the Devill, and all his Workes, the Pomps, and Vanities of this wicked World, and all the sinfull lusts of the flesh,* (*l*) *of which these Stage-Players are the chiefe:* as if wee were quite degenerated, not onely from the grace, and holinesse of Christians; but even from the naturall goodnesse, and moralitie of Pagans in former Ages; doe now, even now, in the middest of all our feares at home, and the miserable desolations of Gods Church abroade; (the very thoughts of which should cause our hearts to bleed, *and soules* (*m*) *to mourne; much more our Hellish jollitie, and mirth to cease:*) as if wee had made a covenant with Hell, and sworn alleageance to the Devill himselfe; (*n*) *inthrall, and sell our selves to these Diabolicall, and hellish Enter-ludes*, notwith-

standing, all that God, or man have said against them: and would rather part with Christ, Religion, God, or Heaven, then with them.

Yea so farre are many mens affections wedded to these prophane, and Heathenish vanities; that as it was in Saint Augustines time, even so it is now: (*o*) *whosoever is but displeased, and offended with them, is presently reputed for a common Enemie:* he that speaks against them, or comes not at them, is forthwith branded for a Scismaticall, or factious *Puritan:* and if *any one assay to alter, or suppresse them, he becomes so odious unto many; that did not the feare of punishment restraine their malice, they would not onely scorne, and disgrace, but even stone, or rent him all to pieces, as a man unworthy for to live on earth: whereas such who further these delights of sinne, are highly magnified,* as the chiefe contrivers of the publike happinesse.

There was once a time, (if Tertullian, with some other ancient Fathers, may bee credited:) (*p*) *when as it was the chiefest badge and character of a Christian, to refraine from Stage-Playes: yea, this* (*q*) *was one great crime which the Pagans did* object against the Christians in the Primitive Church; that they came not to their Enterludes. But now, (as if Stage-Playes were our *Creed*, and *Gospel*, or the truest embleme of our Christian profession,) those are not worthy of the name of *Christians;* they must be *Puritans*, and *Precisians;* not *Protestants*, who dislike them.

(*r*) *Heu quantum mutatus ab illo?*

Alas, how farre are Christians now degenerated, from what they were in ancient times; when as that which was their badge and honour heretofore, is now become their brand and shame? (*s*) *Quantus in Christiano populo honor Christi est, ubi religio ignobilem facit?* How little doe we Christians honour Christ, when as the ancient character, and practicall power, of Religion, (I meane the abandoning, and renouncing of sinne-fomenting Stage-Playes) subject men unto the highest censure, and disgrace?

(*t*) *Conquerar? an taceam?*

This being the dissolute, and unhappy constitution of our depraved times, it put mee at the first to this Dilemma; whether to sit mute and silent still, and (*u*) *mourne in secret* for these

(*x*) *over-spredding abominations*, (which have got such head of late among us; that many who visit the *Church* scarce once a weeke, frequent the *Play-house* once a day:) or whether (*y*) *I should lift up my voyce like a trumpet, and crie against them*, to my power? If I should bend my tongue, or pen against them, (as I have done against some other sinfull, and Unchristian vanities,) my thoughts informed me; that I might with the unfortunate Disciples, (*z*) *fish all night, and catch just nothing at the last*, but the reproach, and scorne of the Histrionicall, and prophaner sort, (*a*) *whose tongues are set on fire of Hell*, against all such as dare affront their Hellish practises; and so my hopes and travell would bee wreckt at once: If I should on the other side, neglect to doe my uttermost, to extirpate, or withstand these dangerous spectacles, or to withdraw such persons from them, as my paines, and briefe collections in this subject might reclaime, when God had put this opportunitie into my hand, and will into my heart, to doe it: my Conscience then perswaded me; that my negligence, and slacknesse in this kinde, (*b*) *might make mee guiltie of the death of all such ignorant, and seduced Soules, which these my poore endevours might rescue from these chaines of Hell, and cordes of sinne:* and (*c*) *interest me, in all the evill which they might suppresse.*

Whereupon I resolved with my selfe at last, (*d*) *to endure the crosse, and despise the hate, and shame*, which the publishing of this HISTRIO-MASTIX might procure mee, and to (*e*) *asswage* (at least in my (*f*) *endevours*, if not otherwise,) *these inveterate, and festred* ulcers, (which may endanger Church, and State at once,) *by applying some speedy corrosives, and emplaisters to them*, and ripping up their noxious, and infectious nature on the publike Theater, in these ensuing Acts, and Scenes: which I thought good to stile, *The Players,* or *Actors Tragœdie:* not so much for the Stile, or Method of it, (for alas, here is neither (*g*) *Tragicke stile*, nor Poeticall straines, nor rare Invention, nor Clowne, nor Actor in it, but onely bare, and naked (*h*) *Trueth, which needes no Eloquence, nor straine of wit for to adorne, or pleade its cause:*) as for the good effects I hope it may, and will produce, to the suppression, and extirpation; at least the restraint, and diminution both of Playes and common Actors, and all those severall mischievous, and pestiferous fruites of Hellish wickednesses that issue from them: which much desired successe, and reformation, if I could but live to see; I should deeme my selfe an happy man, and think my labour richly recompenced.

THE UNACCEPTED SACRIFICE.

By JOHN FORD.

(From "Love's Sacrifice.")

[JOHN FORD, English playwright, was born in Devonshire in 1586, and died after 1639. He was a lawyer with a competency, not writing for need; and was perhaps the truest poet of all the group of dramatists under James I. and Charles I. But the morbid gloom and often repulsiveness of his tragic situations, of which bloodshed is the least tragic, make it difficult to quote — sometimes even to name — his plays. "The Lover's Melancholy," "'Tis Pity She's a W——," "The Broken Heart," "Love's Sacrifice," "Perkin Warbeck," "Fancies Chaste and Noble," "The Lady's Trial" (all printed 1629–1639), are the chief, besides some in collaboration.]

Persons: BIANCA, *Duchess of Pavia;* FERNANDO, *a favorite of the Duke.*

Fernando —
Madam, —
Bianca — To me, my lord?
Fernando — Please but to hear
The story of a castaway in love;
And, O, let not the passage of a jest
Make slight a sadder subject, who hath placed
All happiness in your diviner eyes!
Bianca —
My lord, the time —
Fernando — The time! yet hear me speak
For I must speak or burst: I have a soul
So anchored down with cares in seas of woe
That passion and the vows I owe to you
Have changed me to a lean anatomy:
Sweet princess of my life, —
Bianca — Forbear, or I shall —
Fernando —
Yet, as you honor virtue, do not freeze
My hopes to more discomfort than as yet
My fears suggest; no beauty so adorns
The composition of a well-built mind
As pity: hear me out.
Bianca — No more! I spare
To tell you what you are, and must confess
Do almost hate my judgment, that it once
Thought goodness dwelt in you. Remember now,
It is the third time since your treacherous tongue

Hath pleaded treason to my ear and fame;
Yet, for the friendship 'twixt my lord and you,
I have not voiced your follies: if you dare
To speak a fourth time, you shall rue your lust;
'Tis all no better: learn and love yourself. [*Exit.*

Fernando —
Gone! O, my sorrows! how am I undone!
Not speak again? no, no, in her chaste breast
Virtue and resolution have discharged
All female weakness: I have sued and sued,
Knelt, wept, and begged; but tears and vows and words
Move her no more than summer-winds a rock.
I must resolve to check this rage of blood,
And will: she is all icy to my fires,
Yet even that ice inflames in me desires.

Later: At Chess.

Bianca —
Play.
Fernando —
I must not lose the advantage of the game:
Madam, your queen is lost.
Bianca — My clergy help me!
My queen! and nothing for it but a pawn?
Why, then, the game's lost too: but play.
Fernando — What, madam?
[Fernando *often looks about.*
Bianca —
You must needs play well, you are so studious. —
Fie upon't! you study past patience: —
What do you dream on? here is demurring
Would weary out a statue! — Good, now, play.
Fernando —
Forgive me; let my knees forever stick [*Kneels.*
Nailed to the ground, as earthy as my fears,
Ere I arise, to part away so cursed
In my unbounded anguish as the rage
Of flames beyond all utterance of words
Devour me, lightened by your sacred eyes.
Bianca —
What means the man?
Fernando — To lay before your feet
In lowest vassalage the bleeding heart
That sighs the tender of a suit disdained.
Great lady, pity me, my youth, my wounds;
And do not think that I have culled this time

From motion's swiftest measure to unclasp
The book of lust: if purity of love
Have residence in virtue's breast, lo here,
Bent lower in my heart than on my knee,
I beg compassion to a love as chaste
As softness of desire can intimate.

Bianca —

Am I again betrayed? bad man! —

Fernando — Keep in,
Bright angel, that severer breath, to cool
That heat of cruelty which sways the temple
Of your too stony breast: you cannot urge
One reason to rebuke my trembling plea,
Which I have not with many nights' expense
Examined; but, O, madam, still I find
No physic strong to cure a tortured mind,
But freedom from the torture it sustains.

Bianca —

Rise up; we charge you, rise! [*He rises.*
Look on our face:
What see you there that may persuade a hope
Of lawless love? Know, most unworthy man,
So much we hate the baseness of thy lust,
As, were none living of thy sex but thee,
We had much rather prostitute our blood
To some envenomed serpent than admit
Thy bestial dalliance. Couldst thou dare to speak
Again, when we forbade? no, wretched thing,
Take this for answer: if thou henceforth ope
Thy leprous mouth to tempt our ear again,
We shall not only certify our lord
Of thy disease in friendship, but revenge
Thy boldness with the forfeit of thy life.
Think on't.

Fernando —

Stay; go not hence in choler, blessèd woman!
You've schooled me; lend me hearing: though the float
Of infinite desires swell to a tide
Too high so soon to ebb, yet, by this hand, [*Kisses her hand.*
This glorious, gracious hand of yours, —
I swear,
Henceforth I never will as much in word,
In letter, or in syllable, presume
To make a repetition of my griefs.
Good-night t'ye! If, when I am dead, you rip
This coffin of my heart, there shall you read

With constant eyes, what now my tongue defines,
Bianca's name carved out in bloody lines.
Forever, lady, now good-night!
Bianca — Good-night!
Rest in your goodness.

* * * * * * *

SCENE: *A Bedchamber in the Palace.*

Enter BIANCA, *her hair loose, in her night-mantle. She draws a curtain, and* FERNANDO *is discovered in bed, sleeping; she sets down the candle, and goes to the bedside.*

Bianca —
Resolve, and do; 'tis done. — What! are those eyes,
Which lately were so overdrowned in tears,
So easy to take rest? O happy man!
How sweetly sleep hath sealed up sorrows here!
But I will call him. — What, my lord, my lord,
My Lord Fernando!
Fernando — Who calls me?
Bianca — My lord,
Sleeping or waking?
Fernando — Ha! who is't?
Bianca — 'Tis I:
Have you forgot my voice? or is your ear
But useful to your eye?
Fernando —
Madam the duchess!
Bianca — She, 'tis she; sit up,
Sit up and wonder, whiles my sorrows swell:
The nights are short, and I have much to say.
Fernando —
Is't possible 'tis you?
Bianca — 'Tis possible:
Why do you think I come?
Fernando — Why! to crown joys,
And make me master of my best desires.
Bianca —
'Tis true, you guess aright; sit up and listen.
With shame and passion now I must confess,
Since first mine eyes beheld you, in my heart
You have been only king; if there can be
A violence in love, then I have felt

That tyranny: be record to my soul
The justice which I for this folly fear!
Fernando, in short words, howe'er my tongue
Did often chide thy love, each word thou spak'st
Was music to my ear; was never poor,
Poor wretched woman lived that loved like me,
So truly, so unfeignedly.

Fernando — O, madam!

Bianca —

To witness that I speak is truth, look here!
Thus singly [single-garmented] I adventure to thy bed,
And do confess my weakness: if thou tempt'st
My bosom to thy pleasures, I will yield.

Fernando —

Perpetual happiness!

Bianca — Now hear me out.
When first Caraffa, Pavy's duke, my lord,
Saw me, he loved me; and without respect
Of dower took me to his bed and bosom;
Advanced me to the titles I possess,
Not moved by counsel or removed by greatness;
Which to requite, betwixt my soul and Heaven
I vowed a vow to live a constant wife:
I have done so; nor was there in the world
A man created could have broke that truth
For all the glories of the earth but thou,
But thou, Fernando! Do I love thee now?

Fernando —

Beyond imagination.

Bianca — True, I do,
Beyond imagination: if no pledge
Of love can instance what I speak is true
But loss of my best joys, here, here, Fernando,
Be satisfied and ruin me.

Fernando — What d'ye mean?

Bianca —

To give my body up to thy embraces,
A pleasure that I never wished to thrive in
Before this fatal minute. Mark me now;
If thou dost spoil me of this robe of shame,
By my best comforts, here I vow again,
To thee, to Heaven, to the world, to time,
Ere yet the morning shall new-christen day,
I'll kill myself!

Fernando — How, madam, how!

Bianca — I will:
Do what thou wilt, 'tis in thy choice: what say ye?
Fernando —
Pish! do you come to try me? tell me, first,
Will you but grant a kiss?
Bianca — Yes, take it; that,
Or what thy heart can wish: I am all thine.
[FERNANDO *kisses her.*
Fernando —
O, me! — Come, come; how many women, pray,
Were ever heard or read of, granted love,
And did as you protest you will?
Bianca — Fernando,
Jest not at my calamity. I kneel: [*Kneels.*
By these dishevelled hairs, these wretched tears,
By all that's good, if what I speak my heart
Vows not eternally, then think, my lord,
Was never man sued to me I denied, —
Think me a common and most cunning w——;
And let my sins be written on my grave,
My name rest in reproof! [*Rises.*] — Do as you list.
Fernando —
I must believe ye, — yet I hope [expect] anon,
When you are parted from me, you will say
I was a good, cold, easy-spirited man,
Nay, laugh at my simplicity: say, will ye?
Bianca —
No, by the faith I owe my bridal vows!
But ever hold thee much, much dearer far
Than all thy joys on earth, by this chaste kiss.
[*Kisses him.*
Fernando —
You have prevailed; and Heaven forbid that I
Should by a wanton appetite profane
This sacred temple! 'tis enough for me
You'll please to call me servant.
Bianca — Nay, be thine:
Command my power, my bosom; and I'll write
This love within the tables of my heart.
Fernando —
Enough: I'll master passion and triumph
In being conquered; adding to it this,
In you my love as it begun shall end.
Bianca —
The latter I new-vow. But day comes on;

What now we leave unfinished of content,
Each hour shall perfect up: sweet, let us part.

Fernando —
This kiss, — best life, good rest! [*Kisses her.*

Bianca — All mine to thee!
Remember this, and think I speak thy words:
"When I am dead, rip up my heart, and read
With constant eyes, what now my tongue defines,
Fernando's name carved out in bloody lines."
Once more, good rest, sweet!

Fernando — Your most faithful servant!
[*Exit* BIANCA.

POEMS OF GEORGE HERBERT.

[GEORGE HERBERT, English poet, brother of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, was born at Montgomery Castle, Wales, April 3, 1593. He was elected a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, became public orator of the university, and after spending several years at court in the hope of preferment, studied divinity and entered the church. About 1630 he was presented by Charles I. to the vicarage of Bemerton, and here he wrote "The Temple, or Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations" (1633), of which, in 1670, more than twenty thousand copies had been sold. "A Priest to the Temple, or the Country Parson" (1652) is his chief prose work. Herbert was a great favorite with James I., Bacon, and Bishop Andrewes, and numbered among his intimate friends Dr. Donne and Nicholas Ferrar. He died at Bemerton, 1633.]

THE ONE IMPERISHABLE THING.

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

The Collar.

I struck the board, and cried, "No more;
I will abroad!
What, shall I ever sigh and pine?
My lines and life are free; free as the road,
Loose as the wind, as large as store.
Shall I be still in suit?
Have I no harvest but a thorn
To let me blood, and not restore
What I have lost with cordial fruit?
Sure there was wine
Before my sighs did dry it; there was corn
Before my tears did drown it;
Is the year only lost to me?
Have I no bays to crown it,
No flowers, no garlands gay? all blasted
All wasted?
Not so, my heart; but there is fruit,
And thou hast hands.
Recover all thy sigh-blown age
On double pleasures; leave thy cold dispute
Of what is fit and not; forsake thy cage,
Thy rope of sands
Which petty thoughts have made; and made to thee
Good cable, to enforce and draw,
And be thy law,
While thou didst wink and wouldst not see.
Away! take heed;
I will abroad
Call in thy death's head there, tie up thy fears;
He that forbears
To suit and serve his need
Deserves his load.

The Pulley.

When God at first made man,
Having a glass of blessing standing by;
Let us (said he) pour on him all we can:

Let the world's riches which dispersed lie
Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way
Then beauty flowed, then wisdom, honor, pleasure;
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that alone, of all his treasure,
Rest in the bottom lay.

For if I should (said he)
Bestow this jewel also on my creature,
He would adore my gifts instead of me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature;
So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness:
Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to my breast.

The Elixir.

Teach me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see,
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for thee.

Not rudely, as a beast,
To run into an action;
But still to make thee prepossest,
And give it his perfection.

A man that looks on glass,
On it may stay his eye;
Or, if he pleaseth, through it pass,
And then the heaven espy.

All may of thee partake:
Nothing can be so mean,

Which with his tincture (for thy sake)
  Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
  Makes drudgery divine:
Who sweeps a room as for thy laws
  Makes that and th' action fine.

This is the famous stone
  That turneth all to gold;
For that which God doth touch and own
  Cannot for less be told.

THE CID.[1]

By CORNEILLE.

[Pierre Corneille, the great French dramatist, was born at Rouen, June 6, 1606. He practiced law for a time at Rouen, but the success of his first comedy, "Mélite," induced him to enter upon a literary career. After producing a series of comedies, he began writing tragedies, and brought out in rapid succession "Médée"; "Le Cid," which established his fame; "Horace"; "Cinna"; "Polyeucte," frequently regarded as his greatest work; "La Mort de Pompée" (Death of Pompey); "Théodore"; "Rodogune." "Le Menteur" (The Liar) entitles him to be called the father of French comedy as well as of tragedy. There was a distinct decline in the quality of Corneille's later works, and during the closing years of his life he was overshadowed by his younger contemporary, Racine. Corneille became a member of the French Academy in 1647. He died in Paris, October 1, 1684.]

Chimène — What! Rodrigo! In broad daylight! Whence comes this audacity? Go, thou art ruining my honor; retire, I beseech thee.

Don Rodrigo — I go to die, dear lady, and I come to bid you in this place, before the mortal blow, a last adieu. This unchangeable love, which binds me beneath your laws, dares not to accept my death without paying to you homage for it.

Chimène — Thou art going to death!

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Don Rodrigo — I speed to those happy moments which will deliver my life from your resentment.

Chimène — Thou art going to death! Is Don Sancho, then, so formidable that he can inspire terror in this invincible heart? What has rendered thee so weak? or what renders him so strong? Does Rodrigo go to fight, and believe himself already slain? He who has not feared the Moors nor my father, goes to fight Don Sancho, and already despairs? Thus, then, thy courage lowers itself in the hour of need.

Don Rodrigo — I speed to my punishment, and not to the combat; and, since you seek my death, my faithful ardor will readily deprive me of the desire of defending my life. I have always the same courage, but I have not the arm, when it is needed, to preserve that which does not please you; and already this night would have been fatal to me, if I had fought for my own private wrong; but, defending my king, his people, and my country, by carelessly defending myself, I should have betrayed *them*. My highborn spirit does not hate life so much as to wish to depart from it by perfidy, now that it regards my interests only. You demand my death — I accept its decree. Your resentment chose the hand of another; I was unworthy to die by yours. They shall not see me repel its blows; I owe more respect to him who fights for you; and delighted to think that it is from you these blows proceed — since it is your honor that his arms sustain — I shall present to him my unprotected breast, worshiping through his hand thine that destroys me.

Chimène — If the just vehemence of a sad sense of duty, which causes me, in spite of myself, to follow after thy valiant life, prescribes to thy love a law so severe that it surrenders thee without defense to him who combats for me, in this infatuation, lose not the recollection that, with thy life, thine honor is tarnished, and that, in whatever renown Rodrigo may have lived, when men shall know him to be dead, they will believe him conquered. Thine honor is dearer to thee than I am dear, since it steeps thine hands in the blood of my father, and causes thee to renounce, in spite of thy love, the sweet hope of gaining me. I see thee, however, pay such little regard to it that, without fighting, thou wishest to be overcome. What inconsistency mars thy valor! Why hast thou it no more? or why didst thou possess it formerly? What! art thou valiant only to do me an injury? Unless it be to offend me, hast thou no

courage at all? And dost thou treat my father with such rigor that, after having conquered him, thou wilt endure a conqueror? Go! without wishing to die, leave me to pursue thee, and defend thine honor, if thou wilt no longer live.

Don Rodrigo — After the death of the count and the defeat of the Moors, will my renown still require other achievements? That may scorn the care of defending myself; it is known that my courage dares to attempt all, that my valor can accomplish all, and that, here below, in comparison with mine honor, nothing is precious to me. No! no! in this combat, whatever thou mayest please to think, Rodrigo may die without risking his renown: without men daring to accuse him of having wanted spirit: without being considered as conquered, without enduring a conqueror. They will say only: "He adored Chimène; he would not live and merit her hatred; he yielded himself to the severity of his fate, which compelled his mistress to seek his death; she wished for his head, and his magnanimous heart, had that been refused to her, would have considered it a crime. To avenge his honor, he lost his love; to avenge his mistress, he forsook life, preferring (whatever hope may have enslaved his soul) his honor to Chimène, and Chimène to his existence." Thus, then, you will see that my death in this conflict, far from obscuring my glory, will increase its value; and this honor will follow my voluntary death, that no other than myself could have satisfied you.

Chimène — Since, to prevent thee from rushing to destruction, thy life and thine honor are feeble inducements, if ever I loved thee, dear Rodrigo, in return, defend thyself now, to rescue me from Don Sancho. Fight, to release me from a compact which delivers me to the object of my aversion. Shall I say more to thee? Go, think of thy defense, to overcome my sense of duty, to impose on me silence; and if thou feelest thine heart still enamored for me, come forth, as a conqueror, from a combat of which Chimène is the reward. Adieu; this thoughtlessly uttered word causes me to blush for shame!

[*Exit* CHIMÈNE.

Don Rodrigo — Where is the foe I could not now subdue? Come forth, warriors of Navarre, Morocco, and Castile! and all the heroes that Spain has produced; unite together and form an army, to contend against one hand thus nerved. Unite all your efforts against a hope so sweet — you have too little power to succeed in destroying it! . . .

The Infanta — Shall I listen to thee still, pride of my birth, that makest a crime out of my passions? Shall I listen to thee, love, whose delicious power causes my desires to rebel against this proud tyrant? Poor princess! to which of the two oughtest thou to yield obedience? Rodrigo, thy valor renders thee worthy of me; but although thou art valiant, thou art not the son of a king.

Pitiless fate, whose severity separates my glory and my desires! Is it decreed that the choice of such rare merit should cost my passion such great anguish? O heaven! for how many sighs must my heart prepare itself, if, after such a long, painful struggle, it never succeeds in either extinguishing the love, or accepting the lover!

But there are too many scruples, and my reason is alarmed at the contempt of a choice so worthy; although to monarchs only my birth may assign me, Rodrigo, with honor I shall live under thy laws. After having conquered two kings, couldst thou fail in obtaining a crown? And this great name of Cid, which thou hast just now won — does it not show too clearly over whom thou art destined to reign?

He is worthy of me, but he belongs to Chimène; the present which I made of him injures me. Between them, the death of a father has interposed so little hatred that the duty of blood with regret pursues him. Thus let us hope for no advantage, either from his transgression or from my grief, since, to punish me, destiny has allowed that love should continue even between two enemies.

Infanta — Why comest thou, Leonora?

Leonora — To congratulate you, dear lady, on the tranquillity which at last your soul has recovered.

Infanta — Whence should this tranquillity come, — in an accumulation of sorrow?

Leonora — If love lives on hope, and if it dies with it, Rodrigo can no more charm your heart; you know of the combat in which Chimène involves him; since he must die in it, or become her husband, your hope is dead and your spirit is healed.

Infanta — Ah! how far from it!

Leonora — What more can you expect?

Infanta — Nay, rather, what hope canst thou forbid me? If Rodrigo fights under these conditions, to counteract the effect of it I have too many resources. Love, this sweet author

of my cruel punishments, teaches the minds of lovers too many stratagems.

Leonora — Can *you* accomplish anything, since a dead father has not been able to kindle discord in their minds. For Chimène clearly shows by her behavior that hatred to-day does not cause her pursuit. She obtains the combat, and for her champion, she accepts on the moment the first that offers. She has not recourse to those noble hands whom so many famous exploits render so glorious; Don Sancho suffices her, and merits her choice, because he is going to arm himself for the first time; she loves in this duel his want of experience; as he is without renown, so is she without apprehension; and her readiness ought to make you clearly see that she seeks for a combat which her duty demands, but which yields her Rodrigo an easy victory, and authorizes her at length to seem appeased.

Infanta — I observe it clearly; and nevertheless my heart, in rivalry with Chimène, adores this conqueror. On what shall I resolve, hopeless lover that I am?

Leonora — To remember better from whom you are sprung. Heaven owes you a king; you love a subject!

Infanta — The object of my attachment has completely changed: I no longer love Rodrigo as a mere nobleman. No; it is not thus that my love entitles him. If I love him, it is as the author of so many brilliant deeds, — as the valiant Cid, the master of two kings. I shall conquer myself, however; not from dread of any censure, but in order that I may not disturb so glorious a love; and even though, to favor me, they should crown him, I will not take back a gift which I have given. Since in such a combat his triumph is certain, let us go once more to give that gift to Chimène. And thou, who seest the love arrows with which my heart is pierced, come see me finish as I have begun.

Chimène — Elvira, how greatly I suffer; and how much I am to be pitied! I know not what to hope, and I see everything to be dreaded. No wish escapes me to which I dare consent. I desire nothing without a quick repentance. I have caused two rivals to take up arms for me: the most happy result will cause me tears; and though fate may decree in my favor, my father is without revenge, or my lover is dead.

Elvira — On the one side and the other I see you consoled: either you have Rodrigo, or you are avenged. And however

fate may ordain for you, it maintains your honor and gives you a spouse.

Chimène — What! the object of my hatred or of such resentment! — the slayer of Rodrigo, or that of my father! In either case they give me a husband, still all stained with the blood that I cherished most; in either case my soul revolts, and I fear more than death the ending of my quarrel. Away! vengeance, love — which agitate my feelings. Ye have no gratifications for me at such a price; and Thou, Powerful Controller of the destiny which afflicts me, terminate this combat without any advantage, without rendering either of the two conquered or conqueror.

Elvira — This would be treating you with too much severity. This combat is a new punishment for your feelings, if it leaves you compelled to demand justice, to exhibit always this proud resentment, and continually to seek after the death of your lover. Dear lady, it is far better that his unequaled valor, crowning his brow, should impose silence upon you; that the conditions of the combat should extinguish your sighs; and that the King should compel you to follow your inclinations.

Chimène — If he be conqueror, dost thou believe that I shall surrender? My sense of duty is too strong and my loss too great; and this combat and the will of the King are not strong enough to dictate conditions to them. He may conquer Don Sancho with very little difficulty, but he shall not with him conquer the sense of duty of Chimène; and whatever reward a monarch may have promised to his victory, my self-respect will raise against him a thousand other enemies.

Elvira — Beware lest, to punish this strange pride, Heaven may at last permit you to revenge yourself. What! — you will still reject the happiness of being able now to be silent with honor? What means this duty, and what does it hope for? Will the death of your lover restore to you a father? Is one stroke of misfortune insufficient for you? Is there need of loss upon loss, and sorrow upon sorrow? Come, in the caprice in which your humor persists, you do not deserve the lover that is destined for you, and we may see the just wrath of Heaven, by his death, leaving you Don Sancho as a spouse.

Chimène — Elvira, the griefs which I endure are sufficient: do not redouble them by this fatal augury. I wish, if I can, to avoid both; but if not, in this conflict Rodrigo has all my prayers; not because a weak affection inclines me to his side,

but because, if he were conquered, I should become the bride of Don Sancho. This fear creates my desire ——

[*Enter* DON SANCHO.

What do I see, unhappy I ! Elvira, all is lost!

Don Sancho — Compelled to bring this sword to thy feet ——

Chimène — What ! still reeking with the blood of Rodrigo ! Traitor, dost thou dare to show thyself before mine eyes, after having taken from me that which I love the best ? Declare thyself my love, and thou hast no more to fear. My father is satisfied ; cease to restrain thyself. The same stroke has placed my honor in safety, my soul in despair, and my passion at liberty !

Don Sancho — With a mind more calmly collected ——

Chimène — Dost thou still speak to me, detestable assassin of a hero whom I adore ? Go ; you fell upon him treacherously. A warrior so valiant would never have sunk beneath such an assailant ! Hope nothing from me. Thou hast not served me; and believing that thou wert avenging me, thou hast deprived me of life.

Don Sancho — Strange delusion, which, far from listening to me ——

Chimène — Wilt thou that I should listen to thee while boasting of his death ? — that I should patiently hear with what haughty pride thou wilt describe his misfortune, my own crime, and thy prowess ?

Chimène — Sire, there is no further need to dissemble that which all my struggles have not been able to conceal from you. I loved, you knew it ; but, to avenge my father, I even wished to sacrifice so dear a being. Sire, your majesty may have seen how I have made love yield to duty. At last, Rodrigo is dead ; and his death has converted me from an unrelenting foe into an afflicted lover. I owed this revenge to him who gave me existence ; and to my love I now owe these tears. Don Sancho has destroyed me in undertaking my defense ; and I am the reward of the arm which destroys me. Sire, if compassion can influence a king, for mercy's sake revoke a law so severe. As the reward of a victory by which I lose that which I love, I leave him my possessions ; let him leave me to myself, that in a sacred cloister I may weep continually, even to my last sigh, for my father and my lover.

Don Diego — In brief, she loves, sire, and no longer believes it a crime to acknowledge with her own lips a lawful affection.

Don Fernando — Chimène, be undeceived; thy lover is not dead, and the vanquished Don Sancho has given thee a false report.

Don Sancho — Sire, a little too much eagerness, in spite of me, has misled her; I came from the combat to tell her the result. This noble warrior of whom her heart is enamored, when he had disarmed me, spoke to me thus: "Fear nothing — I would rather leave the victory uncertain, than shed blood risked in defense of Chimène; but, since my duty calls me to the King, go, tell her of our combat; on the part of the conqueror, carry her thy sword." Sire, I came; this weapon deceived her; seeing me return, she believed me to be conqueror, and her resentment suddenly betrayed her love, with such excitement and so much impatience, that I could not obtain a moment's hearing. As for me, although conquered, I consider myself fortunate; and in spite of the interests of my enamored heart, though losing infinitely, I still love my defeat, which causes the triumph of a love so perfect.

Don Fernando — My daughter, there is no need to blush for a passion so glorious, nor to seek means of making a disavowal of it; a laudable shame in vain solicits thee; thy honor is redeemed, and thy duty performed; thy father is satisfied, and it was to avenge him that thou didst so often place thy Rodrigo in danger. Thou seest how Heaven otherwise ordains. Having done so much for him, do something for thyself; and be not rebellious against my command, which gives thee a spouse beloved so dearly.

Infanta — Dry thy tears, Chimène, and receive without sadness this noble conqueror from the hands of thy princess.

Don Rodrigo — Be not offended, sire, if in your presence an impassioned homage causes me to kneel before her. I come not here to ask for the reward of my victory; I come once more to offer you my head, dear lady. My love shall not employ in my own favor either the law of the combat or the will of the King. If all that has been done is too little for a father, say by what means you must be satisfied. Must I still contend against a thousand and a thousand rivals, and to the two ends of the earth extend my labors, myself alone storm a camp, put to flight an army, surpass the renown of fabulous heroes? If my deep of-

fense can be by that means washed away, I dare undertake all, and can accomplish all. But if this proud honor, always inexorable, cannot be appeased without the death of the guilty, arm no more against me the power of mortals; mine head is at thy feet, avenge thyself by thine own hands; thine hands alone have the right to vanquish the invincible. Take thou a vengeance to all others impossible. But at least let my death suffice to punish me; banish me not from thy remembrance, and, since my doom preserves your honor, to recompense yourself for this, preserve my memory, and say sometimes, when deploring my fate: "Had he not loved me, he would not have died."

Chimène — Rise, Rodrigo. I must confess it, sire, I have said too much to be able to unsay it. Rodrigo has noble qualities which I cannot hate; and, when a king commands, he ought to be obeyed. But to whatever you may have already doomed me, can you, before your eyes, tolerate this union? And when you desire this effort from my feeling of duty, is it entirely in accord with your sense of justice? If Rodrigo becomes so indispensable to the state, of that which he has done for you ought I to be the reward, and surrender myself to the everlasting reproach of having imbrued my hands in the blood of a father?

Don Fernando — Time has often rendered lawful that which at first seemed impossible, without being a crime. Rodrigo has won thee, and thou art justly his. But, although his valor has by conquest obtained thee to-day, it would need that I should become the enemy of thy self-respect, to give him so soon the reward of his victory. This bridal deferred does not break a law which, without specifying the time, devotes thy faith to him. Take a year, if thou wilt, to dry thy tears; Rodrigo, in the mean time, must take up arms. After having vanquished the Moors on our borders, overthrown their plans, and repulsed their attacks, go, carry the war even into their country, command my army, and ravage their territory. At the mere name of Cid they will tremble with dismay. They have named thee lord! they will desire thee as their king! But, amidst thy high achievements, be thou to her always faithful; return, if it be possible, still more worthy of her, and by thy great exploits acquire such renown that it may be glorious for her to espouse thee then.

PORTRAITS AND SCENES UNDER CHARLES I.

By LORD CLARENDON.

(From the "History of the Rebellion and Civil Wars in England.")

[Edward Hyde, first Earl of Clarendon, the eminent English historian and statesman, was born at Dinton, Wiltshire, in 1609, the third son of Henry Hyde of that place. After a course of law under his uncle, Sir Nicholas Hyde, he entered the Long Parliament. At first he acted with the popular party in their efforts for reform, but about 1642 espoused the royalist cause and was the chief advisor of Charles I. during the civil war, and of Prince Charles during his exile. On the Restoration he became lord chancellor of England, and was prominent in state affairs until 1667, when, on account of his great unpopularity with all classes, he was deprived of the great seal, impeached and banished. He died at Rouen, France, December 9, 1674. His daughter, Anne Hyde, married the Duke of York, afterwards James II., and was the mother of Mary and Anne, both Queens of England. Hyde's notable contribution to literature is the "History of the Rebellion in England" (1704–1707).]

Weston, Earl of Portland.

He spent the best part of his fortune (a fair one, that he inherited from his father) in his attendance at Court, and involved his friends in securities with him, who were willing to run his hopeful fortune, before he received the least fruit from it but the countenance of great men and those in authority, the most natural and most certain stairs to ascend by.

He was then sent ambassador to the archdukes Albert and Isabella, into Flanders; and to the Diet in Germany, to treat about the restitution of the palatinate; in which negotiation he behaved himself with great prudence, and with the concurrent testimony of a wise man from all those with whom he treated, princes and ambassadors, and upon his return was made a Privy Councilor, and Chancellor of the Exchequer in the place of the Lord Brooke, who was either persuaded, or put out of the place; which, being an office of honor and trust, is likewise an excellent stage for men of parts to tread and expose themselves upon, and where they have occasion of all natures to lay out and spread all their faculties and qualifications most for their advantage. He behaved himself very well in this function, and appeared equal to it; and carried himself so luckily in Parliament that he did his master much service, and preserved himself in the good opinion and acceptation of the House; which is a blessing not indulged to many by those

high powers. He did swim in those troubled and boisterous waters in which the duke of Buckingham rode as admiral with a good grace, when very many who were about him were drowned, or forced on shore with shrewd hurts and bruises: which showed he knew well how and when to use his limbs and strength to the best advantage, sometimes only to avoid sinking, and sometimes to advance and get ground. And by this dexterity he kept his credit with those who could do him good, and lost it not with others who desired the destruction of those upon whom he most depended.

He was made Lord Treasurer in the manner and at the time mentioned before, upon the removal of the earl of Marlborough, and few months before the death of the duke. The former circumstance, which is often attended by compassion towards the degraded and prejudice towards the promoted, brought him no disadvantage: for, besides the delight that season had in changes, there was little reverence towards the person removed; and the extreme visible poverty of the Exchequer sheltered that province from the envy it had frequently created, and opened a door for much applause to be the portion of a wise and provident minister. For the other, of the duke's death, though some who knew the duke's passions and prejudice (which often produced rather sudden indisposition than obstinate resolution) believed he would have been shortly cashiered, as so many had lately been; and so that the death of his founder was a greater confirmation of him in the office than the delivery of the white staff had been: many other wise men, who knew the Treasurer's talent in removing prejudice and reconciling himself to wavering and doubtful affections, believed that the loss of the duke was very unseasonable, and that the awe or apprehension of his power and displeasure was a very necessary allay for the impetuosity of the new officer's nature, which needed some restraint and check, for some time, to his immoderate pretenses and appetite of power.

He did indeed appear on the sudden wonderfully elated, and so far threw off his old affectation to please some very much and to displease none, in which art he excelled, that in few months after the duke's death he found himself to succeed him in the public displeasure and in the malice of his enemies, without succeeding him in his credit at Court or in the affection of any considerable dependents. And yet, though he was not superior to all other men in the affection, or rather resigna-

tion, of the King, so that he might dispense favors and disfavors according to his own election, he had a full share in his master's esteem, who looked upon him as a wise and able servant and worthy of the trust he reposed in him, and received no other advice in the large business of his revenue; nor was any man so much his superior as to be able to lessen him in the King's affection by his power. So that he was in a post in which he might have found much ease and delight if he could have contained himself within the verge of his own province, which was large enough, and of such an extent that he might, at the same time, have drawn a great dependence upon him of very considerable men, and appeared a very useful and profitable minister to the King, whose revenue had been very loosely managed during the late years, and might by industry and order have been easily improved; and no man better understood what method was necessary towards that good husbandry than he.

But I know not by what frowardness in his stars he took more pains in examining and inquiring into other men's offices than in the discharge of his own; and not so much joy in what he had as trouble and agony for what he had not. The truth is, he had so vehement a desire to be the sole favorite, that he had no relish of the power he had: and in that contention he had many rivals, who had credit enough to do him ill offices, though not enough to satisfy their own ambition; the King himself being resolved to hold the reins in his own hands, and to put no further trust in others than was necessary for the capacity they served in. Which resolution in his majesty was no sooner believed, and the Treasurer's pretense taken notice (of), than he found the number of his enemies exceedingly increased, and others to be less eager in the pursuit of his friendship. And every day discovered some infirmities in him, which, being before known to few and not taken notice of, did now expose him both to public reproach and to private animosities; and even his vices admitted those contradictions in them that he could hardly enjoy the pleasant fruit of any of them. That which first exposed him to the public jealousy, which is always attended with public reproach, was the concurrent suspicion of his religion. His wife and all his daughters were declared of the Roman religion; and though himself and his sons sometimes went to church, he was never thought to have zeal for it; and his domestic conversation and dependents, with whom only

he used entire freedom, were all known Catholics, and were believed to be agents for the rest. And yet, with all this disadvantage to himself, he never had reputation and credit with that party, who were the only people of the kingdom who did not believe him to be of their profession. For the penal laws (those only excepted which were sanguinary, and even those sometimes let loose) were never more rigidly executed, nor had the Crown ever so great a revenue from them, as in his time; nor did they ever pay so dear for the favors and indulgences of his office towards them.

No man had greater ambition to make his family great, or stronger designs to leave a great fortune to it. Yet his expenses were so prodigiously great, especially in his house, that all the ways he used for supply, which were all that occurred, could not serve his turn; insomuch that he contracted so great debts (the anxiety whereof, he pretended, broke his mind, and restrained that intentness and industry which was necessary for the due execution of his office), that the King was pleased twice to pay his debts; at least, towards it, to disburse forty thousand pounds in ready money out of his Exchequer. Besides, his majesty gave him a whole forest, Chute forest in Hampshire, and much other land belonging to the Crown; which was the more taken notice of and murmured against, because, being the chief minister of the revenue, he was particularly obliged, as much as in him lay, to prevent and even oppose such disinherison, and because, under that obligation, he had, avowedly and sourly, crossed the pretenses of other men, and restrained the King's bounty from being exercised almost to any. And he had that advantage (if he had made the right use of it), that his credit was ample enough (seconded by the King's own experience and observation and inclination) to retrench very much of the late unlimited expenses, and especially those of bounties, which from the death of the duke ran in narrow channels, which never so much overflowed as towards himself who stopped the current to other men.

He was of an imperious nature, and nothing wary in disobliging and provoking other men, and had too much courage in offending and incensing them; but, after having offended and incensed them, he was of so unhappy a feminine temper that he was always in a terrible fright and apprehension of them.

He had not that application and submission and reverence

for the Queen as might have been expected from his wisdom and breeding, and often crossed her pretenses and desires with more rudeness than was natural to him. Yet he was impertinently solicitous to know what her majesty said of him in private, and what resentments she had towards him. And when by some confidants (who had their ends upon him from those offices) he was informed of some bitter expressions fallen from her majesty, he was so exceedingly afflicted and tormented with the sense of it that, sometimes by passionate complaints and representations to the King, sometimes by more dutiful addresses and expostulations with the Queen in bewailing his misfortunes, he frequently exposed himself, and left his condition worse than it was before: and the *éclaircissement* commonly ended in the discovery of the persons from whom he had received his most secret intelligence.

He quickly lost the character of a bold, stout, and magnanimous man, which he had been long reputed to be in worse times; and, in his most prosperous season, fell under the reproach of being a man of big looks and of a mean and abject spirit.

Archbishop Williams.

The bishops, who were in this manner driven and kept from the House of Peers and not very secure in their own, could not have the patience to attend the dissolution of this storm, which in wisdom they ought to have done; but considering right and reason too abstractly, and what in justice was due, not what in prudence was to be expected, suffered themselves implicitly to be guided by the archbishop of York (who was of a proud, restless, overweening spirit) to such an act of indiscretion and disadvantage to themselves, that all their enemies could not have brought upon them. This bishop, as is said, was a man of very imperious and fiery temper, Dr. Williams, who had been Keeper of the Great Seal of England in the time of King James, and bishop of Lincoln. After his removal from that church he had lived splendidly in his diocese, and made himself very popular amongst those who had no reverence for the Court, of which he would frequently, and in the presence of many, speak with too much freedom, and tell many stories of things and persons upon his own former experience; in which being a man of great pride and vanity, he did not always confine himself to a precise veracity, and did

often presume in those unwary discourses to mention the person of the King with too little reverence. He did affect to be thought an enemy to the archbishop of Canterbury, whose person he seemed exceedingly to contemn; and to be much displeased with those ceremonies and innovations, as they were then called, which were countenanced by the other; and had himself written and published in his own name, and by his own authority, a book against the using those ceremonies, in which there was much good learning and too little gravity for a bishop. His passion and his levity gave every day great advantages to those who did not love him; and he provoked too many, not to have those advantages made use of: so that, after several informations against him in the Star Chamber, he was sentenced for no less crimes than for perjury and subordination of perjury, and fined in a great sum of money to the King, and committed prisoner to the Tower, without the pity or compassion of any but those who, out of hatred to the government, were sorry that they were without so useful a champion; for he appeared to be a man of a very corrupt nature, whose passions could have transported him into the most unjustifiable actions.

He had a faculty of making relations of things done in his own presence, and discourses made to himself or in his own hearing, with all the circumstances of answers and replies, and upon arguments of great moment; all which upon examination were still found to have nothing in them that was real, but to be the pure effect of his own invention. After he was sentenced in the Star Chamber, some of his friends resorted to him to lament and condole with him for his misfortune; and some of them seemed to wonder that, in an affair of such a nature, he had not found means to have made some submission and composition that might have prevented the public hearing, which proved so much to his prejudice in point of reputation as well as profit. He answered them, with all the formality imaginable, that "they had reason indeed to wonder at him upon the event; but when they should know how he had governed himself he believed they would cease to think him worthy of blame." And then related to them that "as soon as publication had passed in his cause, and the books were taken out, he had desired his counsel (who were all able men, and some of them very eminent) in the vacation time, and they at most leisure, to meet together, and carefully to look over and peruse all the evidence that was

taken on both sides; and that then they would all attend him such a morning, which he appointed upon their consent, at his own house at Westminster: that they came at the time appointed, and, being then shut up in a room together, he asked them whether they had sufficiently perused all the books, and were thoroughly informed of his case? To which they all answered that they had not only read them all over together, but had severally, every man by himself, perused (them) again, and they believed they were all well informed of the whole. That he then told them, he had desired this conference with them not only as his counsel, by whose opinion he meant to govern himself, but as his particular friends, who, he was sure, would give him their best advice, and persuade him to do everything as they would do themselves if they were in his condition. That he was now offered to make his peace at Court, by such an humble submission to the King as he was most inclined and ready to make, and which he would make the next day after his cause was heard, though he should be declared to be innocent, of which he could make no doubt; but that which troubled him for the present was that the infamousness of the charge against him, which had been often exposed and enlarged upon in several motions, had been so much taken notice of through the kingdom that it could not consist with his honor to divert the hearing, which would be imputed to his want of confidence in his innocence, since men did not suspect his courage if he durst rely upon the other; but that he was resolved, as he said before, the next day after he should be vindicated from those odious aspersions, he would cast himself at the King's feet, with all the humility and submission which the most guilty man could make profession of. It was in this point he desired their advice, to which he would, without adhering to his own inclination, entirely conform himself; and therefore desired them, singly in order, to give him their advice." He repeated the several and distinct discourse every man had made, in which he was so punctual that he applied those phrases and expressions and manner of speech to the several men which they were all taken notice of frequently to use; as many men have some peculiar words in discourse, which they are most delighted with or by custom most addicted to; and in conclusion, that "they were unanimous in their judgments, that he could not, with the preservation of his honor and the opinion of his integrity, decline the public hearing; where he must be unquestionably declared

innocent, there being no crime or misdemeanor proved against him in such a manner as could make him liable to censure: they all commended his resolution of submitting to the King as soon as he had made his innocence to appear, and they all advised him to pursue that method. This," he said, "had swayed him, and made him decline the other expedient that had been proposed to him."

This relation wrought upon those to whom it was made, to raise a prejudice in them against the justice of the cause, or the reputation of the counsel, as they were most inclined; whereas there was not indeed the least shadow of truth in the whole relation, except that there was such a meeting and conference as was mentioned, and which had been consented to by the bishop upon the joint desire and importunity of all the counsel; who at that conference unanimously advised and desired him "to use all the means and friends he could that the cause might not be brought to hearing; but that he should purchase his peace at any price, for that, if it were heard, he would be sentenced very grievously, and that there were many things proved against him which would so much reflect upon his honor and reputation, and the more for being a bishop, that all his friends would abandon him, and be ever after ashamed to appear on his behalf." Which advice, with great passion and reproaches upon the several persons for their presumption and ignorance in matters so much above them, he utterly and scornfully rejected. Nor indeed was it possible at that time for him to have made his peace; for though upon some former addresses and importunity on his behalf by some persons of power and place in the Court, in which the Queen herself had endeavored to have done him good offices, the King was inclined to have saved him, being a bishop, from the infamy he must undergo by a public trial, yet the bishop's vanity had, in those conjunctures, so far transported him that he had done all he could to have it insinuated that the Court was ashamed of what they had done, and had prevailed with some of his powerful friends to persuade him to that composition: upon which the King would never hear more any person who moved on his behalf.

It had been once mentioned to him, whether by authority or no was not known, that his peace should be made if he would resign his bishopric and deanery of Westminster (for he held that *in commendum*) and take a good bishopric in Ireland; which he positively refused, and said, "he had much to do to

defend himself against the archbishop here: but if he were in Ireland, there was a man" (meaning the earl of Strafford) "who would cut off his head within one month."

This bishop had been for some years in the Tower, by the sentence of the Star Chamber, before this Parliament met, when the lords who were the most active and powerful presently resolved to have him at liberty. Some had much kindness for him, not only as a known enemy to the archbishop of Canterbury, but as a supporter of those opinions and those persons which were against the Church itself. And he was no sooner at liberty and brought in (to) the House, but he defended and seconded the Lord Say when he made an invective, with all the malice and bitterness imaginable, against the archbishop, then in prison; and when he had concluded, that bishop said that "he had long known that noble lord, and had always believed him to be as well affected to the Church as himself;" and so he continued to make all his address to that lord and those of the same party. Being now in full liberty, and in some credit and reputation, he applied himself to the King, and made all possible professions of duty to his majesty and zeal to the Church, protesting to have a perfect detestation of those persons who appeared to have no affection or duty towards his majesty and all evil intentions against the religion established; and that the civilities he had expressed towards them was only out of gratitude for the good will they had shown to him, and especially that he might the better promote his majesty's service. And it being his turn shortly after, as dean of Westminster, to preach before the King, he took occasion to speak of the factions in religion; and mentioning the Presbyterian, he said, "it was a government only fit for tailors and shoemakers and the like, and not for noblemen and gentlemen;" which gave great scandal and offense to his great patrons, to whom he easily reconciled himself, by making them as merry with some sharp sayings of the Court, and by performing more substantial offices for them.

The Attempt on the Five Members.

In the afternoon of a day when the two Houses sat, Harbert, the King's Attorney, informed the House of Peers that he had somewhat to say to them from the King; and thereupon, having a paper in his hand, he said that the King commanded

him to accuse the Lord Kimbolton, a member of that House, and five gentlemen who were all members of the House of Commons, of high treason, and that his majesty had himself delivered him in writing several articles upon which he accused them; and thereupon he read in a paper the ensuing articles, by which the Lord Mandevill, Denzil Hollis, Sir Arthur Haslerigg, Mr. Pimm, Mr. Hambden, and Mr. Strowde stood accused of high treason for conspiring against the King and the Parliament.

Articles of high treason, and other misdemeanors, against the Lord Kimbolton, Mr. Pymm, John Hampden, Denzil Hollis, Sir Arthur Haslerigg, and William Strode, members of the House of Commons.

1. "That they have traitorously endeavored to subvert the fundamental laws and government of this kingdom, and deprive the King of his regal power, and to place on his subjects an arbitrary and tyrannical power.

2. "That they have endeavored by many foul aspersions upon his majesty and his government to alienate the affections of his people, and to make his majesty odious unto them.

3. "That they have endeavored to draw his majesty's late army to disobedience to his majesty's command, and to side with them in their traitorous design.

4. "That they have traitorously invited and encouraged a foreign power to invade his majesty's kingdom of England.

5. "That they have traitorously endeavored to subvert the very rights and beings of parliaments.

6. "That, for the completing of their traitorous designs, they have endeavored, as far as in them lay, by force and terror to compel the Parliament to join with them in their traitorous designs, and to that end have actually raised and countenanced tumults against the King and Parliament.

7. "That they have traitorously conspired to levy, and actually have levied, war against the King."

The House of Peers was somewhat appalled at this alarum, but took time to consider of it till the next day, that they might see how their masters the Commons would behave themselves; the Lord Kimbolton being present in the House and making great professions of his innocence, and no lord being so hardy (as) to press for his commitment on the behalf of the King.

At the same time, a sergeant at arms demanded to be heard at the House of Commons from the King, and, being sent for to the bar, demanded the persons of the five members to be delivered to him in his majesty's name, his majesty having accused them of high treason. But the Commons were not so much surprised with the accident; for, besides that they quickly knew what had passed with the Lords, some servants of the King's, by special warrant, had visited the lodgings of some of the accused members, and sealed up their studies and trunks; upon information whereof, before the sergeant came to the House, or public notice was taken of the accusation, an order was made by the Commons, "That if any person whatsoever should come to the lodgings of any member of that House, and there offer to seal the doors, trunks, or papers of such member, or to seize upon their persons, that then such member should require the aid of the next constable to keep such persons in safe custody till the House should give further order; that if any person whatsoever should offer to arrest or detain any member of that House, without first acquainting that House therewith and receiving further order from thence, that it should be lawful for such member to stand upon his guard and make resistance, and (for) any person to assist him, according to the protestation taken to defend the privileges of Parliament." And so, when the sergeant had delivered his message, he was no more called in, but a message sent to the King that "the members should be forthcoming as soon as a legal charge should be preferred against them;" and so the House adjourned till the next day, every one of the accused persons taking a copy of that order which was made for their security.

The next day, in the afternoon, the King, attended only by his own guard, and some few gentlemen who put themselves into their company in the way, came to the House of Commons, and, commanding all his attendants to wait at the door and to give offense to no man, himself, with his nephew, the Prince Elector, went into the House, to the great amazement of all, and the Speaker leaving the chair, the King went into it, and told the House, "he was sorry for that occasion of coming to them; that yesterday he had sent a sergeant at arms to apprehend some that by his command were accused of high treason, whereunto he expected obedience, but instead thereof he had received a message." He declared to them that "no King of

England had been ever, or should be, more careful to maintain their privileges than he would be; but that in cases of treason no man had privileges, and therefore he came to see if any of those persons whom he had accused were there; for he was resolved to have them, wheresoever he should find them." And looking then about, and asking the Speaker whether they were in the House, and he making no answer, he said, "he perceived the birds were all flown, but expected they should be sent to him as soon as they returned thither;" and assured them, in the word of a king, that he never intended any force, but would proceed against them in a fair and legal way, and so returned to Whitehall; the accused persons, upon information and intelligence of what his majesty intended to do, how secretly soever it was carried at Court, having withdrawn from the House about half an hour before the King came thither.

The House, in great disorder, as soon as the King was gone adjourned till the next day in the afternoon; the Lords being in so great apprehension upon notice of the King's being at the House of Commons that the earl of Essex expressed a tender sense he had of the inconveniences which were like to ensue those divisions, and moved, "that the House of Peers, as a work very proper for them, would interpose between the King and his people, and mediate to his majesty on the behalf of the persons accused;" for which he was reprehended by his friends, and afterwards laughed at himself when he found how much a stronger defense they had than the best mediation could prove on their behalf.

How secretly soever this affair was carried, it was evident that the coming of the King to the House was discovered by the members withdrawing themselves, and by a composedness which appeared in the countenances of many who used to be disturbed at less surprising occurrences; and though the purpose of accusing the members was only consulted between the King and the Lord Digby, yet it was generally believed that the King's purpose of going to the House was communicated with William Murry, of the bedchamber, with whom the Lord Digby had great friendship, and that it was betrayed by him. And that lord who had promised the King to move the House for commitment of the Lord Kimbolton as soon as the Attorney General should have accused him (which if he had done would probably have raised a very hot dispute in the House, where many would have joined with him) never spake the least word,

but, on the contrary, seemed the most surprised and perplexed with the Attorney's impeachment; and sitting at that time next to the Lord Mandevill, with whom he pretended to live with much friendship, he whispered him in the ear with some commotion (as he had a rare talent in dissimulation), "that the King was very mischievously advised, and that it should go very hard but he would know whence that counsel proceeded; in order to which, and to prevent further mischief, he would go immediately to his majesty," and so went out of the House; whereas he was the only person who gave the counsel, named the persons, and particularly named the Lord Mandevill (against whom less could be said than against many others, and who was more generally beloved), and undertook to prove that he bade the rabble, when they were about the Parliament House, that they should go to Whitehall.

And when he found the ill success of the impeachment in both Houses, and how unsatisfied all were with the proceeding, he advised the King the next morning to go to the Guildhall and to inform the mayor and aldermen of the grounds of his proceeding, which will be mentioned anon. And, that people might not believe that there was any dejection of mind or sorrow for what was done, the same night the same counsel caused a proclamation to be prepared for the stopping the ports, that the accused persons might not escape out of the kingdom, and to forbid all persons to receive and harbor them, when it was well known that they were all together in a house in the city, without any fear of their security. And all this was done without the least communication with anybody but the Lord Digby, who advised it, and, it is very true, was so willing to take the utmost hazard upon himself, that he did offer the King, when he knew in what house they were together, with a select company of gentlemen who would accompany him, whereof Sir Thomas Lunsford was one, to seize upon them, and bring them away alive or leave them dead in the place; but the King liked not such enterprises.

That night the persons accused removed themselves into their stronghold, the city: not that they durst not venture themselves at their old lodgings, for no man would have presumed to trouble them, but that the city might see that they relied upon that place for a sanctuary of their privileges against violence and oppression, and so might put on an early concernment for them. And they were not disappointed; for, in spite

of all the lord mayor could do to compose their distempers (who like a very wise and stout magistrate bestirred himself), the city was that whole night in arms; some people, designed to that purpose, running from one gate to another, and crying out that "the *Cavaliers* were coming to fire the city," and some saying that "the King himself was in the head of them."

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It was very well known where the accused persons were, all together in one house in Coleman Street, near the place where the committee sat, and whither persons trusted passed to and fro to communicate and receive directions; but it was not time for them yet to appear in public and to come and sit with the committee, or to own the believing that they thought themselves safe from the violence and assaults of the Court, the power whereof they exceedingly contemned whilst they seemed to apprehend it: nor was it yet time to model in what manner their friends in the city and the country should appear concerned for them, in preparing whereof no time was lost.

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The truth is, it cannot be expressed how great a change there appeared to be in the countenance and minds of all sorts of people, in town and country, upon these late proceedings of the King. They who had before even lost their spirits, having lost their credit and reputation, except amongst the meanest people, who could never have been made use of by them when the greater should forsake them, and so, despairing of ever being able to compass their designs of malice or ambition, some of them were resuming their old resolutions of leaving the kingdom, now again recovered greater courage than ever, and quickly found that their credit and reputation was as great as ever it had been; the Court being reduced to a lower condition, and to more disesteem and neglect, than ever it had undergone. All that they had formerly said of plots and conspiracies against the Parliament, which had before been laughed at, (was) now thought true and real, and all their fears and jealousies looked upon as the effects of their great wisdom and foresight. All that had been whispered of Ireland was now talked aloud and printed, as all other seditious pamphlets and libels were. The shops of the city generally shut up, as if an enemy were at their gates ready to enter and to plunder them; and the people in

all places at a gaze, as if they looked only for directions, and were then disposed to any undertaking.

On the other side, they who had, with the greatest courage and alacrity, opposed all their seditious practices, between grief and anger were confounded with the consideration of what had been done and what was like to follow. They were far from thinking that the accused members had received much wrong, yet they thought it an unseasonable time to call them to account for it; that if anything had been to be done of that kind, there should have been a better choice of the persons, there being many of the House of more mischievous inclinations and designs against the King's person and the government, and were more exposed to the public prejudice, than the Lord Kimbolton was, who was a civil and well-natured man, and had rather kept ill company than drunk deep of that infection and poison that had wrought upon many others. Then Sir Arthur Haslerigge and Strowde were persons of too low an account and esteem; and though their virulence and malice was as conspicuous and transcendent as any men's, yet their reputation and interest to do any mischief, otherwise than in concurring in it, was so small that they gained credit and authority by being joined with the rest, who had indeed a great influence. However, if there was a resolution to proceed against those men, it would have been much better to have caused them to have been all severally arrested and sent to the Tower or to other prisons, which might have been very easily done before suspected, than to send in that manner to the Houses with that formality which would be liable to so many exceptions. At least, they ought so far to have imparted it to members in both Houses who might have been trusted, that, in the instant of the accusation, when both Houses were in that consternation (as in a great consternation they were), somewhat might have been pressed confidently towards the King's satisfaction, which would have produced some opposition and contradiction, which would have prevented that universal concurrence and dejection of spirit which seized upon and possessed both Houses.

But, above all, the anger and indignation was very great and general that to all the other oversights and presumptions (was added) the exposing the dignity and majesty and safety of the King, in his coming in person in that manner to the House of Commons, and in going the next day, as he did, to the Guildhall and to the lord mayor's, which drew such

reproaches upon him to his face. All which was justly imputed to the Lord Digby, who had before fewer true friends than he deserved, and had now almost the whole nation his enemies, being the most universally odious of any man in it.

GO, LOVELY ROSE.

BY EDMUND WALLER.

[1605–1687.]

Go, lovely Rose!
  Tell her that wastes her time and me
That now she knows,
  When I resemble her to thee,
  How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
  And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
  In deserts, where no men abide,
  Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
  Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth,
  Suffer herself to be desired,
  And not blush so to be admired.

Then die! that she
  The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee;—
  How small a part of time they share
  That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

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